

THE
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST
ANNUAL RECORD
OF THE



1888-1889.

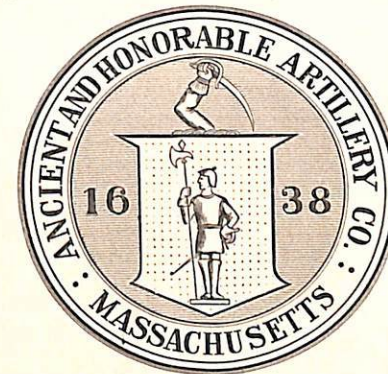
SERMON

BY REV. D. O. MEARS,
OF WORCESTER, MASS.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
24 FRANKLIN STREET.
1890.

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OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

1888-1889.

[The Record of the year would be incomplete in this volume but for the reprinting of the ceremonies of the Tuesday and Wednesday succeeding the last anniversary, which took place within the year of which this volume is the history.]

EXCURSION IN BOSTON HARBOR, JUNE 5, 1888.

THE City Council of Boston having made an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars for the entertainment of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and all its guests, appointed as a committee of arrangements Aldermen Otis Eddy and Nathan G. Smith, and Councilmen, President David F. Barry, Edward Sullivan, William H. Foss, Henry Carstensen, John W. Hayes, William H. Oakes, John W. Fraser, and Jeremiah S. Mahoney. The committee decided to have an excursion down the harbor, including a visit to several public institutions on Long Island.

Notwithstanding the fatigues attending the anniversary days' celebration, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company gathered in full numbers in its Armory, on Tuesday, June 5th, to take part in the entertainment thus tendered by the city government. The line was promptly formed at 8.45 A. M. by Adj. Bradley, and was soon after joined by the Old Guard, with Reeves' Band, Major George W. McLean, commanding. The column, under Commander Henry E. Smith, and headed by the Salem Cadet Band, marched to City Hall and there received the Mayor, the committee of arrangements and other members of the city government. From thence the march was resumed to Rowe's wharf, where were waiting its arrival Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Middleton, the Delegation of the Honourable Artillery

Company under Major Durrant, which had been escorted there in carriages by the anniversary committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Lieut.-Col. Stevenson of the Montreal Battery, Surg.-Gen. Holt, and Cols. Menard, Shepard and Weil of Governor Ames's Staff, Aldermen Wilson, Rogers and Kelley, Hon. J. B. Martin, President, and Messrs. Turner, Risteen and Mullane, of the Board of Directors of Public Institutions, and others.

Embarking on board the steamboat "Twilight," which was gayly decorated with bunting, the party, to the number of nearly five hundred, was carried along the front of the Navy Yard, East Boston and the Cunard docks and among the islands of the harbor, receiving salutes from passing tugs and steamers and reaching Fort Warren about 11 A. M. On landing it was greeted by Lieut. G. F. Landers, Fourth U. S. Artillery, who escorted it into the Fort, where it was received by Major J. B. Campbell, the Commandant, attended by Surgeon W. C. Shannon and Lieut. W. F. Stuart. Mayor O'Brien, Lieut.-Gen. Middleton, the officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and of the Old Guard, and the English visitors were presented to Major Campbell, who received them most courteously, and, as did his fellow-officers, entertained them very hospitably.

After a pleasant stay of an hour, the recall was sounded, and the party, re-embarking on the "Twilight," which, continuing on her way, ran into Marblehead harbor and along the north shore, soon landed on Long Island, where it was received by Sergt. John Galvin, Superintendent of the Home for Paupers and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, who cordially welcomed it and escorted it through the institution. Dinner was served in a tent on the ground, plates being laid for six hundred persons, the tables being decorated with flowers. The dinner was of an informal character, no speeches being made. After dinner the band gave a concert on the green.

Again embarking on the "Twilight," the party proceeded directly to the city, arriving at Rowe's wharf at 5.05 P. M.

Disembarking, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company escorted the Old Guard to the Old Colony Railroad station, where it took a train to New York amid the cheers and good wishes of its escort and of the crowd assembled to witness its departure. Its presence had added much to the brilliancy of the celebration and had strengthened the friendship between it and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, while its soldierly bearing had received naught but praise. On landing, Mayor O'Brien was driven to City Hall, while the delegation of the Honorable Artillery Company and the other guests were carried to their respective quarters.

After the departure of the Old Guard the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company marched to its Armory and was there dismissed,

orders for the parade of the following day having been read by Adj. Bradley. The excursion was admirably planned, carried out and greatly enjoyed by all participating in it.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS TAKING PART IN THE HARBOR
EXCURSION, JUNE 5, 1888.

Capt. HENRY E. SMITH, *Captain.*

Major JOHN McDONOUGH . . . *First Lieutenant.*
Lieut. CHARLES F. MUNROE . . . *Second Lieutenant*
Lieut. J. PAYSON BRADLEY . . . *Adjutant.*

STAFF.

Sergt. GEO. P. MAY, *Armorer and Quartermaster.*
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Commissary.*
Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN, *Clerk and Assistant Paymaster.*
Major ARCHIBALD E. McDONALD, *Surgeon.*
ARTHUR E. LEACH, *Assistant Surgeon.*
JOHN E. KINNEY, *Assistant Surgeon.*

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. EDWARD SULLIVAN, *Sergeant-Major.*
Sergt. ALFRED S. DINSMORE, *Hospital Steward.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Chief of Staff. — Major GEORGE S. MERRILL, *Past Commander.*
Past Commanders. — Capt. James A. Fox, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Col. Edward Wyman, Capt. William H. Cundy, Capt. Augustus Whittemore, Col. Henry Walker.
Major E. F. Trow, Amoskeag Veteran, Manchester, N. H.
Lieut. Edward E. Allen, Capt. Samuel Hichborn, Lieut. Jacob Fottler, of the Committee of Arrangements; S. Newton.

DETAILS.

Personal Escort to the English Guests.

Capt. Albert A. Folsom.

Major James P. Frost. Capt. Charles W. Stevens.

Flankers to the Mayor of Boston.

William P. Jones. Frank H. Mudge.

Flankers to the Commander.

J. Henry Taylor. George A. Keeler.

Markers.

Henry F. Wade. Edwin Warner.

Band Guide.

Frederick I. Clayton.

Color Bearers.

National Color Bearer. William F. Bacon. *State Color Bearer.* Horatio B. Emerson.

VETERAN COMPANY.

Brig.-Gen. SAMUEL H. LEONARD, *Sergeant*.

John Thomas.	Thomas Restieaux.
Charles Jarvis.	Charles R. Brown.
Daniel L. Ware.	E. Wilbur Brown.
Fred. Revere.	S. Vinton Stillings.
Alfred N. Procter.	Wilder Bennett.
Dexter Pratt.	Charles G. Davis.

John C. Dalton.

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT, *Sergeant*.

Joshua M. Cushing, <i>Right Guide</i> .	George B. Spaulding, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Elmar A. Messinger.	Eugene A. Holton.
Fred H. Adams.	Edgar L. Hull.
James B. Smith.	Isaac Watts.
George D. Russell.	Henry D. Andrews.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. GEORGE O. NOYES, *Sergeant*.

Warren S. Davis, <i>Right Guide</i> .	George H. Jones, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Isaac D. Dana.	Wesley Bigelow.
William F. Maynard.	Edward A. Hammond.
Joseph H. Brown.	Joseph W. Sawyer, Jr.
Thomas H. Harding.	Lowell M. Maxham.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. EDWARD E. WELLS, *Sergeant*.

Ferdinand M. Trifet, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Edwin R. Frost, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Henry H. Litchfield.	J. Fred Sampson.
Arthur Fuller.	George M. Potter.
William H. Ford.	Joseph L. R. Eaton.
Charles W. Dyer.	Henry G. Jordan.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. ALBERT E. PROCTOR, *Sergeant*.

William J. Smith, <i>Right Guide</i> .	George T. Sears, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Luther B. Lyman.	Fred. McDonald.
Winthrop Messenger.	William A. Hardy.
William H. Mitchell.	William E. Jones.
William H. Russ.	Edward G. Tutein.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

EDGAR G. SCRIPTURE, *Sergeant*.

William F. Hall, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Albert E. DeRosay, <i>Left Guide</i> .
George A. Fisher.	Charles W. Knapp.
William O. Webber.	J. Henry Brown.
William T. R. Marvin.	Frederick B. Wentworth.
John F. Banchor.	Frank H. Mudge.

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. HARRISON G. WELLS, *Sergeant*.

Frank W. Dallinger, <i>Right Guide</i> .	James Hunneman, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Franklin A. Shaw.	James H. Kelley.
James A. McDonald.	John R. Newman.
Frank F. Olney.	Thomas J. Olys.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

EMERY GROVER, *Sergeant*.

Wilber C. Babcock, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Frederick Mills, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Albert Webster.	William Tyner.
George A. Philbrook.	Homer M. Daggett, Jr.
Milton M. French.	James H. Harlow.
Charles B. Barrett.	Charles H. Mitchell.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

OLIVER G. PEARSON, *Sergeant*.

Francis W. Flitner, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Joseph A. Plumer, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Henry Q. Stimpson.	Stephen B. Clapp.
David A. Snell.	William Lewis.
W. Lithgow Willey.	Albert H. Stearns.
J. Charles Smith.	Daniel H. Smith.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

CHARLES H. GLOVER, *Sergeant*.

George E. Hilton, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Aaron B. Babcock, <i>Left Guide</i> .
J. Herbert Bowen.	Charles C. Shaw.
John D. Dwyer.	Charles W. Woodward.
Charles M. Pear.	Joseph C. Weeks.

Moses J. Grodjinski.

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

GEORGE W. MILLS, *Sergeant*.

Daniel H. Lane, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Albert E. Lockhart, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Anthony Cunio.	Edward E. Burdon.
William V. Abbott.	William Lumb.
Benjamin Johnson.	Horace Partridge.

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

ASAHEL WHEELER, *Sergeant*.

Hobart S. Hussey, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Horace P. Williams, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Charles C. Dame.	Charles H. Mitchell.
J. Alba Davis.	Wolf Jackson.
Charles H. Sprague.	James F. Mullen.

RECEPTION BY GOVERNOR AMES, JUNE 5, 1888.

IN the evening the delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company, together with the anniversary committee, the officers, staff and other members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, attended a Reception given by His Excellency Governor Ames to them and to the commissioned officers of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, at his residence on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. The invitation was as follows:—

The Commander-in-Chief asks the honor of your company on Tuesday evening, June 5, 1888, to meet the commissioned officers of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, the representatives of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and the officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

353 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

The Reception began at 8 P. M., Governor Ames having with him Governor Taft and Adj.-Gen. Dyer, of Rhode Island, and being surrounded by his full staff. For over an hour there was a steady stream of officers in full uniform passing His Excellency. The English visitors, after being introduced to him, paid their respects to Mrs. Ames and the ladies of the family and Lady Middleton. The officers of the militia passed by organizations, the senior officer of each presenting his subordinates. After the reception an elegant collation was partaken of, and during the evening a choice selection of music was given by Baldwin's Band.

Among the guests present, besides those already mentioned, were Gen. Charles Devens and Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks; Capt. Lyle, U. S. A.; Capt. Greenough, Lieut. Landers, and Assistant Surgeon Shannon, Fourth U. S. Artillery; Commander Smith, Lieuts. McDonough and Monroe, Adj. Bradley, Past Commanders Fox, Carpenter, Folsom, Stevenson, Martin, Stevens, Cundy, Mack, Whittemore, Temple and Walker, Lieut. E. E. Allen, Col. Rockwell, Lieuts. Hichborn, Savage, Hedges, and Geo. H. Allen, Sergt. Geo. P. May, Mr. A. Shuman and Mr. F. A. Walker, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Gen. Peach and Staff, Second Brigade, M. V. M.; Gen. Wales and Staff, First Brigade, M. V. M.; Col. Bridges, Second Regiment, M. V. M.; Col. Wellington, First Regiment, M. V. M.; Col. Strachan, Ninth Regiment, M. V. M.; Col. Bancroft, Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.; Col. Osgood, Eighth Regiment, M. V. M.; Col. Greene, Sixth Regiment, M. V. M.; Lieut.-Col. Edmands, First Corps Cadets, M. V. M.; Lieut.-Col. Dalton, Second Corps Cadets, M. V. M.; Major Kemp of the Cavalry Battalion and

Major Merrill of the Artillery Battalion; with their Field, Staff and Line Officers.

The Loyal Legion was represented by Senior Vice-Commander Henry B. Peirce, Col. Arnold A. A. Rand and others, and the Grand Army of the Republic by Department Commander Col. Myron P. Walker and Staff.

The Reception closed at 11 o'clock.

RECEPTION AT LOWELL, MASS., JUNE 6, 1888.

THE general interest in the visit of the delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London to Boston was shown by the invitations which came from other cities tendering hospitalities to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and its guests. Chief among these cities in Massachusetts were Lowell and Lawrence. It was impossible to accept all the courtesies thus offered, but it was considered that the first manufacturing city of the country could most appropriately claim the presence of the representatives of the greatest manufacturing nation of the world. The invitation of the city authorities of Lowell was therefore accepted.

The following-named gentlemen were appointed by the city government as a committee of arrangements: Hon. Charles D. Palmer, Mayor; Aldermen George A. Scribner, Alfred M. Chadwick, Roswell M. Boutwell, and Councilmen Edmund B. Conant, President; Jesse H. Shepard, John F. Roane, Daniel Murphy, and William E. Westall, together with seventy citizens not members of the city government.

The Martin Luther Club, composed of many of the prominent citizens of Lowell, several of whom, including its President, Hon. William F. Salmon, were members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, arranged for a private entertainment of the Company and its guests, at the headquarters of the club, on an island in the Merrimack River several miles above Lowell, called Tyng's Island. The reception by the Club was to precede that by the city of Lowell.

The following are the names of the committee of the Martin Luther Club, appointed to arrange for the entertainment of the Company and its guests:—

W. F. Salmon, <i>President</i> , Chairman.	E. T. Abbott, <i>Secretary</i> .
George W. Norris, <i>Vice-President</i> .	H. J. Smith, M. D.
W. B. Spalding, <i>Treasurer</i> .	Gid. F. White.
Charles E. Carter.	Josiah Butler.
O. E. Cushing.	

The city government of Lowell appropriated five hundred dollars, and over one thousand dollars was raised by private subscription to defray the expenses of the occasion.

The Company and its guests to the number of nearly three hundred, headed by the Salem Cadet Band and under Commander Henry E. Smith, at nine o'clock on the morning of June 6th took a train for Lowell, over the Boston and Lowell Railroad. Adj.-Gen. Dalton, Cols. Sampson, Rockwell and Menard, of Governor Ames's Staff, accompanied the party. Of the English delegation all were present excepting Major Baker, Capt. Woolmer-Williams and Mr. Moor.

On the train were distributed the invitations from the Martin Luther Club to a Reception to be given on Tyng's Island. They were handsomely illuminated and contained engravings of Martin Luther, the Patron Saint of the Club, and of Tyng's Island, its headquarters.

On one side was inscribed: —

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
He lives a fool his whole life long,
And no such fools are we."

M. L., 1482.

TO

A. & H. A. C., 1638,

AND

H. A. OF LONDON, 1537.

We are growing old, but glad to meet our friends.

On the reverse side was the following: —

TYNG'S ISLAND, June 6, 1888.

Our inhabitants are ordered to suspend all labor between 10 and 12 o'clock this day, and appear in their best clothes at the upper landing to meet the

A. & H. A. COMPANY

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

TYNG'S ISLAND, JUNE 6, 1888,

AND SOME OF THE

H. A. COMPANY OF LONDON.

Failing to appear at the appointed time will involve a fine of £1 on male adults, 10s. on female adults and 3d. on minors.

Our medicine man must supply an ample stock of consolation for the afflicted.

M. L.

1483.

By order,

THE CHIEF.

An hour's ride carried the party to Tyngsboro, where, nearly opposite Tyng's Island, the party left the cars and embarked on three small steamers, the "Merrimack," the "City of Nashua," and the "City of Lowell."

As the steamers neared the Island there were signs of a hostile rather than of a peaceful reception. A piece of artillery swept the path from the wharf to the upland, while Indians in savage costume were seen gliding about among the trees. The Indian war whoop and a wigwam evidently inhabited, proved the rumors before heard by the visitors, of the occupation of the Island by savages, to be true. Where the Martin Luther Club was, slaughtered or prisoners, no one knew.

There were too many old soldiers among the visitors to retreat without a struggle. By direction of Adj. Bradley, the second Company of Infantry, Capt. Geo. O. Noyes, Sergeant in command, landed, and, deploying as skirmishers, advanced towards the centre of the Island. The war correspondents of the press bravely kept to the front and had a large share in winning the victory on paper.

The skirmishers advanced towards the gun only to find it deserted and made of wood; a fact which proved the presence of white allies of the Indians, as no guileless savage would have dreamed of such deceit. The wigwam, with two squaws and eight bucks, was captured with a rush. As rifle shots rang out, a crowd of strange figures appeared in the recesses of the woods beyond, and soon the main body of the enemy appeared, in vain trying to cover the retreat of what Indians were left. Fearfully and wonderfully was that body uniformed. Falstaff would have waxed eloquent over it and taken to sack from mortification at seeing how greatly it excelled his own shabby recruits, both in amount and in grotesqueness of costume. No two men were clothed alike, and if any two articles of dress worn by the same man belonged together no visitor saw them. Its band could not be surpassed either for the quantity or for the quality of the noise it made.

Steadily the foe advanced, driving in the skirmishers and encircling with solemn tread the visitors as a serpent coils about his prey before swallowing it. Carefully abstaining from using its weapons, for its own safety, it at length halted in front of a pavilion where were tables loaded with all that was good of food and drink. On guard against surprise and in silent wonder the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company with its guests followed the remarkable host, and, gazing at its banner, read the inscription thereon which set their minds at ease, telling them as it did that it was the Martin Luther Club which had met them in battle array, but which, with open hearts and hands, now bade them eat, drink and be merry under that flag which often before had been dyed red with the blood of the wine-cup.

The inscription so descriptive of the character of both hosts and guests ran thus: —

Utrum.

Horum.

Mavis accepi.

M. L.

1482.

"Who loves not women, wine, and song
He lives a fool his whole life long,
And no such fools are we."

Hon. William F. Salmon, commanding the hostile forces, said: —

Mr. Commander and Fellow-Soldiers. — You stand in the presence of a wonderful organization, the mysterious M. L. Club, who live on this island, and are called by a heartless and unfeeling world the Martin Luthers. Our early records have faded out so that we are unable to decipher them and give you a correct history that would undoubtedly be very valuable and instructive on this important occasion, but in order to be safe and "cover all accidents," we date back to the birthday of Martin. How could we reasonably claim an earlier start? Some of our inhabitants, happening into the adjacent city of Lowell, heard of your proposed visit there. Your famous deeds are matters of record with us; hence we thought it proper to give you an idea of what old people could do in the country; hence you were invited; hence this parade. We welcome you to such poor fare as our home affords, and trust that you will bear away pleasant recollections of your visit to Tyng's Island.

Commander Smith replied: —

Funny Commander of a Funny Crowd. — We are ancient, but not infirm, boasting our two and a half centuries and having with us as guests a representative delegation from an organization across the sea whose age is yet a hundred years greater. We recognize by your name that your society was founded by the great reformer and dates back over fifty years beyond the time when the Honorable Artillery Company had an existence. We recognize how faithfully you adhere to the motto, —

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
He lives a fool his whole life long,
And no such fools are we,"

and to the principles of your founder, and bow reverently before your superior age.

At the close of Commander Smith's remarks, Major Durrant and the other English visitors were severally introduced to President Salmon. Ranks were then broken and an attack made on the bounteous collation provided by the Club.

Under the cool shade of the trees, enjoying the cordial hospitality of their hosts, the visitors almost wished that the home of the Martin Luthers was to be their resting place for the remainder of the day, but the bugle notes recalled them to the boats, and soon they were on their way to receive the welcome Lowell was waiting to give them.

Down the beautiful Merrimack, its waters sparkling in the bright June sun between its green-clad banks, the cortege passed, the way enlivened by song and the music of the band.

At North Chelmsford the shore was lined with people, and cheers echoed and re-echoed over the water. Squad I, Troop F, Cavalry, M. V. Militia, under Serg. Bearce, fired a salute of seventeen guns as the boat passed, while a band played "God Save the Queen," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and other national airs, the band on the steamboat "Merrimack" repeating the strain. This compliment to the party was due to Serg. Elisha H. Shaw of the M. L. Club.

As Lowell came in sight the Club sang its war song and "Good by, Ancients," which were responded to by cheers from all the boats.

The party landed at the Vesper Boat Club House, where Mayor Palmer of Lowell, with Mayor O'Brien of Boston, Aldermen Chadwick, Scribner, and Boutwell, and Councilmen Conant, Shepard, Murphy, Westall, and Roane, of the city reception committee, were in waiting. Near at hand were all the local volunteer companies, including the Second Corps of Cadets, who had volunteered to do escort duty. Military courtesies having been exchanged, a procession was formed as follows: —

Police on horseback.
E. J. Noyes, Chief of Police.
Platoon of Police, under Sergeant Webster.
Chief Marshal,
Col. C. A. R. Dimon.
Staff.
Lynn Cadet Band.
Salem Cadets, Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Dalton, commanding.
American Brass Band.
Company G, Putnam Guards, Capt. Charles H. Richardson.
Company C, Mechanics' Phalanx, Capt. O. M. Pratt.
Company N, Welch Guards, Capt. Charles Conners.
Salem Cadet Band.
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,
Capt. Henry E. Smith,
Infantry Wing.
Delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London,
Major Alfred Durrant in command.
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,
Artillery Wing.
Carriages containing Mayor Palmer of Lowell, Mayor O'Brien of Boston, members of the Lowell city government and of the committee of citizens.

It was a gala day in Lowell, the only drawback being the intense heat, not a breath of air stirring to relieve it. The police arrangements were perfect. Long before the procession passed, the streets were filled with enthusiastic crowds, which gave generous applause to the visitors. Flags floated over public and private buildings, many of which were decorated with bunting. The mills extended the time allowed the operatives for dinner to enable them to witness the march. As the procession passed St. Anne's Episcopal Church,

the chimes in the tower sent out a greeting, while in front of the Green School-house the High School Cadets were drawn up and exchanged salutes with the visitors.

The route was through Pawtucket, Merrimac, Central, Church, and Andover streets to Park Garden, the English visitors reviewing the procession at the corner of Andover and Nesmith streets.

From Park Garden they were taken in carriages to several of the largest mills, the carpet factory, and other places of interest, while the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and the escort rested, partaking of refreshments provided by the city on the grounds.

The march being resumed, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company proceeded to Urban Hall, and the escort and other military guests to Mechanics' Hall, where the English visitors held a brief informal reception and rested preparatory to the dinner in Huntington Hall.

Huntington Hall had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. Red, white, and blue streamers stretched from the centre of the ceiling to the sides of the hall, which were festooned with bunting. The front of the semicircular gallery was draped with white lace, and on it, directly opposite the platform, was placed a figure of the Goddess of Liberty and the word "Welcome" in letters of gold between American and British flags. On each side of the stage were groups of flags and coats of arms.

The menu of the dinner was as follows. On the first page was inscribed:—

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER

GIVEN BY THE CITY OF LOWELL TO THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

AND

THEIR ENGLISH GUESTS.

This was faced with white satin, on which was engraved a picture of the Continental Volunteer of a century since and of the city of Lowell of to-day. The list of viands was as follows:—

	Bouillon.	
	Salmon with Peas.	
	Boned Turkey.	
	Fillet of Beef, Currant Jelly.	
	Potato à la Neige.	
Lobster Croquettes.		Chicken Croquettes.
	Lobster Salad.	
Sandwiches.		Rolls.
	Strawberries.	
Ices.		Frozen Pudding.
	Cake.	
Fruit.		Cheese.
	Coffee.	

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the escort and many citizen guests being seated, the Delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company under charge of Mayor Palmer, members of the Lowell city government and prominent citizens entered the hall, and were received by the whole company rising and cheering, ladies who had been admitted to the galleries joining in the welcome.

Mayor Palmer presided at the main table, and on either side of him sat Major Durrant, Mayor O'Brien, Commander Smith, Adj.-Gen. Dalton, and Cols. Rockwell, Sampson, and Menard, of Governor Ames's Staff, Hon. Francis Jewett, Hon. Geo. F. Richardson, Col. Henry Walker, Hon. George A. Marden, Rev. Dr. A. St. John Chambré, Hon. W. F. Salmon, Hon. F. T. Greenhalge, Hon. S. P. Hadley, Hon. C. A. Stott, Col. C. A. R. Dimon, Mr. S. W. Stevens, and Mr. A. S. Lyon. An hour having been devoted to dining, Mayor Palmer opened the after-dinner exercises by asking the Rev. Dr. Chambré to say grace, which he did in these words:—

Most merciful and gracious God, whose loving kindness and tender mercies are round about all Thy people by land and by sea, and who hast promised that Thou wilt never leave us and never forsake us, command Thy blessing to rest upon this assembly. Be gracious unto those whom we honor this day. Be gracious unto this city and its government and unto this great land. Sanctify unto us these bounties of Thy Providence and abundantly sanctify all our lives unto Thy service, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mayor Palmer, who was received with round after round of cheers, then said:—

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts and of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, Gentlemen,—In coming here to-day you have done honor to the city of Lowell and gratified her people. It is a sincere pleasure for me to extend to you all a cordial welcome in behalf of the city. We hope that in the short hours you have spent among us you have obtained some idea of the Spindle City, the Manchester of America. I certainly shall not overwhelm you with statistics about our mills, our water-power, or our operatives. You have seen for yourselves that ours is a thriving and prosperous city, engaged in a great variety of industries, and doing its best to live up to its motto, "Art is the handmaid of human good." Compared with cities of the Old World, nay, compared with the two or three centuries of your own existence as an independent organization, Lowell, with her sixty years behind her, is young, extremely young, so young, indeed, that she has not half done growing, provided she is properly protected, of course. But she is active, enterprising, and industrious, a typical American manufacturing city, and this constituted her special claim to the honor of your visit. Gentlemen, renewing the assurance of the pleasure your visit gives us, I once more bid you welcome. I now have the honor of introducing, as toast-master of this occasion, Mr. Solon W. Stevens. [*Renewed applause.*]

MR. SOLON W. STEVENS.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—To me has been assigned the simple and brief task of giving direction to your thought during the interval which remains. After the pleasant word which has been expressed by His Honor the Mayor, no

superfluous utterance of mine shall detain you from listening to the distinguished gentlemen, who, with the characteristic promptness of disciplined soldiers, will answer to the summons of the presiding officer in command. Splendid memories cluster around a scene like this, and I am to act as the herald who shall announce the subjects to which eloquent lips shall give a response. The first sentiment to which your attention is respectfully invited is as follows:—

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,—Typical of the force which rests behind the government of a people brave and free, venerable with traditions and honors which to-day measure two and a half centuries of time, may the prestige of the past be a prophetic symbol of continuous prosperity for countless future years.

THE PRESIDENT.—Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Capt. Henry E. Smith of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. [*Prolonged applause, followed by three cheers for Capt. Smith.*]

COMMANDER SMITH.

Mr. Mayor, Members of the City Government, and Gentlemen of Lowell,—No words of mine can sufficiently attest the grateful sentiments of the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for the generous hospitality extended by you to the company and its honored guests. We come to you Ancient but not infirm, as we have given you evidence in our march about your streets to-day, bearing the weight of two hundred and fifty years, yet able to partake even of the unmeasured bounty of that famous religious organization with whom we have spent the mid-day hours, and to enjoy the lavish welcome officially extended on behalf of the city government and people of Lowell.

With us to-day we bring as guests members of that distinguished body, the oldest military organization upon the globe, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, who have honored us with their presence and assistance in celebrating our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. They have visited that mighty cataract whose waters are drained from half a continent; they have been to the nation's capital and witnessed the sadly sweet ceremonies with which upon Memorial Day the loyal people of our land honor their patriotic dead; they have stood upon that greatest battle-field in the world's history, where the swift, surging tide of rebellion was met and swept back by freedom's host, to rise no more; they have partaken of the hospitality of the capital of our Commonwealth; they have stood within the Old Cradle of Liberty and there witnessed the unique ceremonies of an Ancients' election day. We could not permit them to return without inspecting one of our hives of industry. We thank you heartily for the opportunity of coming to the chief city of textile manufactures upon this continent, and are doubly grateful for the kindness which has given us so cordial and generous a welcome.

I am sure that our guests will join with the Ancients, one and all, in repeating our thanks for your warm reception and for our delightful visit. Again, sir, I thank you.

Second regular toast—

The Honourable Artillery Company of London,—Gladly we welcome these distinguished representatives from Albion's "sceptred isle," and unite with them in paying tribute to that august woman whose long and brilliant reign shall make

"Children of our children say,
Her court was pure, her life serene;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and Queen."

[*Great applause and hearty cheers, the entire company rising.*]

THE PRESIDENT.—It is my pleasure to call upon Major Durrant of the Honourable Artillery of London. [*Great applause, followed by rousing cheers.*]

MAJOR DURRANT.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I cannot adequately express to you my sense of gratitude for the kind and noble reception you have given to this body from London. Believe me, Mr. Mayor, when I tell you that we entertain the very greatest regard and the greatest admiration for your loyal and ancient city of Lowell. The longer we are here the more we seem to love and appreciate the American people. Some of our friends in Boston are very familiar to us, and with the others, somehow or other, we seem to get on remarkably well. I only hope that they will not think that we have encroached too much upon their time and their kindness in gratefully accepting all they have done for us. There is an old saying, "There's no place like home," but I am inclined to think a great many of us will say when we get home, "There's no place like America."

Some of us, who, like myself, happen to be engaged in commercial pursuits, have long heard of this great and distinguished city of Lowell. We often come into friendly rivalry, and I hope it will always be friendly rivalry, because, after all, I believe there is room for all of good deeds and of noble aspirations for both countries. We have certainly seen and heard and learned much from our visit here to-day. I have frequently been to Manchester and I have been over a great many Manchester manufactories, but at the same time I am bound to say that I have seen various things here to-day that I have not seen in Manchester. I think this has been the case not only in Lowell but during our entire visit to this country. We have seen much in this country that we can take away with us, with, I may say, a most friendly and kindly interest; and I hope that, old as we are as a nation, we are not too old to learn from our younger child.

I hardly know, sir, how to speak to you on this occasion, because I feel that you have gone far beyond anything that we could have expected in entertaining us in the noble manner that you have done to day. I can quite understand our friends in Boston having given us such a good reception as they did on Monday, although that far exceeded anything that we could have anticipated. But we had not, before our visit here to-day, a claim upon the ancient city of Lowell. I feel sure, however, that we have now a claim that we shall never forget, a claim of gratitude for your kindness to us, and I assure you it will long remain in the memory of every member of our delegation. I thank you, sir, most sincerely, from the bottom of my heart, for all your kindness to us.

Third regular toast—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,—Never more prosperous than to-day, holding her emblematic sword simply for protection and peace. Although the Puritan who founded the State is gone, may Puritan principles and intelligence remain.

THE PRESIDENT. — I shall call upon the Adjutant-General of the State, Major-General Dalton. [*Great applause, followed by three cheers.*]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DALTON.

Mr. Mayor, fellow-citizens of Lowell, fellow-soldiers of Massachusetts, and my heart prompts me to say, with extended hands, brothers and fellow-soldiers of old England, — I first desire to express the regrets of His Excellency at his inability to be present on account of the press of public duties. You, sir, have asked me to respond to the grand old Bay State. I am not equal to it, I will not attempt it. Her history is written so plainly and in such golden letters that he who runs may read. And, Mr. Mayor, the grand old city of Lowell forms no mean part of that history of our State. I will not weary you with the history from the old colonial times to now, of the hardships, struggles, and wars, but will simply say that to-day we are a happy, prosperous, united country, and that Massachusetts joins hands with Lowell in extending to these boys here a hearty welcome, with a warm heart.

I will not detain you, as time is short. I can only say to these gentlemen that I have been associated with them but a few days, but I feel that they all belong to our family, and our family is Massachusetts and the United States. When they return to England, may they carry with them as kind a remembrance of us as they will leave behind of themselves with us. I thank you, sir, for calling upon me.

Fourth regular toast —

The City of Boston, — Distinguished among the great cities of the land for its culture and enterprise and for its institutions of learning and charity, as Boston is, we are identified in its progress and prosperity, and are glad to renew our allegiance to the preservation of its name and fame.

THE PRESIDENT. — Gentlemen, it is seldom that the Mayor of the city of Boston has graced a table on social occasions in this city, and it is with pleasure that I introduce to you now His Honor Mayor Hugh O'Brien. [*Applause, and cheers for Mayor O'Brien.*]

MAYOR O'BRIEN.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, — It is very gratifying to the Mayor of Boston, the great commercial city of New England, to know that she stands high in the estimation of the city of Lowell, the great manufacturing centre of New England, — I might say the great manufacturing centre of the country. Boston and other commercial cities are largely indebted for their wealth and prosperity to the city of Lowell. The city of Lowell is our workshop. Our large warehouses are filled with your productions; their attractiveness gives life and spirit to our trade, and we are both prospering equally and will long continue to prosper.

It is forty years, Mr. Mayor, since I had the pleasure of visiting your city of Lowell. I have been surprised at its marvellous growth and beauty. The suburbs of Lowell that His Honor the Mayor has driven me through to-day are equal in beauty, I think, to the suburbs of Boston. You are not only building up a great manufacturing city, but you are building up a beautiful city. It is very pleasant, in riding through the streets, to see the magnificent elms that line

every street in the city. They say that New Haven is the Elm City of the country. I believe that Lowell is in reality the Elm City of the country. I will not detain you, gentlemen, with any lengthy remarks, but I hope that in forty years from this time, when I next visit the city of Lowell, she will have continued to grow and prosper as she has during the past forty years.

Fifth regular toast —

The Honored Veteran, — Faithful in public service, glorious in arms, and eloquent in speech, most cordially we greet him to-day in the city which was once his home.

THE PRESIDENT. — I have the pleasure of introducing to you Gen. Nathaniel Prentiss Banks. [*Prolonged cheering.*]

MAJOR-GEN. N. P. BANKS.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens, — I thank you cordially for the kind greeting with which you have welcomed the announcement made by the toast-master. I was in my youth a visitor and later a resident in this city, and I look back to both experiences in my life as among the happiest and most important that have occurred to me. It is a little longer ago since I was first here than was that solitary visit that his Honor the Mayor paid. I think it is sixty-eight years, no, it cannot be as much as that, sixty-two years ago, that I was in the city of Lowell, making my home with some of the relatives of my mother's family. They had moved from the town of Waltham, where I was born, to this city and were engaged then in a very small community, in what was called and better known as the Swamp Lots than any other part of the territory which afterwards was called the City of Lowell. Later I took a part in the manufacturing business, and always flattered myself that it was in a great degree owing to my industry and skill that the city has grown so wealthy and prosperous. If I have made a mistake in that, I hope you will allow me, at least while I occupy this stand, to flatter myself that there is some foundation for the assumption on my part.

But there is something to be said of Lowell besides that which appertains either to myself or to any other one of its people, earlier or later. There was a citizen of Boston who had much to do with the creation of this original seat of the manufacturing industry of the United States. That was Francis Cabot Lowell, the man whom I have often said and believed with great truth, was the ablest man that the United States has produced, disconnected with the public offices of the country. He was not altogether a fortunate man. He had the misfortune at one time to be a prisoner on board the Dartmoor prison ship, and as he walked the decks of that prison ship night and day, he asked himself what it was that gave to England the power to control the governments of the world, to remain the one undisputed mistress of the sea and to roll her armies with promptness, with skill, with power and with success, in whatever direction she chose. He said to himself that it was the manufacturing industry of that British Empire. He determined then, when not more than thirty or thirty-two years of age, an invalid, a prisoner, with no security whatever of leaving the Dartmoor prison ship, he determined that when he regained his liberty he would undertake to establish the manufacturing industry of the United States. He came to the city, or what is now the city of my birth, the city of Waltham, and there established a little mill, in which was made the first experiment in this country for manufacturing successes with such skill and with such advantages that in 1816 they

believed that they were able to occupy a larger theatre than they had entered upon, and purchased the water power of what is now the city of Lowell, and planted their industry here. It was the flag of Great Britain on the sea that prompted them and inspired them to do that work. It was the power that she had herself achieved over the governments of other parts of the world, on the sea as well as on the land, and the wealth that she acquired by the success of her manufacturing industry, that Mr. Lowell emulated.

There was a young man in the State of South Carolina who himself had ambition in that way, but not exactly in the same direction as Mr. Lowell. The man of South Carolina that I speak of was John Calhoun, well known in the history of this country. Calhoun was interested in cotton. He knew that his own State could produce the finest cotton in the world, but there was no market for it, there was no use for it, there was no price for it, there was no motive for its cultivation, its production, or its marketing. His great object, therefore, was to create some process by which cotton could be grown more freely and introduced into the industries of the country. He became acquainted with Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, and they sat down in the city of Washington, in the winter of 1816, and established a rate of duty, of protection for cotton manufacture which Mr. Lowell was enabled, from his experience in the manufacture of cotton, to say would secure the success of that manufacture and would give a market for the cotton which the Southern States then hoped to produce and to supply. From this combination of the two men, neither of them known to the world, neither of them a man of property, neither of them a man of experience, but having just the knowledge which each had discovered from the place where he had lived, of the peculiar advantages of that particular place, and what might be produced if they could verify and extend their expectations and conclusions in enlarging this business, the cotton manufactures of this country sprang.

The tariff of 1816 was a proposition of very great simplicity. It was a proposition to establish in the legislation of the country this condition: that every yard of cotton cloth imported from England, that cost less than six cents a yard, should be estimated and valued at six cents a yard and taxed accordingly in the rate of duties that it paid. That was all of the arbitrary system they had proposed, and the adoption of that single proposition gave success to the manufacturing industries of Waltham in the first instance, and afterwards of this city until it has reached what you see in Lowell to-day. When I was here in 1826, there was nothing of the city or town of Lowell but the Swamp Lots. Everywhere else there was nothing but farming fields, not greatly cultivated, and some fruit gardens, which my friends knew perfectly well all about and used to visit at night or day, generally in the night, I believe, but not for their own benefit or for the harm of anybody else. The success of the city of Lowell in this culture, this manufacturing, gave an impetus to the iron product, to the development of our minerals, to the growth of wool and of woollen manufactures, until, after this period of forty, fifty, or sixty years, more or less, the product of the manufacturing industry of the United States last year, 1887, taking the raw materials used, the wages paid, and the value of the manufactured product, amounted to ten billions a year. It is increasing at the rate of five hundred million dollars or one billion dollars every year, so that there can be no interruption in the prosperity of the industries of this country, in manufactures and in trade. For the next year, 1889, the manufacturing industry of the United States will not be less than eleven or twelve billions of dollars. Now, gentlemen, as you have originated and created this industry, because it is indisputable that it came from the city of Lowell, it is for you to say whether it is worth while to maintain it

and to increase it, if possible, and to extend the benefits which you have derived from it to other parts of the country, where it is less known and where less advantages have occurred. I do not know that there is, in the history of the world, another instance where, in this period of time, as the result of the labors of two such men as I have described to you, Mr. Lowell and Mr. Calhoun, any such result, applicable to the benefit of the race to which we belong, or so beneficial to this country and other countries of the world, has been obtained. For this we are indebted to the power represented by our guests here, the mighty power which then controlled the government of the world, on the sea and on the land.

Mr. President and gentlemen, I do not know that it is worth while for me to say anything more than what I have said. The single fact that I have stated is all that possibly could have been expected from the greatest possible precocity, the greatest possible success of our people in the industries of the world. But we have one other consideration which is of advantage to us, that while we have been engaged in the production of this vast industrial product, doing injury and harm to no being on the face of the earth, but benefiting everybody and everything here and elsewhere, we have the testimony, not of our own people only, but of the best-instructed men of the world elsewhere, as to the fortunate condition of our operatives. I name, for instance, Mr. Mulhall, the author of some statistical works more important, more extended, more valuable and more reliable than any that have been published within our time, who, in one of the two, I do not remember the title of the particular work to which I refer, though it was not that which he called "The Balance Sheet of the World," but one upon the same subject, declared, in the words that I use, that "the operatives of the city of Lowell are the best fed, the best clothed, the best instructed, the best governed, and the happiest laboring people that live on the face of the earth." I am sure from what I have seen that there are none that surpass them in all these respects, in our own country or in such other countries as I have seen. While I read in the paper occasionally that there are persons, not here but away, who say that the operatives of manufacturing industries in other countries are happier or better or as happy and as well cared for as our own people, I am perfectly sure that if they were this day, or any day, to inspect for themselves, they would confirm the declaration of Mr. Mulhall in his work to which I have referred.

This day and the exercises in which we have been engaged are not at all favorable to speaking upon this or any other question, but I thank you for the opportunity of saying a few words. I have enjoyed myself to-day very much. I liked our visit to the Martin Luther Club. Their form of worship pleased me very much indeed. I was a great deal afraid for some time that they would baptize us before they got through, but we improved by their form of worship, enjoyed it very much and escaped their baptism, for which I am sure our friends who are strangers here, as well as my own associates of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, will be devoutly thankful.

THE PRESIDENT. — Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery and of the Honourable Artillery of London, it seems that the impression made upon our people is so deep and so cordial that an invitation has been extended to you by the Second Corps of Cadets to remain this evening and pass the night in dancing. Gentlemen, you are all cordially invited, and we hope some of you will remain over.

Sixth regular toast —

The Second Corps of Cadets. — An ideal type of citizen, soldierly, loyal, disciplined, and brave, and entitled to especial esteem on the part of our citizens because of its military guardianship of a detachment of Lowell's brightest youth.

THE PRESIDENT. — I call upon Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Dalton, of the Second Corps of Cadets. [*Great applause.*]

LIEUT.-COL. DALTON.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen. — Certainly you can expect no word from me at this time, after the very pleasant word that has been said and the eloquent remarks to which you have listened, other than to gratefully and most sincerely acknowledge the courtesy of Lowell and the kindly sentiment expressed in the toast for the organization that I have the honor to command. If what we have done to-day, in forming a part of the escort to the procession and joining in the reception to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and its very honorable guests from across the sea, has been of any service whatever, we feel amply compensated for coming here from our little city by the sea. I feel that we have been honored by being permitted to join in the escort, and we are only too anxious to have done some little service for this city which has so recently contributed so many excellent young men to our ranks as this has. I thank you, kindly.

Seventh regular toast —

The Press. — The foe of corruption and deceit, the friend of virtue and honor, ancient and honorable in its career, and an artillery of invincible power.

THE PRESIDENT. — I call upon Hon. George A. Marden. [*Cheers and applause.*]

HON. GEORGE A. MARDEN.

I am very much obliged to the toast-master for the pleasant way in which he has referred to the press, not only pleasant but also true. That is the beauty of it. You talk about your Ancient and Honorable Artillery, even of London, which is not yet four hundred years old, but that is a mere chicken compared with the press. Why, we date back to the Garden of Eden. One of the individuals who has been connected with the press ever since got an exclusive interview with all the occupants of that garden and published it to all the world. When you go down through the subsequent ages, you find traces of the press all the way. "Of making many books there is no end," said an old gentleman once. Books are now made by the press; I suppose they were then. Zacheus, you know, went out to see his Lord, and had to climb a tree in order to see him, because of the press.

The duties of the press in connection with a celebration of this kind are to make some men famous, if they can; to make events famous, whether they can or not.

I enjoy exceedingly this visit of our British cousins. They have seen America under happy auspices. It was well for them to go to Boston to start with. Why, look at the Mayor of Boston. He's a great man. I know it, because I

heard two women talking about him the other day. One of them said, "You know Mayor O'Brien is a great man. Why, his name is 'Huge' O'Brien," she said. Now, it is not everybody that gets a chance at Boston as our British cousins have. It is worth while to go to the Hub of the Universe once in one's life, and when one gets not only the Hub but all the fellows around it, fellows like "Bob" Dalton and Horace Rockwell, he is enjoying something he never can hope to enjoy again in all his life. Boston! There is nothing like Boston, unless it is Lowell. You know the woman who went to the spirit land and sent back a communication, was asked what sort of a place heaven was, and she said, "It's delightful, it's beautiful, it's delicious, but then it's not Boston." She must have been the wife of the man who died, who, when she went to get a tombstone for him, asked the gravestone man what she had better put on for an inscription. "Well," said he, "you can put on that he has gone to a better land." "No," she said, with cold dignity, "you forget that he lived in Boston." And then, when you have got through with Boston, to come up here and be entertained by the Martin Luthers! Why, Gen. Banks has just hinted at something that occurred upon Tyng's Island. One of my young friends, who has a pious mother, joined the Martin Luthers one day, and she said she was glad that Billy had joined so good an organization. It certainly is worth while to come to Lowell and to learn how the aborigines were treated some two hundred and fifty years ago. I know that John Eliot baptized some of them. Whether it was the baptism that Gen. Banks was to have been baptized of to-day, I don't know, but I do know that whoever subjects himself to the baptism of the Martin Luthers gets an exceedingly cordial reception.

Now we have the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston here. I won't say anything of them. They were here once before, some eleven years ago, and if there is any event in the history of the city of Lowell that is remembered, it is that visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. But here in town to-day we have our friends from London. Why, for ten centuries we have learned from Great Britain about all we ever knew, in one way or another, and when she sends over here a score of such fellows as these, we can begin to understand how it was that Wellington whipped at Waterloo. "It's so English, you know." I confess I had not much idea of what a real Englishman was before. I suspect, however, that they scratched the city of London all over and raked out the twenty handsomest fellows they had. If that is the fact, we thank them for the courtesy. If, however, they are only the average Englishmen, we take off our hats and say to them, "We don't care to pick any quarrel with you about fish at present." We have had you here for a short time in this little cotton-spinning city of ours. We have tried to do our best. If you go away from here with as pleasant impressions of us as we have of you, there cannot be anything too good for you to say of us when you get home.

Eighth regular toast —

Our Corporations. — Interwoven with the industry and growth of our city, they are gratefully remembered as nurseries of industry and promoters of prosperity, while their products are recognized in every land and their value is acknowledged in every clime.

THE PRESIDENT. — I shall call upon the Hon. Charles A. Stott. [*Cheers.*]

HON. CHARLES A. STOTT.

Mr. Mayor.—We read that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and certainly upon this occasion we fully realize the truth of it, for we have an opportunity of receiving and welcoming not only our friends from Boston but their guests, the representatives of the Honourable Artillery Company of London. And I could not but feel, while the Major was speaking for the London Artillery, of the difference which existed between to-day and more than two hundred and fifty years ago; of the difference between their reception in this country to-day and the reception that awaited those other representatives who landed at Plymouth Rock. They came here to found a Commonwealth whose chief corner-stone was loyalty to God and the equality of man; you have come here, my friends, under very different auspices; you come here to see a country thriving and prosperous from one end to the other. In going about our country you must have observed the energy, the thrift and the enterprise of our people. In coming here to-day we show you a busy city, founded and established a little over sixty years ago. As Gen. Banks has said, it was then only farming land and there was nothing here, but since that time we have built up what you have seen to-day. We are pleased to have an opportunity of showing you the beauties of our city and having you inspect some of our thriving industries. The beautiful river which afforded you safe conveyance from that famous retreat of the Luthers sets in motion every morning more than eight hundred thousand cotton spindles, together with a woollen machinery of more than twenty-three thousand looms that are clacking together. We are weaving out every week more than five million yards of cotton cloth, enough to extend from New York to Liverpool. Think, my friends, of the amount of production. Together, as New-Englanders, in what we call corporations, but you know as joint stock companies, we have fourteen millions of capital engaged in the cotton manufacture. We have five millions engaged in the woollen industry and the iron industry, together with all the varied industries that make up a busy people, and we are a busy people. It seems sometimes as if we partook of the very nature and motion of our ceaseless machinery. But we are glad and grateful for an opportunity to stop awhile, to turn aside for a few moments from the busy cares of life, to join with you, Mr. Mayor, in welcoming, on behalf of the people of Lowell, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, and their guests, the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

I feel especially proud in standing here to-day responding to this sentiment, representing in some measure the industrial and the commercial industries of our city. I am proud to stand here in your presence, gentlemen of the London Artillery, for my father came from your land and in my veins flows your blood. I feel especially gratified when I look into the faces of these gentlemen from London, when I remember that our soldier President was received in that metropolis with open arms and the freedom of that great metropolis was accorded to him, and when I remember that later, when he had rendered up his accounts, your great Queen sent beneath the ocean those words of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Grant. We felt then that indeed in all our veins flowed the blood of Englishmen, that we were brothers, and could not be separated by any sort of trouble which might arise hereafter. We revered and honored our President in life; we honor and revere his memory in death.

My friends, the people whom you have seen to-day are firm believers in that system of protection which protects the industries of our country from goods that are manufactured on the other side, but I may say truthfully and sincerely and happily that we know of no *ad valorem* or specific duties upon genuine hospitality and good fellowship.

Ninth regular toast —

The City of Lowell.—The cosmopolitan home of a busy, loyal, and thrifty people, happy to-day in endeavoring to entertain worthily their honored guests.

THE PRESIDENT. — I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge, of Lowell. [*Great applause.*]

HON. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE.

Mr. Mayor, Citizens and Soldiers of London, Boston, Lowell, and everywhere else, — I am told that you only have about five minutes to remain, and that whatever I have to say must be compressed into that compass. I have been studying the encyclopædia to-day, and I find that England is the larger part of one of the British Isles, which, for your further information I will add, lie off the western coast of Europe. These things might be forgotten. Charles Lamb said, "You remember France," and some people had forgotten France. Now, England is a land which has been visited chiefly by conquests. Everything dates from the Conquest, and the only difficulty is to know what particular conquest is referred to. In the beginning Brian Boru conquered England at the battle of Clontarf. It is denied by some historians, but it is asserted by others to be true. Then came the conquest by Julius Caesar, and then the conquest by Hengist and Horsa, at which conquest some members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston were present. Then came the conquest by William the Norman, a Frenchman, fifteen thousand of whose descendants now dwell with us in the city of Lowell. And, friends, a dreadful humiliation occurred for England. William, called the Third, after having, at the head of the Dutch, captured Holland, invaded England and captured her throne. Worse than that, there was a remarkable invasion and a most bloody battle fought, the battle of Dorking, at which the Honourable Artillery Company of London performed prodigies of valor. They were cut off to a man, and I suspect these gentlemen are imposters. And in spite of the brilliant naval manœuvres of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. the conquest of England was practically accomplished. What there was left was reserved for the shameful record of last year, when a mere handful of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston took by storm the proud metropolis of Great Britain and Ireland. Can there be a blacker depth of humiliation than that?

You are here now, I don't know whether as prisoners or as invaders, but you come under a different guise than you did about a century ago. Then your coming was heralded by the wild gallop of Paul Revere's horse in the dead of night, and carnage and distress followed in your path. To-day you come heralded by a roar of acclamation and fraternal greeting that resounds from one end of the continent to the other and drowns the noise of the Atlantic and the Pacific surge. Even Lowell, hard-working Lowell, stops for a moment and rests upon its strong right arm, child of toil as Lowell is, and bids you partake of its hospitality by the banks of the beautiful Merrimack. On this day not only "Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, shall, in our flowing cups, be freshly remembered," but we shall remember those soldiers of constitutional freedom, Hampden, Pym, Chatham and Fox, Gladstone and Beaconsfield. We ask you to extend the meed of your sympathy to the men who have done and taken up the work which was done on bloody battle-fields. My friends, the city of Lowell is a city of workers. We have to support not only ourselves, but, as His Honor, the truthful Mayor of Boston — and it is not always we can get a Mayor who is truthful — has said, "We

have to support Boston." You have seen to-day in our mills, in our machine shops, where the money is made out of which we make such a grand demonstration as was made the other day in Boston. Then you may say, "Why do you support Boston?" Why, one of your countrymen, John Ruskin, a very respectable man, says that we are deficient in cathedrals and that we have not any ruins. To the charge of the lack of cathedrals we plead guilty, but when you talk about ruins, when you get back to England ask Ruskin what he has to say of the city of Boston, ask him what he has to say of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, after it has had a close engagement with this small detachment of emaciated Englishmen. However, the hour has struck, and I bid you good by and God-speed.

The gathering then broke up, and the entertainment by the citizens of Lowell was at an end. There was just time to re-assume arms and accoutrements and to board the special train which left the adjoining station at 5.44 P. M. Boston was reached an hour later. The members of the Honourable Artillery Company were driven from the depot to the Victoria in tally-ho coaches. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company marched by the shortest route to its Armory at Faneuil Hall, where, preparatory to being dismissed, Commander Smith made a short speech of thanks and congratulations. He said:—

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.—I don't propose to make any speech to-night, but for one moment I want to thank you heartily for the kind, generous, soldierly, and gentlemanly support which you have given me since I was made Commander of this old corps. I thank both officers and men for the support that they have given me. With this parade to-day ends, so far as the Company is concerned, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Three hearty cheers for Commander Smith were given, and then Major George S Merrill moved that the thanks of the Company be returned to the preacher of the anniversary sermon, and that a copy of the sermon be requested for publication with the proceedings of the year.

The motion was adopted unanimously.

LIEUT. GEORGE H. ALLEN. — I desire to say in presence of the gentlemen here that the medal, not the badge but the medal, which has been struck in recognition of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this Company will be ready for delivery on Monday afternoon next. I shall be very glad to have as many as possible of the gentlemen connected with the Company who were actually upon duty upon anniversary day, present themselves at my office here from half past two until six o'clock on that day, when I shall be ready to deliver the medals. I wish to state that none are entitled to medals except those who participated in the festivities of the occasion of anniversary day, and that, according to the arrangement that has been made, no gentleman is entitled to more than one.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEN TAKING PART IN THE EXCURSION TO LOWELL, JUNE 6, 1888.

Capt. HENRY E. SMITH, *Captain.*

Major JOHN McDONOUGH . . . *First Lieutenant.*
Lieut. CHARLES F. MUNROE . . . *Second Lieutenant.*
Lieut. J. PAYSON BRADLEY . . . *Adjutant.*

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. GEO. P. MAY, *Armorer and Quartermaster.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Commissary.*
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
Lieut. GEO. H. ALLEN, *Clerk and Assistant Paymaster.*
Major ARCHIBALD E. McDONALD, *Surgeon.*
ARTHUR E. LEACH, *Assistant Surgeon.*
JOHN E. KINNEY, M. D., *Assistant Surgeon.*

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. EDWARD SULLIVAN, *Sergeant Major.*
Sergt. ALFRED S. DINSMORE, *Hospital Steward.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Chief of Staff.—Major GEORGE S. MERRILL, *Past Commander.*
Past Commanders.—Capt. James A. Fox, Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Capt. John L. Stevenson, Capt. Augustus Whittemore, Col. Henry Walker.
Major E. F. Trow, *Amoskeag Veterans.*
Lieut. Edward E. Allen, *Chairman,* and Lieut. Jacob Fottler, Capt. Samuel Hichborn, Lieut. Sidney M. Hedges, and Sergt. Amasa Bailey, of the Committee of Arrangements; Sergt. Charles J. Hayden, Finance Committee; Rev. Oliver A. Roberts, *Past Chaplain.*

DETAILS.

Personal Escort to the English Guests.

Capt. Albert A. Folsom.
Major James P. Frost. Capt. Charles W. Stevens.

Guides.

Right General Guide. *Left General Guide.*
E. B. Wadsworth. Emmous R. Ellis.

Markers.

Henry F. Wade. Edwin Warner.

Band Guide.

Frederick I. Clayton.

Color Bearers.

National Color Bearer. *State Color Bearer.*
William F. Bacon. Joseph H. Baguley.

VETERAN COMPANY.

Brig.-Gen. SAMUEL H. LEONARD, *Sergeant*.

John Thomas.	Fred Revere.
Lyman S. Hapgood.	Charles R. Brown.
Charles Jarvis.	Dexter Pratt.
David W. Lewis.	Thomas Restieaux.
E. Wilbur Brown.	Edward Coggins.
Daniel L. Ware.	Joshua M. Cushing.
Edward N. Pickering.	Charles G. Davis.
George Going.	S. Vinton Stillings.

Eugene A. Holton.

FIRST COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT, *Sergeant*.

Edward B. Blasland, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Geo. B. Spaulding, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Marshall Lincoln.	Elmar A. Messinger.
Fred W. Goodwin.	John F. Banchor.
James B. Smith.	George E. Hall.
Henry G. Weston.	Henry D. Andrews.
Raymond S. Byam.	George J. Raymond.
Kendall H. Damon.	William B. Hathaway.

SECOND COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. GEORGE O. NOYES, *Sergeant*.

Isaac D. Dana, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Elias A. Hammond, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Albert C. Betteley.	David O. Clark.
Wm. K. Millar.	Lowell M. Maxham.
Thomas H. Harding.	Fred. H. Adams.
William H. Howe.	George D. Russell.
Jacob Bensemoil.	E. Herbert Whitney.
Joseph H. Brown.	Joseph W. Sawyer, Jr.

THIRD COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Lieut. EDWARD E. WELLS, *Sergeant*.

Ferdinand M. Trifet, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Edwin R. Frost, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Henry H. Litchfield.	J. Frederick Sampson.
Arthur Fuller.	George M. Potter.
William H. Ford.	Charles W. Dyer.
William G. Whitney.	Joseph L. R. Eaton.
Marshall B. Stebbins.	Howard J. Byrne.

William G. Gwynne.

FOURTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. ALBERT E. PROCTOR, *Sergeant*.

William J. Smith, <i>Right Guide</i> .	William H. Marsh, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Fred McDonald.	J. Max Raymond.
Winthrop Messinger.	William E. Jones.
George E. Cole.	William H. Russ.
Adoniram J. Hathaway.	Luther B. Lyman.
George T. Sears.	Isaac Kaffenburgh.
William M. Maynard.	Edward G. Tutein.

FIFTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

EDGAR G. SCRIPTURE, *Sergeant*.

William F. Hall, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Albert E. DeRosay, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Henry A. Thorndike.	J. Henry Brown.
Charles W. Knapp.	William H. Mitchell.
Charles W. Parker.	Robert Burlen.
John S. Russell.	J. Chancellor Crafts.

SIXTH COMPANY OF INFANTRY.

Capt. HARRISON G. WELLS, *Sergeant*.

Frank W. Dallinger, <i>Right Guide</i> .	John A. Hunnemann, <i>Left Guide</i> .
J. Henry Kelley.	Lyman Boynton.
Stephen H. Tarbell.	Albert F. Cooke.
Henry G. Jordan.	William W. Sias.
Frank F. Olney.	William P. Jones.

FIRST COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

EMERY G. GROVER, *Sergeant*.

Wilber C. Babcock, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Frederic Mills, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Albert Webster.	Abijah Thompson.
George G. Stratton.	Joseph B. Hathaway.
Robert M. Cross.	James H. Harlow.
Henry M. Daggett, Jr.	William Tyner.

SECOND COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

OLIVER G. PEARSON, *Sergeant*.

Francis W. Flitner, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Joseph A. Plumer, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Henry Q. Stimpson.	Stephen B. Clapp.
Charles H. Clark.	W. Lithgow Willey.
Frederick W. A. Bergengren.	J. Charles Smith.
Winslow B. Lucas.	Horace K. Osborne.

THIRD COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

CHARLES H. GLOVER, *Sergeant*.

George E. Hilton, <i>Right Guide</i> .	E. Frank Lewis, <i>Left Guide</i> .
J. Herbert Bowen.	Joseph C. Weeks.
Robert S. Gray.	William H. Emerson.
William A. Moody.	Charles M. Pear.
Charles W. Woodward.	John Albree.

FOURTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

GEORGE W. MILLS, *Sergeant*.

Daniel H. Lane, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Albert E. Lockhart, <i>Left Guide</i> .
William N. Mills.	Edward E. Burdon.
William Lumb.	James W. Vose.
William L. Dolbeare.	Thomas Emerson.
Charles C. Dame.	William Pratt.

FIFTH COMPANY OF ARTILLERY.

ASAHEL WHEELER, *Sergeant*.

Moses J. Grodjinski, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Anthony Cunio, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Waldo H. Stearns.	Antonio L. DeRibas.
James L. Burditt.	Edward F. Smith.
Henry A. Marks.	Ferdinand F. Favor.
Charles H. Mitchell.	J. Alba Davis.
Charles T. Hough.	Henry H. Hale.
Caleb Chase.	Albert H. Stearns.

MASONIC GREETINGS. — CENTRAL CLUB RECEPTION.
— STATE AND CITY COURTESIES. — BOSTON AND
ITS SUBURBS.

THE members of the Masonic Fraternity in Boston did their full share toward entertaining their brethren from England. The first Masonic body to throw open its doors to them was the St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter. Its members met in full numbers, in pursuance of the following notice: —

ST. ANDREW'S ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER

RECEIVES WITH

FRATERNAL GREETINGS

Major DURRANT, P. Z., Capt. WOOLMER-WILLIAMS, P. Z.,

Mr. KIRKPATRICK, and Mr. PARSLow,

Royal Arch Masons and Members of the Honourable Company of London,

AT ITS

One Thousand Four Hundred and Seventy-Third Convocation,
Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN B. ELLIS,
M. E. H. P.

ALFRED F. CHAPMAN, *Secretary*.

The reception took place in Egyptian Hall at the Masonic Temple. The English visitors were escorted to the hall by Companions John L. Stevenson, Albert A. Folsom, and Thomas J. Olys, where they were received with all honors by M. E. H. P. Warren B. Ellis. An exemplification of the work followed, and after the reading of a letter from Capt. Woolmer-Williams, who was too ill to be present, and a brief speech from Major Durrant, the visitors retired to attend a reception at the Central Club.

A Reception was given by the Central Club to the members of the Honourable Artillery Company and their chief entertainers. The reception room of the club-house was most tastefully decorated for the occasion, the walls being festooned with flags with the inscription, "1638 — A. & H. A. Co. — 1888" and "Welcome to our friends." The windows were heavily curtained with American and British flags, while choice flowers and potted plants were placed around in great profusion, filling the air with their fragrance.

From 8 P. M. until 11 P. M., the club-house was thronged with guests prominent in military and civil life, over two hundred and fifty accepting the hospitality of the Club.

Among the guests were, besides the members of the Honourable Artillery Company, Governor Ames, Adj.-Gen. Dalton, and other members of the Governor's staff, Mayor O'Brien, Major-Gen. N. P. Banks, Hon. A. A. Ranney, officers of the regular army and navy, the officers and members of the Anniversary Committee, and other members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; commanding officers of brigades and regiments of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, with many of their field, line, and staff officers.

The guests were received by Lieut. Sidney M. Hedges, President of the Club and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, after which an elegant supper was served. The Salem Cadet Band played most acceptably during the evening.

THURSDAY, June 7. — The day was devoted to making formal calls upon State and City officials, and in visiting places of note and viewing many objects of interest within the city. At about 10 A. M., Past Commander Stevens, Major Frost, Capt. Folsom, and Capt. Hichborn taking the English visitors in charge, escorted them to the State House, where were waiting their arrival Commander Smith, Col. Walker, and Lieuts. E. E. Allen and J. Fottler. As they entered the building, they were met by Adj.-Gen. Dalton and Col. Rockwell of the Governor's Staff, who conducted them to the Executive Chamber, where Gov. Ames tendered them a cordial welcome to the Capitol of the State, in which Lieut.-Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett, Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Secretary of State, and Hon. E. M. McPherson of the Governor's Council, as heartily joined. The visitors having been shown through the rooms of the Executive Council, and the Secretary of State's office, called on Hon. Alanson W. Beard, State Treasurer, and Hon. Charles R. Ladd, State Auditor. They were particularly interested in the Doric Hall, where hang the many flags, battle-scarred and torn, which were carried by the Massachusetts troops during the Civil War.

From the State House the party drove to the City Hall, and called upon Mayor Hugh O'Brien, who, after welcoming them to Boston, presented them to Hon. Charles H. Allen, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, David F. Barry, President, and other members of the Common Council, and the heads of several of the City Departments. Under guidance of Fire Commissioners Fitch, Tobin and Murphy, and accompanied by Mayor O'Brien, the party visited the engine house on Fort Hill Square. Here Major Durrant rang in an alarm, and in less than five minutes five steam engines had arrived in the square and were playing. The workings of the telescope and Hayes truck and ladders, of the chemical engines and the water tower, were

shown, as well as of the canvas chutes and life nets. At the house of the Protective Department an exhibition of quick hitching up was given, the time being less than four seconds from the sounding of the signal bell to the moment the horses were ready to start out with the wagons.

The stores of Messrs. Chase & Sanborn, where hot coffee was served, and that of R. H. White & Co., were then visited, after which the party lunched at the Hotel Vendome, by invitation of the Committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Lunch being over, a part of the English visitors, under escort of the anniversary committee, took carriage for a drive through the suburbs, during which a call was made upon the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop at his residence in Brookline, he having invited the committee and its guests to an informal reception. It was Mr. Winthrop's ancestor who, as Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, signed the charter of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1638, while he himself has been a member of the organization since 1830, and held the office of First Lieutenant in 1833-1834. After passing a very pleasant hour, carriages were again taken, and the party returned to the Victoria Hotel. Those of the English visitors who did not participate in this drive, repaired, after the lunch, to the Central Club, where they were received by Lieuts. Sidney M. Hedges, Loren S. Dow, and Mr. Charles Kenny, and several other members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, who had tendered to them a drive, and a dinner at the Country Club, Mr. Kenny courteously furnishing his tally-ho coach for the use of the party. A stop was made *en route* at the residence of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, where the party joined in the reception given by that gentleman, proceeding thence directly to the Country Club. Here, several hours were most delightfully spent and an elegantly appointed dinner was served, after which hosts and guests, at a late hour, returned to Boston.

The members of the delegation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company who visited England in 1887 were most hospitably entertained by the members of the Fitzroy Lodge and Fitzroy Chapter of the Holy Royal Arch connected with the Honourable Artillery Company. Several of the English delegation belonged to that Lodge and Chapter, and the Columbian Lodge of F. and A. M. of Boston invited them to attend a regular communication on the evening of June 7, 1888. Invitations to be present were also extended to the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company who belonged to the Masonic Fraternity, to the most worthy Grand Master and officers of the Grand Lodge, to the Worshipful Masters' Association, and other past and presiding Masters.

Worshipful Master A. A. Hall presided, and was assisted in receiving the guests by a committee consisting of Wor. A. A. Folsom,

Wor. George A. Gillette, Wor. W. M. Cameron, Wor. E. Bentley Young, and Wor. William J. Stevens, Past Masters; Bro. Frank H. Mudge and Bro. George H. Allen from the members, a large portion of whom belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Music was furnished by the Temple Quartette. The order of exercises was as follows:—

— COLUMBIAN LODGE. —

REGULAR COMMUNICATION, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

ORDER OF MUSIC.

Reception of Guests.

1. ODE OF WELCOME.

Words by R. W. WM. T. R. MARVIN, and music by Bro. WM. H. GERRISH, specially composed for this occasion.

FROM THE EAST OF COLUMBIAN LODGE, A. F. & A. M.

BROTHER,— You are fraternally invited to attend a regular communication of Columbian Lodge, to be held on Thursday evening, June 7, 1888, at half-past seven o'clock, in the Masonic Temple, Boston, at which time the Lodge will confer the Master Mason's Degree, and a Deputation of the Masons of Fitzroy Lodge and Fitzroy Chapter of the Holy Royal Arch, connected with the Honourable Artillery Company of London, are expected to be present.

Please fill the blanks on the enclosed card with your name, Masonic rank and Lodge, and hand to Mr. Tyler. Owing to limited accommodations, the card, which must be presented for admission, is not transferable.

Fraternally,
ALBERT A. HALL,
Worshipful Master.

W. T. R. MARVIN, *Secretary.*

*The sun, which is the glory and beauty of the day, rises in the east and sets in the west—
Arts and Sciences, as well as Freemasonry, etc.*

Upspringing from the rosy East,	At length on Albion's shore she stood,
Bright Phœbus drives his shining steeds:	Watching "the Star of Empire" bright;
And towards the crimson-clouded West,	Then crossing the Atlantic flood,
Religion, Art, and Science leads.	New England hailed her altar-light.
So, like the sparkling god of day,	We greet again, with hearts sincere,
Her westward course Latomia fares,	Her sons from o'er old Ocean's tide;
And wandering on her pilgrim way,	Their crimson cross floats fair and clear
The flaming torch of Friendship bears.	Columbia's glittering stars beside.

Where'er Apollo's car may roam,
On Britain's realm no sunsets glow;
'Neath Masonry's pure azure dome,
Our Orients bright no boundaries know.
Old England's red and Masons' blue
Unite to form a purple dye, —
Love's royal tint, whose pledges true
Shall bind our hearts in deathless tie.

I.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 2. We welcome thee | A. Neithardt |
| 3. Remember now thy Creator | W. H. Gerrish |
| 4. Father, in Thy mysterious presence | W. H. Gerrish |

II.

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 5. Still, still with Thee | W. H. Gerrish |
| 6. The shadows of the evening hour | W. H. Gerrish |
| 7. Hail, smiling morn! | R. Spofforth |
| 8. Lift thine eyes | Mendelssohn |
| 9. Let us meet upon the Level, then | W. H. Gerrish |
| 10. CLOSING. O summer night | Dudley Buck |

A banquet formed a part of the proceedings, and the short speeches of welcome and responses which were made were full of the cordiality which had been so marked wherever the English visitors had been received during the earlier part of the week.

RECEPTION BY THE FIRST REGIMENT OF LIGHT INFANTRY, PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 8, 1888.

By invitation of the First Light Infantry and other citizens of Providence, the officers and anniversary committees of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and the delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London visited that city, going there by the Boston and Providence Railroad in two special cars attached to the 10 A. M. train, which was drawn by locomotive Robert Keayne, No. 1638, the name given it in honor of the first Commander of the Boston organization, and the number by a strange coincidence being the same as the year in which the Company was chartered. As they were whirled past Canton, they waved and shouted regards to Lieut. Jacob Silloway, an invalid member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, who was seated in his garden surrounded by friends, watching the train as it sped by. The party included all the members of the English delegation, excepting Capt. Woolmer-Williams, who was ill and sent excuses, and Lieut. Evans, who left Boston the afternoon before for New York on his way to London, and Major-Gen. Samuel Dalton, Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, Commander Henry E. Smith, Major John McDonough, Lieut. Charles F. Munroe, Adj. J. Payson Bradley, Lieut. Edward E. Allen, Col. Henry Walker, Major George S. Merrill, Capt. Charles W. Stevens, Capt. William H. Cundy, Capt. A. A. Folsom, Lieut.-Col. Edward B. Blasland, Major James P. Frost, Capt. George A. Keeler, Samuel Hichborn, Alfred N. Proctor and George E. Lovett, Lieuts. Jacob Fottler, Thomas Savage, Sidney M. Hedges, Edward E. Wells, George E. Hall, George H. Allen and E. H. Richards, Sergts. E. G. Scripture and E. Frank Lewis, and Messrs. A. Shuman and Homer Daggett, Jr., Col. William E. Clarke of the First Light Infantry Veteran Association of Providence, and Major E. F. Trow of the Amoskeag Veterans of New Hampshire.

The station at Providence was crowded when the train rolled in there at 11.05 A. M., and as the visitors left the cars they were received with hearty applause. Gen. E. H. Rhodes, commanding the brigade of Rhode Island Militia, who was accompanied by Capt. Fred. Burt, A. D. C., Adj. Gen. Elisha Dyer, Col. Henry F. Lippitt, of the Governor's Staff, Adj. James F. Phetteplace representing the First Light Infantry Regiment, and numerous civic officials, extended personal greetings to them and a welcome to the city. The visitors were escorted to the soldiers' monument, where the First Light Infantry,

active and veteran, drawn up in line, saluted the visitors, the band playing "God Save the Queen" as they passed. The salute having been acknowledged, a column was formed as follows: —

Reeves' American Band.

Drum Corps.

Col. WILLIAM H. THORNTON,
Commanding the First Light Infantry Regiment.

STAFF.

First Light Infantry Veteran Association.
First Light Infantry, Company D, Capt. Draper.
First Light Infantry, Company A, Capt. Cook.
Adj.-Gen. Elisha Dyer of Rhode Island.
Adj.-Gen. Samuel Dalton of Massachusetts.
Delegation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.
Delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London.
First Light Infantry Regiment, Company B, Capt. Rose.
First Light Infantry Regiment, Company C, Capt. Rendall.

It moved through Dorrance, Westminster, Canal, Steeple, and North Main streets, Market Square, and Westminster, Burrill, High, Broad, Weybosset and Dyer streets to the wharf of the Continental Steamboat Company, where the "City of Newport" was moored, gayly decorated with bunting, and displaying the stars and stripes, the cross of St. George and the Union Jack. There were many pleasant incidents during the march, and all along the route the spectators were numerous and enthusiastic in their welcome. As the column marched up Westminster Street, Professor A. A. Stanley played "Rule Britannia" on the Grace Church chimes, in compliment to the visitors from abroad. The establishment of J. Harry Welch, a member of the First Light Infantry veterans and of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, was handsomely decorated, displaying the American and British flags which the guests saluted. At the corner of Snow Street, the school battalion of Rice, Goffe and Smith's English and Classical School stood in line, two hundred strong, under the command of Major F. W. Matteson, and presented arms to the moving column. On Weybosset Street, the members of the Order of the Sons of St. George displayed their banner and flags from their lodge-room, and loudly applauded the visitors.

The wharf was reached about 12 o'clock, and a few minutes later the "City of Newport" steamed for the famous Narragansett Bay. Among its passengers were many guests who had not taken part in the street parade, and they included Gov. Royal C. Taft and his Staff, Ex-Gov. John W. Davis, Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Darling, Mayor Gilbert F. Robbins, of Providence, Brig.-Gen. Rhodes, Gen. Olney Arnold, of

Pawtucket, Representative John C. Wyman, City Clerk H. V. A. Joslin, Ex-Mayor Hayward, President Dennis, of the Common Council, Prof. Alonzo Williams, Chief of Police Guild, Mr. L. H. Humphreys, Mr. Herbert W. Ladd, Mr. Henry C. Clarke, Mr. John Heathcote and Mr. John Shepard. During the trip, the American Band, stationed on the forward deck, gave a concert of national airs, and passing vessels gave a series of salutes to which responses were promptly made. In the good fellowship of the day and the admiration of the scenery on either side the forty minutes of the sail passed only too quickly.

The party landed at Bullock's Point at 12.45 p. m. Thence the hosts and guests marched to Crescent Park, where ranks were broken and a light lunch was served. The next hour or more was spent informally, in lounging in shady spots, in playing ball, or, as with the Englishmen, in watching the novel preparations for the clam-bake and becoming initiated into the mysteries of cooking clams, as they did afterwards into those of dissecting and eating them, both of which lessons appeared to be very agreeable to them, as well as to those present who were "to the manor born."

About 2 p. m., line was re-formed and all marched into the large dining-hall, where a genuine Rhode Island clam-bake, elaborate enough to be called a dinner, was served, as shown in part by the following

— MENU. —

	Clam Chowder.	
Boiled Salmon.	Lobster Croquettes and Green Peas.	
Eels Breaded, Tartar Sauce.	Soft Shell Crabs.	
Sliced Tomatoes.	Radishes.	
Cucumbers.	Rareripecs.	
Baked Clams.	Baked Tautog.	
	Indian Pudding, with Cream.	
	Strawberries and Cream.	
Neapolitan Cream.		Cake.
Roquefort Cheese.	Crackers.	
	Black Coffee.	

The card on which these details were printed was elaborate, and served as a pleasing souvenir of the occasion. It bore the dates of the organizations taking part in the excursion, "London, 1537; Boston, 1638; Providence, 1818"; and an engraving of King Crab's Triumphal March as portrayed in the following lines: —

"King Crab with all his henchmen comes
To greet his kindred dear;
And fishes all, both great and small,
Must leave the passage clear."

At the tables, over which Col. William H. Thornton presided, the several organizations were intermingled and good fellowship reigned supreme. Near the Chairman were seated Gov. Taft, Ex-Gov. Davis, Mayor Robbins, Ex-Mayor Hayward, the Commanders of the visiting military, Adjt.-Gens. Dalton and Dyer, and other prominent gentlemen. Seats near the head of the table were also reserved for Col. R. H. I. Goddard, Col. Henry F. Lippitt, Lieut.-Col. Samuel T. Douglas, Mr. Herbert W. Ladd, Lieut. Hez. Martin, Lieut. William Ely, and Capt. Fred B. Burt, who, with Col. Thornton and Adjt.-Gen. Dyer, composed a committee of arrangements. When visitors and hosts were in place, cigars having been lighted, Col. Thornton said: —

Gentlemen and Comrades, — We bid you welcome to this institution of Rhode Island, a genuine Rhode Island clam-bake. We ask you to sit down and sample it, and later we will hear your judgment.

With appetites sharpened by the sea air, visitors and hosts entered upon a hearty discussion of the clams and the "extra fixings," only stopping for a few minutes, at Col. Thornton's suggestion, to allow the English guests to see the bake opened. Then, with every appearance of comfort and content, they drew their chairs away from the tables as Col. Thornton rapped for order. The cheers which greeted him having ceased, he spoke as follows: —

Comrades, — There is nothing that brings men closer together or does more to cement the ties of friendship than the proud privilege of wearing the uniform of their country, and commingling in happy fraternity on occasions like the present. Then they become brothers immediately. Gentlemen and comrades, to you who have come so far away from your homes to this our land, we bid you welcome. To the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston we too bid welcome. You have come to-day upon the shores of Rhode Island to participate with us in an institution which, I think I have the right to say, dates back further than the records and charters of any organization which is represented here to-day. You have come here to participate in a Rhode Island clam-bake. When you sat down to this table I asked you to participate and I asked for your judgment. What is it? [*Cries of "Good."*] As I said before, I think the institution is older even than the charter of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, for when Roger Williams, he who was sent from Massachusetts to inaugurate the State of Rhode Island, came here, what did he receive? The first thing was a Rhode Island clam-bake. You have participated in the same, and I hope that when you return to your country you will carry back with you pleasant remembrances of what you have received.

I am not going to be long in this matter, for I am admonished that a sail down the bay is more to be desired than speech-making. Is that right? So, gentlemen, in the name of the First Light Infantry Regiment and of the citizens of Providence, I welcome you here at this time. Our Governor is with us and he will welcome you for our State. To make things short, I will close, and announce the first toast. It is this: —

The President of the United States. — One whom we all love to honor, for in extolling him we feel that we honor ourselves.

I will call upon Gen. Olney Arnold to respond to this toast. [*Cheers and applause, the whole company rising.*]

GEN. OLNEY ARNOLD.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen. — It is the unexpected that always happens. I had not the most distant idea, until a few moments ago, that I was expected to respond to any sentiment before this honorable body. I should, had I been notified, have considered it a great honor to be selected to respond to this sentiment or to any other, on such an occasion. But I have long ago made up my mind not to be surprised at anything. This generation in this country and the world, even, is one of great surprises. The magnetic telegraph that united two continents was, in its first days, a great surprise. The telephone of to-day is no surprise at all, and the phonograph and whatever may come afterwards to bring us into closer connection with the citizens of the great nation who are our guests to-day, will surprise us no more. Why, gentlemen, if you will allow me at this moment to speak of a citizen here, whom I suppose we shall hear from before we get through, I was not even surprised when John Wyman was elected to the Legislature the other day —

MR. WYMAN. — I was delighted.

GEN. ARNOLD. — But I want to say to you, gentlemen, in answer to what he has said, that I shall be surprised if he is ever re-elected. I recall at this moment a story which I heard the other day, which illustrates somewhat my position here. It was that of a man out in Kentucky, who had been nominated for a responsible position, and who was expected, before the election came off, to address his fellow-citizens. But as he was not so great an orator as my friend Wyman or the Governor of this State, he could not collect an audience, and so, hearing that there was to be a man executed in his county for murder, and knowing that the citizens of Kentucky all turned out on such occasions, he obtained liberty to say a few words at the execution. At the time the execution was to take place the sheriff said, "Before I exalt this man you will listen to a few words from the candidate." He went on and spoke about ten minutes. Then there was a little commotion on the platform, and the culprit said, "I don't want to be impolite at all, I want to be as accommodating as I can, but if Mr. Bradburn will be kind enough to let me be hung now and make his speech afterwards, he will oblige me." I think, Mr. Commander, that you had better have let me sit here and enjoy my dinner than to have inflicted this thing upon your guests.

But to be serious. While sitting here I have written a few words that I will now read in response to the sentiment that has been proposed: The President of the United States is the chief magistrate of the greatest republic on earth. He is not the government. He is not the sovereign. He is the prime minister who administers the government for millions of sovereigns. As the representative of the people he has more power than any monarch in Europe. While in office he is the servant of the people, at the expiration of his term he becomes once more a private citizen. As the chief magistrate of a great nation he has the respect and support of all good citizens. This is not an occasion when it would be proper for me to refer to the political character of the present occupant of the Presidential chair, but I will venture to predict that history will give him an exalted position among American statesmen.

THE PRESIDENT. — The second regular toast is this: —

Her Majesty Queen Victoria. — May she long be spared to reign in peace and equity.

I have the pleasure and honor to introduce to you to respond to this toast, Major Durrant of the Honourable Artillery Company of London. [*Great applause, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and the audience rising, singing, and cheering.*]

MAJOR ALFRED DURRANT.

Col. Thornton, Governor, Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen. — It does an Englishman's heart good to hear the hearty response that has been given to the toast which has been proposed so kindly and so ably by your worthy Colonel. I am perfectly certain that every member of our deputation from London reciprocates your very kind feeling, and I assure you that we feel also the same high regard and the same estimable love for your worthy President.

Roger Williams must have been a great prophet. I do not know whether it was four or five or six or a hundred or a thousand years ago that he lived, but I am perfectly certain that he looked forward to this very time when the Honourable Artillery Company of London should be sitting around this hospitable board and partaking of this sumptuous entertainment. All I can say is that we have enjoyed this most remarkably well, and I only regret that we are not going to stop in Boston longer so that we could come here again.

Another regret that I have is that time speeds on and unfortunately we are just upon the eve of having to pack up our luggage. It is a very melancholy subject to dilate upon, but I am sure it gives us the greatest pain of anything since we have been in this country. I cannot help saying that we feel how much attention you have paid to us and how kindly we have been received by the Americans, one and all. For a small body of twenty-one Englishmen, coming to this country of something like seventy millions of people to be received in the manner that we have been received, passes — well, I was going to say our feelings, but it must pass the feelings of any monarch that ever trod upon the soil of any country. I assure you that we deeply appreciate and that we shall remember as long as we live the very kind and enthusiastic manner in which we have been received by you, particularly in Providence.

THE PRESIDENT. — The third regular toast —

The State of Rhode Island. — Small in territory, large of heart.

I have the honor to introduce, to respond to this toast, His Excellency the Governor, Royal C. Taft, of Providence. [*The Honourable Artillery fire, called for by Major Durrant, led by Lieut. Birkett, and given with a will, followed hearty applause and cheers.*]

GOVERNOR TAFT.

Mr. Commander and our Guests from abroad. — We welcome you to the State of Rhode Island, the smallest in area of any of the United States, but in all that respects progress and civilization the equal of all. When the oldest organization represented here to-day had its birth, Rhode Island was a wilderness; when its

child was born it was entering upon the third year of its history, a sparsely settled and struggling colony. Small as was its area, the territory was coveted by our neighboring colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. I pay no disrespect to Massachusetts when I say that during the early years of its history, its encroachments upon our territory were yearly. Human nature is the same in all generations, and the powerful endeavor to overcome the weak. But for the interposition of the Mother Country we should have become a part of the State of Massachusetts. Rhode Islanders cherish and have always cherished gratitude to England, for it was an English king that made her an independent province. Charles the Second in 1663 granted a charter for the colony of Rhode Island. So well was that charter framed to represent the interests of this people that for one hundred and eighty years, from 1663 to 1843, when our present constitution was adopted, the government of this State was founded upon it.

You who visit us from our neighboring State, I might say from the Queen of States, and you who come from the home of our forefathers, and come not as strangers but as kindred, we welcome to our hearts and our hospitality. May the acquaintance this day formed ripen into ties of friendship, uniting closer the two countries having a common heritage.

THE PRESIDENT. — Fourth regular toast —

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — The mother State of New England.

I have the honor to introduce, to respond to this toast, Major-Gen. Samuel Dalton. [*Great applause and cheers, the band joining with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."*]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DALTON.

Your Excellency Governor Taft, — My first duty in representing the State of Massachusetts is to bring to you from His Excellency the Governor his compliments and kind wishes for you and your State.

Mr. Commander, Fellow-Soldiers of the World, — Massachusetts is proud of herself, Massachusetts is proud of her people, Massachusetts is proud of her record, but she does not forget that in the sisterhood of States there is but a small imaginary line which divides the other New England States from her. That line, sir, is so small that we cannot see it. We only remember that we are all of one great, glorious New England people, together in heart and soul. As New England people, without regard to geographical lines of States, we join together with Rhode Island to-day in extending to the Englishmen — and they are only Englishmen in name, because they are naturally brothers — a hearty welcome to your shores, and would to God they could stay with us. In behalf of Massachusetts, sir, I thank you and your command for the cordial welcome which you have given to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston and their friends from over the water. All we can say to you — and Massachusetts says it from the bottom of her heart — is, we thank you, and come to Massachusetts and we will try to reciprocate.

THE PRESIDENT. — The fifth regular toast —

The City of Providence, — The home of Roger Williams and the birthplace of soul-liberty.

I have the honor to introduce, to respond to this toast, His Honor Mayor Gilbert F. Robbins of Providence. [*The band played "There's no place like home," and three cheers were given for Mayor Robbins.*]

MAYOR GILBERT F. ROBBINS.

Mr. Commander and Guests, — I am as much surprised to be called upon as was my friend General Arnold, who responded to the first toast, because this is the first intimation that I have had that I should respond to the toast "the City of Providence." But of course it is expected that the Mayor of the city should be always ready to do honor to that toast. I can say, Mr. Commander, that I am very proud of the position which I hold, and of being able to be present with you to-day as your guest to respond for our city. The city of Providence takes especial pride in its institutions and organizations, and I can say to our guests to-day that we are very proud indeed of, and hold our military in especial esteem. The invitation to be present as the guest of the First Light Infantry, I considered a very high honor indeed, and especially as it gives me the opportunity to meet the representatives of an organization whose ancient origin and well-merited reputation have made it famous among the military organizations of the world.

It has been said that the time is short and that you would all enjoy a sail much better than any speech. Of course it is not expected that I should respond at any great length to this toast. I can only say that I am proud to welcome you to our shores, I am proud to be with you, and I trust that the friendly relations that exist between the two countries that are represented here to-day will always exist and that we will always be friendly. I thank you, Mr. Commander, for the honor you have conferred upon me.

THE PRESIDENT. — The next regular toast is —

The City of Boston, — The beacon light of education and enterprise.

I have the honor to introduce to you, to respond to this toast, Col. Henry Walker.

COL. HENRY WALKER.

I think, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, that this is a day of surprises. I had supposed, a day or two since, when I became again a high private in the ranks of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, the last high private, that somebody else would thereafter do the talking. I have sat and listened, and I have been a little surprised at some things that were said here. In fact, I was surprised at what the Governor of your State said. We did not send our Roger Williams of old down here to persecute him; we knew, two hundred and fifty years ago, that a clam-bake was coming, and we sent him to prepare the way. When the Governor talks about encroaching upon the limits of his little State, who would not encroach upon them after eating at a clam-bake? I think the Governor should have said that the only prayer that Massachusetts men not desirous of stealing his State should offer is, "Lead us not into temptation"; that is, keep us from clam-bakes.

But for one I am very glad to be here, Mr. Commander, the men who are with me are very glad to be here, and we are very glad to have this little State of Rhode Island, little in its boundaries but broad as the continent in its history, welcome both us and our guests. It was from the good old city of Boston,

which I am proud to belong to and which may be called the mother of Providence, — it was from such cities as Boston and Providence that those principles have gone forth which have been carried westward to the Golden Gate and made this continent what it is, the home of sixty millions of free people, of men who believe in the right of individual self-government, and who have proved that that right was wisely given into their hands and who have worthily upheld it.

If we have a right here, then our English guests have a right here too, for the principles that the Puritans and the men all along this coast planted throughout this country, they brought with them from the homes and the firesides of England, they brought with them from the hundreds of years of English history. They brought with them that great Magna Charta of human rights which has made England what it is, which has made Rhode Island, Massachusetts, the United States, what they are.

Mr. Commander and gentlemen, I thank you for myself, for my friends and for the city of Boston, and take my seat.

THE PRESIDENT. —

The Honourable Artillery Company of London, — Ancient in history, ever young in honor and valor. [Long-continued cheering.]

There is one whom I had expected would be with us to-day, one whom we who have met him have all learned to love, and I am disappointed at his absence. I refer to Captain Williams of the Honourable Artillery Company. He has sent us a letter of regrets. I have placed it in the hands of our clerk, Captain Burt. Will he please read it where he stands?

A LETTER FROM CAPT. C. WOOLMER-WILLIAMS.

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON,
VICTORIA HOTEL, BOSTON, June 8, 1888.

My dear Friend, Colonel Thornton, — It is indeed difficult for me to express the disappointment which I feel at being unable to answer to the muster roll of my comrades, who are to be the recipients of your generous hospitality to-day. All my hopes since Monday have been directed to a participation in the warm welcome you have prepared for us, where will be expressed and realized the genuine feelings of fraternal love existing between our respective countrymen. May they long continue and may they spread throughout both nations and become as expansive as the blue vault of heaven. Pray accept for yourself and express to the other officers and members of your command my most sincere regards, and assure them, that although an Englishman, I feel myself an American also, for notwithstanding that we are two nations, we are but one people. Believe me, very sincerely yours with deep disappointment,

CHARLES WOOLMER-WILLIAMS.

[Great applause.]

THE PRESIDENT. —

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, — The oldest military organization in New England, and a worthy child of its parent.

I have the honor to introduce to you, to respond to this toast, Capt. Henry E. Smith, Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. [Great applause, followed by three cheers for Capt. Smith.]

COMMANDER SMITH.

Mr. Commander, Your Excellency, Fellow-Soldiers, — I hardly know in what words to give expression to the pleasure that you have given the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and its guests in inviting them to visit you on this beautiful June day, to come down here and partake of the famous clam-bake, an institution of Rhode Island which you have seen fit to refer to as being one of the oldest institutions, I might say almost of the world, as you have said that it antedated the Honourable Artillery Company of London. But let me say, sir, that perhaps you have forgotten that there is an adage whose existence is quite as aged as your institution, a clam-bake, for I can remember it as long back as my childhood, and I am pretty ancient, remembering that this is our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. That adage, "to be as happy as a clam in high water," was really an expression of extreme happiness; but, sir, I hardly believe that the tide water of your river has ever been so high that any clam in Rhode Island could ever reach the height of happiness that you have given us in making us your guests here to-day.

We have guests with us whom we have found to be worthy of our hospitality. We have found them to be a part and parcel of us, as has been said time and again. These gentlemen from abroad, who came here as our guests, are representatives of an organization which is said to be the mother of this old institution of Massachusetts, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and I assure you that I feel I speak the sentiment of every member of our corps when I say that we are proud to call it mother. We have been trying in a very humble way to entertain these gentlemen since they landed upon our shores. Not until after the committee of arrangements and some of our officials had taken them to visit that mighty cataract, Niagara Falls, the great capital of our United States, and the battle-field of Gettysburg, was it my pleasure to meet them. But for the last week it has been my privilege to be associated with them. We have shown them the unique parading and election of the Ancients. We have taken them to Lowell and shown them one of the great industries of our land. Aside from that, I think that another reason why our friends in Lowell invited us to visit that city, was that they might see to what extent our powers of endurance could be tried by marching, for if there was any place where a march could be made to advantage it was there, because it was down hill after we had got up hill. I thank you for calling upon me, Mr. Commander; I will not speak longer, because I really believe in the fitness of all things, and think that Mr. Wyman should have a chance to reply to Gen. Arnold.

THE PRESIDENT. — Our last regular toast.

Our Citizens, — The source of our country's strength.

I have the honor to introduce to you, to respond to this toast, Mr. John C. Wyman.

MR. JOHN C. WYMAN.

Mr. Commander, Fellow-Citizens, and Fellow-Soldiers,—and I consider that the first word includes the last, because I am speaking to a citizen soldiery and not to a body of the regular army,—I shall not, although allusion has been made to them, reply to the remarks with which my friend, for he is my friend, although he has seemed so little like it to-day, commenced his speech. Unfortunately for him, perhaps, but fortunately for me, while I am so large an object in his estimation that he cannot commence a speech without reference to me, I am standing at that end of the opera glass which increases my size to him, while he occupies the other extremity of it and looks smaller to me. Whether I am chosen to represent the people again or not is a question of very much less consequence to me than it is to the citizens of this glorious State, but while the whole body of the State is clamorous for me to take this position, I am not to be deterred, demoralized, or disheartened by any cynical attack from any individual, whoever he may be.

It is a great pleasure to be here to-day. It is a pleasure to each one and all of us, and we take a special pride in bringing you down this beautiful bay, and giving you this illustration of the hospitality, which is peculiar to this State, and can be found in perfection nowhere else. We are proud of these waters. We believe not only in their beauty, but in their beneficent influence and effect, and our hearts have grown to love them and to regard him fortunate who happens to be born so that he can visit them frequently. All of you, for you are all intelligent citizens of civilized and Christian communities, are familiar with the Bible. But if any of you do not remember a certain one of its stories, you have an excellent authority before you to inform you upon that or any passage about which you are doubtful. The story to which I refer is that concerning the prophet Elisha and of the Syrian captain, Naaman, who, after hearing of his marvellous cures,—the mind cure of that day, no doubt,—went to be healed of leprosy, and sent his officer to ascertain what he should do. The word came back that he was to wash seven times in Jordan, and he went away exceedingly wroth and dissatisfied, saying, “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?” But the prophet Elisha, with the vision given to him for some great purpose, saw down through the vista of centuries to the marvellous period when there should be baptized in the waters of Jordan Him who had come to save the world. Even then the curative powers of that stream were beginning to manifest themselves, and he realized that Jordan was the only stream where his health could be effected. You Englishmen have your Thames, your Tweed, and the Severn; there are the Rhine and the Rhone, the lakes of Geneva and the Bay of Naples; but altogether beautiful as they are, although they have been immortalized in song and story over and over again, yet for the American citizen, and peculiarly and particularly for the citizen of Rhode Island, the healthful, healing waters that he desires and seeks to find are these waters that flow past us to-day so brightly, the waters of Narragansett Bay. Long may they wave.

But I did not get up to make a long speech. You are all in the condition, it seems to me, of the old sexton. I remember a story of one of those old sextons, which illustrates admirably how familiarity accustoms a man to any particular vocation, so that however touching, pathetic, and painful it may be, he at last becomes so accustomed to it that it excites no emotion in him. There was an old sexton, who for twenty-five years had buried both young and old in the village where he lived. One day, and an exceedingly hot day, he had a funeral in charge, and there were four carriages and a hearse standing in front of the

church where the funeral services were being conducted, when one of those inquisitive men who are always asking questions, no matter how patent to their observation the fact may be, approached him and said, “Is this a funeral?” With the hearse and those carriages standing there, of course this seemed an unnecessary question. “Yes,” said the sexton, “it is”; and he wiped the perspiration off his face. “Whose funeral is this?” was the next question. “Mr. Fleming’s,” he said. “I wish they would get through.” “What complaint?” “Complaint! there ain’t been none; everybody is satisfied.” I believe that everybody is satisfied here to-day; and I believe that our English friends will go back to their own country, recognizing that we are of the same blood and speak the same language, and take a deep interest in everything that interests England and that affects her prosperity or her power. To-day illustrates to us more and more forcibly how intimate and direct are the relations which are growing up between the two countries. This great Atlantic, which formerly was so wide, a voyage over which was so full of terror, has been reduced to a narrow stream, and less than six days are required to take an American citizen to England or to bring an English citizen to America. I tell you there is not a great national question that can affect the peoples of Europe, in which we have not a vital interest. We rejoice, and as citizens we particularly rejoice, in this indication that their soldiers come to visit us, as ours have been to visit them, not with the sword or with the spear raised to commit outrage or for defence, but with a peaceful intention and with a heartfelt desire to bring about friendly and permanent relations. They come here, and, figuratively speaking, their swords are beaten into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; and the time is not far distant when, in my belief, with these wide-spreading nations, speaking the same language, strife shall cease, all difficulties shall be settled by arbitration and there shall be no necessity for war or battle. Then the great English-speaking nations of the globe will unite in one glad hosanna and repeat the song that commemorated the birth of the Christian era, “Glory to God on high! peace and good-will to men!”

ADJT. J. PAYSON BRADLEY.—I want to propose three cheers for London, Providence and Boston. God bless them all! [*The cheers were most heartily given.*]

THE PRESIDENT.—Comrades, our day is yonder. We have still more to show to our English friends. If our guests will immediately go to the boat, we will show them a part of our Narragansett Bay, of which we are so proud.

At 4.55 P. M. the column was re-formed and hosts and guests marched to the wharf, and again boarded the “City of Newport,” which steamed down the bay as far as Rocky Point. A pleasant sail to Providence followed, the band playing during the trip. From the steamship wharf the commands marched at once to the railroad station, where they boarded special cars attached to the 6.10 P. M. train, and started for Boston amid the cheers of the First Light Infantry and the crowd of spectators. On the journey home another salute was given to Lieut. Silloway at Canton. Boston was reached soon after 7 o’clock. Tally-ho coaches awaited the arrival of the party, the larger part of which was driven from the station to the Masonic Temple,

where an informal reception was given to the English guests by the Worshipful Masters' Association of the First Masonic District, in response to the following notice:—

SPECIAL COMMUNICATION.

Boston, June 1, 1888.

Dear Sir and Worshipful Brother,—A special communication of the First Worshipful Masters' Association of Massachusetts will be held on Friday evening, the 8th of June, at the Masonic Temple, at seven o'clock, to meet the delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, England, now sojourning in Boston.

Your punctual attendance is requested with jewel.

Fraternally yours,

J. M. RODOCANACHI,
Secretary.

Wor. Otis E. Weld was President, and Wor. John M. Rodocanachi, Greek consul, Secretary. Throughout the evening, formality was discountenanced, and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent.

VISIT TO THE WALTHAM WATCH FACTORY.—FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN BY THE DELEGATION OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, JUNE 9, 1888.

SATURDAY, June 9. — The formal entertainment of the delegation from the Honourable Artillery Company of London was finished by the Ancient and Honorable Company on Saturday, June 9th. In the morning eight members of the English delegation visited the works of the American Watch Company at Waltham. In all, the party consisted of eighteen, and it included Majors Durrant and Baker, Capt. Nunn, Sergts. Painter and Bradshaw, and Corporal Hamlyn, Private Moore and Trooper Woodman of the English delegation; Mr. Bradshaw, of Indianapolis, a brother of Sergt. Bradshaw, and Lieut. Edward E. Allen, Capt. A. A. Folsom, Lieut. Sidney M. Hedges, Capt. William H. Cundy, Lieut. Jacob Fottler, Capt. George A. Keeler, Col. Edward Wyman and Sergt. Emery Grover, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. It left the Fitchburg depot in an extra car attached to the 10 A. M. train, and travelled under the personal charge of Mr. R. E. Robbins, Jr., a son of the treasurer of the watch corporation. Upon the arrival of the train at Waltham, Mr. Hull, one of the foremen of the factory, Chief Burleigh of the Waltham police, and Capt. H. W. Howe, a member of the Ancients, boarded the train and greeted the travellers. At Riverview, a little station just beyond Waltham, the party left the car, and crossed the bridge over Charles River to the watch factory. Here it was cordially received, and under the escort of Mr. Robbins, Assistant Superintendent Shirley, Lieut.-Col. Lane, Master Mechanic Marsh, and Mr. Hull, was shown through the numerous departments of the works. The sights were most interesting, and wonder was expressed at the cleanly and minute character of the work and at the general appearance of the employees. Lunch was served for the visitors at the Treasurer's office, after which Lieut. Edward E. Allen thanked their hosts for the kindness with which the committee and its guests had been received, saying:—

I am perhaps going to assume what really does not belong to me, but I do not think that the members of the Ancients and their guests will be willing to depart without speaking words of thanks, although there is time for very few. We have been very handsomely entertained. I do not propose to take the speech which I know is bubbling over from the mouth of my friend Folsom, directly out of his mouth, but I want to say, feeling that I represent you all in the matter, that the thanks of the entire assembly are due to Mr. Robbins, especially and

particularly and personally. He has sent his well-beloved son out here to pilot us safely out, and he has delegated his most efficient right-hand man to show us round the works. I move that we hold up our right hands and give one single cheer for the American Watch Company.

Every right hand was raised, and the cheer was heartily given. Then Mr. Shirley responded briefly, saying:—

I want to say on behalf of Mr. Robbins that it is a great pleasure to us to have you come out here and see the factory. We have enjoyed your visit very much. None of us here are speech-makers, and we can only say that we hope the visit has been interesting to you. Making time-keepers is more of our business than speech-making, and we allow that we cannot be beaten in that direction. If Mr. Lane or Mr. Hull is willing to make a speech we are willing to let him.

I am very happy to say that everything is so prosperous with us that we don't hold any watches after they are made. They go right into the market and very soon afterwards into the pockets of the wearers. That pleases us very much. That is just where we want them to go.

The party returned to Boston on the 12.52 train from Riverside, a car being reserved for its use.

The afternoon was spent by the delegation in making and receiving final calls and in being photographed. A portion of the delegation, by invitation of the management of the Boston Base Ball Club, witnessed a game between the Detroit and Boston Clubs. Another portion visited the Bunker Hill Monument, by invitation of the Standing Committee of the Bunker Hill Association, which previous engagements prevented the delegation as a whole from accepting.

In recognition of the hospitalities which had been shown them in New England both by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and others, the visiting members of the Honourable Artillery Company of London gave a return banquet at the Victoria Hotel, on Saturday evening, June 9th. It partook of the nature of a farewell, for they were to leave Boston the next day for New York, there to remain in the care of the Old Guard of that city until they sailed for home. It was eminently worthy of its twofold character and of the organization in whose name it was given, and fitly rounded out the festivities of the week. Including the hosts, the company numbered rather over one hundred. The guests assembled in the hotel parlors soon after 6 P. M., in evening dress. At 7 P. M. Major Durrant, commanding the London delegation, led the way to the dining-hall, which was handsomely though not elaborately decorated. Palms and other potted plants adorned the windows and mantels, and parachute lamps cast a soft light over the flower and silver laden tables. In the rear of the presiding officer, Major Durrant, the arms

of the Honourable Artillery Company, with their motto, "*Arma pacis fulcra*," were flanked by the Union Jack and the Royal Standard of Great Britain, handsomely draped. In front of that officer was a basket of choice hybrids, Mermet and Jacqueminot roses, and down the head table were strewn roses, carnations and ferns. On Major Durrant's right sat Governor Ames; Commander Henry E. Smith, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Adjt.-Gen. Dalton and Major W. H. Baker; and on his left Mayor Hugh O'Brien; Lieut. Edward E. Allen, chairman of the Ancients' Committee of Arrangements; Col. W. H. Thornton, of the First Light Infantry of Providence, R. I.; Col. Henry Walker, Past Commander of the Ancients; and Mayor Palmer, of Lowell.

Other gentlemen present included

Cpts. C. Woolmer-Williams and Henry Nunn; Lieuts. Birkett, McKenzie, Ferrier, and Evans; Drill Sergt. Painter; Sergts. Perkins, Bradshaw, Clark, and Hamlyn; Corporals Nicholson and Phillips; Trooper Woodman, and Privates Parslow, Moore, Kirkpatrick, Docking, and Reid, of the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

Major John McDonough; Lieut. Charles F. Munroe; Adjt. J. Payson Bradley; Past Commanders Major-Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, Brig.-Gens. Samuel C. Lawrence, Col. Edward Wyman, Majors George S. Merrill and George O. Carpenter, Cpts. A. A. Folsom, John L. Stevenson, and Thomas F. Temple, Brig.-Gen. Samuel H. Leonard; Major James P. Frost; Surgeon A. E. McDonald; Cpts. George A. Keeler, Samuel Hichborn, and Warren S. Davis; Lieuts. Vincent Laforme, George H. Allen, Jacob Fottler, George H. Gibson, Thomas Savage, Sidney M. Hedges, John C. Dalton, George E. Hall, and William P. Jones; Sergts. John Rindge and Charles J. Hayden; and Messrs. A. Shuman, Freeman A. Walker, J. Alba Davis, Albert E. Lockhart, Benjamin Johnson, William Tyner, William H. Gerrish, Thomas J. Olys, Daniel W. Russell, and John R. Newman, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Cols. Horace T. Rockwell, Fred. W. Wellington, Allen G. Shepherd, Rockwood Hoar, and Albert L. Newman, of the Governor's staff.

Lieut.-Col. S. T. Douglas; Cpts. Edwin Draper, Hiram Kendall, and Fred. B. Burt and Adjt. Phetteplace, of the First Light Infantry of Providence, R. I.

Capt. Isaac H. Allard, commanding National Lancers.

Alderman Otis Eddy and Councilmen William H. Oakes, S. Edward Shaw, Edward Sullivan, and William A. Foss, of the Entertainment Committee of the Boston City Council.

Alderman Charles H. Allen, chairman of the Boston Board of Aldermen; Mr. J. M. Rodocanachi, Greek Consul and Secretary of

the Worshipful Masters' Association; Mr. William A. Hall, Worshipful Master, and Mr. William T. R. Marvin, Secretary of Columbian Lodge, F. and A. M.; Mr. Warren B. Ellis, High Priest of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter; Mr. James M. Smith, President, and Mr. George B. Perry, of the British Charitable Society; Hon. Harvey N. Shepard; Col. J. B. Batchelder, Historian of the battle of Gettysburg; Mr. Frederick E. Goodrich, Secretary to Collector Saltonstall, and Dr. F. H. Williams.

The dinner began without formal introduction, and for three hours the discussion of the material part of the feast was continued, the menu being as follows:—

—MENU.—

	Little Neck Clams.	<i>Sauterne</i>
	Cream of Asparagus.	Consommé Royal.
	Boiled Salmon.	<i>Sherry</i>
	Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.	<i>Hock</i>
<i>Cucumbers.</i>	Sweetbreads Larded, Green Peas.	<i>Champagne</i>
	Chicken Sauté à la Marengo.	
	Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.	<i>Champagne</i>
<i>Asparagus Tips.</i>	Fillet of Beef, Fresh Mushrooms.	
	Roman Punch.	<i>Cigarettes</i>
<i>Dressed Lettuce.</i>	Roast Squab.	<i>Burgundy</i>
	Strawberries and Cream.	<i>Claret</i>
	Ice Cream.	Cake.
	Jellies.	Blanc Mange.
	Oranges.	Pineapples.
	Bananas.	<i>Cognac</i>
	Roquefort.	Brie.
	Coffee.	<i>Cigars</i>

It was 10 P. M. when Major Durrant rapped for order, and began the speech-making by proposing the health of Her Majesty the Queen. The toasts were proposed in the English fashion by different members of the English delegation. This gave a pleasant variety to the proceedings which is unknown at a banquet given under American auspices. In proposing the first toast, Major Durrant said:—

Mr. Mayor, Mayor Palmer, and Gentlemen,—The first toast that I have to bring to your notice is the toast of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Since we have been in this country, we have heard our Queen spoken of with the very highest respect by every American, and I am sure that when I propose the health of the Queen, it will be received heartily by all in this assembly, be they

English or American. I beg, without further preface, to propose to you the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

The toast was received most enthusiastically, the whole company rising and cheering. Three cheers for the Queen were given at the call of Lieut. J. Henry Taylor.

MAJOR DURRANT.—The next toast that I am to propose, gentlemen, is the health of the President of the United States. I feel perfectly confident, in giving this toast, that it will be received in the same loyal and enthusiastic manner in which the toast of our Queen was received. I have no doubt that the English gentlemen who are with me here will agree with me in saying that we have the greatest admiration of everything that we have seen, from your President downwards. It is not our place to touch upon politics at all, but I think that I may promise you that every four years, with some opportunity or other, we English people, especially members of the Honourable Artillery Company, will watch with some interest the proceedings of the election of your President. But upon the occasion of the approaching election we shall be more than usually interested. We were received kindly and pleasantly and in such an agreeable manner by your President when we were in Washington, that we somehow or other have a sneaking regard for him. Although I am in the presence of Republicans and Democrats, I am sure that without any distinction we may cordially express a hope, at any rate I do, for those gentlemen with me, and I think I will stop there in expressing the hope that the very worthy and estimable gentleman presiding over this grand country may long be spared in health, and I trust this great and intelligent people may deem it their duty to re-elect him. I knew perfectly well that I should put my foot in it. At the same time you know the motto of an Englishman is never to turn his back on the enemy. Not that I was admitting for one moment that any portion of the American people are our enemies, but, on the contrary, I say with sincerity that from the very kind, hospitable, and magnificent way in which we were received by your President, I feel bound to express my own personal hope. All I can say is that if I could be of any service to the President I should be somewhat disposed to take a dollar and be enlisted in his service during the next six months. Unfortunately, however, I cannot stay here. But I can assure you that my sympathies are entirely with your great country, and I think I may now conclude by asking you to join me in drinking the good health of your very worthy President.

Cheers, and the Honourable Artillery fire, now so well known in Boston, greeted this announcement, and the whole company, rising, drank to the toast amid great enthusiasm.

MAJOR DURRANT. — The next toast that I have the honor of proposing is that of the Prince of Wales, the Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and an Honorary Member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. It is my good fortune to propose this toast, and, to avoid politics, I am going to follow at this time the example of our Prince of Wales, who never interferes with politics. He is one of the best men that ever lived. He is a pattern Prince and a splendid commanding officer for us. He takes the very greatest interest in the Company to which it is my good fortune to belong, and, as Col. Walker will bear me out in saying, he takes a very great interest in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston. Of course, in this country you do not make these distinctions, but in the country to which we belong we do make them, and it is a very great pleasure to us to know that only a gentleman like the Prince of Wales occupies such a prominent position in our Company. Still, I may tell you that there is no harder-worked man living than our Prince. I can further assure you, that whatever the Prince of Wales undertakes he does thoroughly, whether it is as a soldier or whether it is in visiting various countries. I think it is something more than thirty years since he visited this great country, and when he hears of the reception that this small body of men from London has been given, I feel sure that he will seriously think of coming and seeing you again. I therefore propose to you the health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The audience rose, and the Honourable Artillery fire was called for.

MAJOR DURRANT. — Col. Walker asks as a special favor to be allowed to give this.

COL. WALKER. — Now, gentlemen, give the Artillery fire for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Now, ready, present, za, za, —

The "fire" was given in a way that indicated adepts in its use, and applause and cries of "bravo" followed.

MAJOR CHARLES W. STEVENS. — I am aware, sir, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery are aware, that the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales is usually drunk in silence. It is an American custom to cheer for those we love and venerate, and therefore, sir, I propose three hearty cheers for the Prince of Wales.

The company rose, and the cheers were heartily given.

MAJOR DURRANT. — Gentlemen, I claim your attention to Major Baker, please.

MAJOR BAKER.

Your Excellency, Your Honor, and Gentlemen, — A very pleasing duty has been deputed to me by our chairman, and that is to propose the next toast. I wish the task were as easy as the duty is pleasant, but I cannot find words to express what we feel for the very handsome and magnificent welcome we have received

in the State of Massachusetts during the time we have had the pleasure of being in your hospitable country. It appears to me to be a State flowing with the milk of human kindness, and I feel from the short time we have had the pleasure of being with you that we are more like brothers and friends than strangers in a foreign country. This is, I believe, a State famous for its industry, its prosperity and its loyalty, and, if I might add, for the beauty of the fair sex, but, unfortunately for members of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, we have not had many opportunities of meeting them. Under the pleasant guidance of your excellent reception committee we were taken to see that wonder of wonders, the Falls of Niagara, which we were all pleased with immensely. We then went to Washington, where it was our good fortune to meet more citizens from the State of Massachusetts. In the first place, we had the good fortune to meet your respected and much-revered Ex-Gov. Long. He was very kind to us, and under his auspices we were taken about and saw the various sights of the city. I am afraid some of the gentlemen misinterpret what I mean. We were greatly pleased and delighted at the reception we met with. But, leaving Washington, we were told that as we approached the North the climate would grow colder and colder but the reception would be much warmer, and it has been much warmer than we dreamed of. When we arrived at this grand and ancient city of Boston we were received with open arms by some, if I may not use the term all, of its most influential citizens, at the head of whom stands your Commander-in-Chief, the Governor of the Commonwealth, His Excellency Gov. Ames, who has honored us with his presence here to-night. We have received from him, gentlemen, not the formal, cold reception of a high State official, but the warm welcome of a gentleman and a true and trusty friend. We feel that our approaching departure is one of regret; in fact, we don't care about thinking of it. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But that day, I am afraid, will very soon arrive. In thanking you again I do most sincerely thank, first of all, His Excellency the Governor and all our old and dear comrades in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, for the magnificent welcome we have received at their hands. I am sure it has made a lasting impression in the heart of every member of this delegation, and that it will last until time with them shall be no more. Gentlemen, I give you the State of Massachusetts, coupled with the name of His Excellency Gov. Ames.

MAJOR DURRANT. — For the Governor, up, standing, please. Lieut. Birkett will please lead the Artillery fire.

The Artillery fire was given enthusiastically, and closed with a ringing za, followed by applause.

GOV. AMES.

Major Durrant and Gentlemen of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, — Upon me falls to-night the very agreeable office of saying a few words for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I say them with a feeling that we are of one blood and that with few exceptions we hold the same opinions in regard to the principal affairs of life. If we do not thus agree, we ought to do so, for this State was founded by Englishmen, and so thoroughly did they do their work they have left an impress that has not been effaced and that we like to think will endure for ages yet to come. Between the years 1620 and 1640 twenty-one thou-

sand Englishmen arrived in Massachusetts and New England. They came for the purpose of building up a nation. They brought with them a million pounds. They were no paupers. They impressed themselves on a continent, and to-day the ideas they established control sixty-five millions of people.

Massachusetts was the beginning of New England and is now its centre, not only in wealth and population but in those higher forces which we do not consider material. We are often laughed at for our egotism, but we can endure the laughter so long as we know that our pride is based on those sturdy qualities which have made the Saxon, as he has been developed in Great Britain, the conqueror of the world, not only in actual warfare but in industrial pursuits and in intellectual speculation.

The time was when Massachusetts did not feel very kindly toward the mother country. The growing child felt that the time had come for greater liberty of thought and action, and naturally the mother was of a different opinion. We have known the result of that controversy since the days of our childhood, the freeing of the colony from the nation whence it sprung. The ill feeling that accompanied that struggle and that broke out anew in actual warfare a little more than a quarter of a century later, has long since subsided. We see now in Great Britain our greatest rival in manufactures, and we propose to carry on that rivalry, not with any idea that we shall drive our great competitor from the field, but with confidence that we shall secure a fair share of the trade of the world. In such rivalry I believe we are to go on, not striving to injure each other, but each doing all that it can to improve methods and increase products for the benefit of all.

I have but one regret, and that is that you are so soon to leave us to return to your homes. You have seen much of this country in your brief stay, but there is so much more that you have not seen and that you ought to see. You should go to the West to see how we are growing. Here the growth of population and also of industries is very nearly that which comes naturally, but there the changes made are rapid and gigantic. Thither go the thousands of immigrants who are crowding each other inland from the docks on our coast. But go where you will in this land and you will find at the bottom of everything the hand of the Yankee, of the Englishman who lives on this side of the broad Atlantic, but who has all the determination and pluck and strength of will that mark the Englishman wherever he may be.

You have seen the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in their resplendent uniforms. You have seen the rest of us as we are. We have worn our everyday clothes in your presence, and pursued our ordinary avocations for your pleasure and information. I know that we have enjoyed having you with us. I trust that you have been sufficiently well pleased to have the desire to come hither again at an early time, and that each and every one of you will put that wish into execution.

I wish to call your attention to one fact, that is, in 1620 there were but seven millions of people who spoke the English language. In 1776, at the commencement of the American Revolution, there were but seventeen millions who spoke the language. To-day there are sixty-five millions in this country and thirty-five millions in England — over one hundred millions in the two countries, besides those in other parts of the world. It shows that it is very important that we should be friends and act together. Let the English-speaking race act together, and we can take care of the whole world.

MAJOR DURRANT. — Gentlemen, I claim your attention to Capt. Woolmer-Williams. [*The company, rising, gave three cheers for this popular English officer.*]

CAPT. WOOLMER-WILLIAMS.

Major Durrant, your Excellency, Gentlemen, and Comrades, — The next toast is one of very great importance, and on that account it is a matter of regret to me that it has not been entrusted to abler hands to propose. Any shortcoming on my part in submitting it to you will, however, be more than compensated by the enthusiasm with which it is sure to be received. It is, "The City of Boston." Ever since I have been aware of the existence of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, I have been deeply interested in the history, not only of the company itself, but also of the land, and especially of the city of its adoption, the "Hub of the Universe." As an Englishman I have noticed with much interest the many old landmarks of the earlier history of Boston, and notably your old State House, where the lion and unicorn still remain as a memorial to our countrymen, whose high privilege it was to be the founders and pioneers of civilization in New England, and whose honor it was to lay the foundation upon which such a magnificent city has been built up by the zeal, energy, enterprise and perseverance of its citizens. Boston has a history marked by continuous and unrestrained progress and advancement ever since the day when the dire necessity arose of throwing off the yoke of tyranny and oppression under which it unhappily labored, a course amply justified by every event which has since taken place. There is a panel in that State House which bids your citizens remember by whom the blessings which they now enjoy were secured to them. It says, "Americans, while from this eminence scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who by their exertions have secured to you these blessings." The citizens appreciate these blessings too much ever to forget to whom they are due. Boston is rich in all that tends to make a city happy and prosperous. Boston is rich in learning and in the encouragement of the arts and the sciences.

It is rich also in patriotism, and I do not forget that when the best energies of the manhood of the nation were called forth in defence of the nation, this fair city of Boston furnished upwards of twenty-six thousand officers and men for the service of the nation. And, gentlemen, Boston is indeed rich in one of nature's greatest gifts, that of hospitality, a hospitality as boundless as the vaulted canopy of heaven. It is our own high privilege to have experienced it in a most lavish manner, and it is our privilege to treasure the recollection of it in our hearts whence it will never be effaced.

These features immediately strike one as the attributes of a supremely patriotic, industrious, enterprising, happy and contented people; and we Englishmen are distinctly proud to think that our ancestors were your ancestors, and our home your homes, and that, although now two nations, we are and ever must remain but one people.

Picturesque and attractive as must have been old Boston, it could not for a moment compare with your charming city of to-day, with its wealth of magnificent buildings, its rows of elegant and costly residences, its refined homes, and its many artistic adornments.

"Let the eye wander freely as it will,
Landward or seaward, all is beauty still."

With Boston also are associated the names of many of America's greatest patriots, the recollection of whom is dear to every American heart. — Franklin, Webster, Winthrop, Quincy, Dexter, Hancock, and Sumner.

Gentlemen, with such a history, with such traditions and with so many blessings showered upon you, you may indeed be proud of the city of Boston.

"A blessing thro' the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers;
God with the fathers, so with us,
Thou darling town of ours."

Gentlemen, I give you the toast "The City of Boston," and I couple with that toast the name of His Honor the Mayor, Hugh O'Brien.

[*The Mayor was received with loud cheerings and with the regimental fire, led by Lieut. Birkett.*]

MAYOR O'BRIEN.

Major Durrant and Gentlemen. — It is very gratifying to the Mayor of Boston to listen to the very eloquent remarks of our English friend in relation to the history and progress and the prosperity of the city he loves so well. Boston is emphatically an American city. We have inherited all our strong points from that Great Britain from which you have come among us, and it has been a great pleasure to the Mayor of Boston to know that whenever you have visited us you have been received with open arms and the greatest hospitality.

I am not surprised that in Boston you have been received with open arms. Your Honourable Artillery Company of London is the father, I might say, of our Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. When they visited our last year you received them with open arms, and we would be recreant to all hospitality if you were not received by us in the same spirit. I hope that whenever you visit us, I *know* that whenever you visit us, you will come among friends that will receive you heartily and welcome you cordially, and who will be glad if your visits are oftener than they have been in the past.

I must say that I have been taken rather by surprise by the very eloquent remarks of the gentleman who has responded to "Boston." We all believe that Boston is one of the best cities in the country. You know there is a good deal of talk about Boston being the "Hub of the Universe," and perhaps we are a little enthusiastic about Boston. But we spare no expense to make our people intelligent and prosperous and happy, and I think that we have reached a point where we can say that we can compare favorably with almost any city in the country, and that is all we wish to do. It is very pleasant to think that when you return to Great Britain, your home, you will go there with pleasant recollections, not only of Boston, but of the country. There is no reason why we should not be on the most friendly terms. Our interests are identical. If you are prosperous we are prosperous, and we cannot be prosperous unless prosperity exists with you. We hope, gentlemen, that when you return, this impression that we have made will be lasting for all time. I must say that I have been rather overcome about the city of Boston, and the beautiful way in which it has been alluded to. I know that you can go to the West and see cities rising in, you might say, a generation. But Boston has not ceased to grow. A year or two ago I was looking over the statistics of our city. I took the census of 1870 and the census of 1885, and I found that the suburbs of Boston had increased one hundred thousand people in fifteen years. In fifteen years from this time I have no doubt you will

find Boston just as prosperous as she is to-day and a far larger city than she is to-day. We shall also hope that when you come among us the next time, your Honourable Artillery Company will embrace not only three hundred and fifty members, but twice three hundred and fifty members, and that you will come among us with a much larger delegation than you have come this year. In fact, it would be very pleasant to see the three hundred and fifty members of the Honourable Artillery Company of London march through the streets of Boston, and I assure you that if you come among us, with three hundred and fifty thousand strong, we will receive you just as hospitably as we have received the very small number that have visited us this time.

MAJOR DURRANT. — Gentlemen, I claim your attention for Capt. Nunn.

CAPT. R. HENRY NUNN.

Your Excellency, Major Durrant, Comrades, and Gentlemen, — We are very much indebted to the Mayor and citizens of Lowell for the reception they so kindly gave us on Wednesday last, for the hospitality they extended to us, and for the opportunity they offered us of seeing their city, and also of visiting one or two of those great manufacturing enterprises for which that city is so famous. I much regret, as I am sure do all the members of the Honourable Artillery Company, that more time was not allowed for a closer inspection of those great enterprises in which we have so great interest. I am told, gentlemen, that the city of Lowell is sixty years old. Now, we hear a great deal of the marvellous manner in which great cities spring up on this continent, but I think the city of Lowell fairly holds its own, and its citizens may well be proud of what they have accomplished in that sixty years.

There is one thing, gentlemen, that strikes me, and which alone is worth a visit to this country, and that is the esteem in which the old country is held by the leading citizens of this great Republic. It has delighted me beyond measure. Long may it so continue!

Gentlemen, I shall not detain you with any long speech, but ask you to drink with me "Continued and ever-increasing success to the city of Lowell." With that toast I have much pleasure in coupling the name of his Honor Mayor Palmer. [*Mayor Palmer received the Artillery fire.*]

MAYOR PALMER.

Major Durrant, Capt. Nunn, and Gentlemen of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, — I thank you sincerely for the generous manner in which you have received me and for the kindly sentiments which you have expressed for the city which I have the honor to represent. We shall long remember your visit to Lowell, and we hope that your recollection of it will not be displeasing despite your strange experiences with the New England farmer and the hostile savage. You saw our city in no gala attire, but in her ordinary, every-day, working garb, a city of toilers, toiling for themselves. We had for your inspection no magnificent public buildings, no palatial residences; but, instead, huge manufactories, unpretentious and comfortable homes, a happy and an order-loving people. We could offer you no gorgeous reception, but only a simple greeting and a cordial welcome; and it is this fact possibly that may make you remember your visit to the city of Lowell as your distinguished countryman, Charles Dickens, did, "as a thing by itself."

Gentlemen, we shall always cherish kindly remembrances of, and shall also feel a deep interest in, the honorable body to which you belong, the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

CAPT. WILLIAMS. — Gentlemen, I have just received a telegram which will be of great interest both to every member of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, and also to your own company. It is from Major George W. McLean, commanding the Old Guard of New York. He says: —

THE OLD GUARD'S TELEGRAM.

The Old Guard greets the Honourable Artillery Company of London. We are gradually recovering from the recent fight at Boston, and getting ourselves in trim for a renewal of the combat on Monday in New York.

MAJOR DURRANT. — Gentlemen, the next toast on our list is: "The Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts." This toast is, I am sure, very dear to the heart of every one around this table at the present time. A small body of twenty-one, we were sent forth to represent a regiment consisting of seven hundred and seventy-seven, which we number at the present time, if your Mayor will pardon me, instead of three hundred and fifty. The deputation now here was sent forth by that body, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, to represent it at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary which we celebrated on Monday last.

Well, gentlemen, the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston is a regiment possessing to us many charms. First of all, and I think I may fairly put in first of all, comes your late Commander, Col. Henry Walker. He was in command of your delegation which came to London as our guest last year, and I feel certain that every member of our regiment entertains the very highest regard for our friend Col. Walker. I hoped that he would have been almost disposed to go back to London and to have stopped amongst us, because I am perfectly sure that he would have been one of the earliest members joining our ranks. However, I suppose that that cannot be, and therefore we must assume that he will remain in Boston. But I am perfectly sure that, in remaining in Boston, he will continue to cement that same good feeling which he has done so much to strengthen during the last two years. I can only say that, so far as the Honourable Artillery Company of London is concerned, we have of late years heard much of our brethren here, and it was with no small degree of pleasure that we received from your ancient regiment that very kind and very handsome invitation which was sent to us a few months ago. I know that my first thought was, the thought that came directly to me, "Well, I mean to avail myself of the opportunity." So it was with the others who are with us here now. I am

sure that we can all of us say that we do not regret the decision to which we came on that occasion. We have had very much pleasure and we have had very much happiness, and, after all, when we come to think of it, that we as a small body of men, only twenty-one in all, should come to this great country and be received in the elegant manner that we have been, really passes our comprehension.

We know that the way in which we have been received is to a great extent attributable to the fact that we come as the guests of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston. We feel that, and we entertain the highest regard, not only for all that we have seen, but we feel the greatest veneration and the greatest esteem for the grand and distinguished regiment whose guests we are during our stay in this country.

Well, gentlemen, I can say much in connection with this toast. Thoughts pass very rapidly, perhaps rather too rapidly. They pass so rapidly that one can scarcely seize them as they pass. But, be that as it may, I can assure you that we shall go back to London and report to our commanding officer and to our regiment your kind reception to us, the kind manner in which you have received us and taken charge of us, and everything you have done to make us happy, to make us go back with pleasant feelings and pleasant thoughts. Believe me when I tell you that the greatest happiness that we have all experienced in our lives has been our visit to this country. I cordially echo the sentiments expressed by our good captain and by your worthy Mayor, when I say that we, on our part, hope that these visits to each other will be more frequent. Surely, in a body numbering, as we do, something near eight hundred men, and numbering as you do, many hundreds, we ought to have some of our members visiting the different countries each year. Let us make a home for each other. Come and see us and make the members of the Honourable Artillery Company your friends. When we come to this country, all I can say is that we will try to make you our friends. We have been received so handsomely and so hospitably that I feel tempted to assure you that we shall trespass on your kindness very many times in the future.

I have spoken of your Past Commander. There are many Past Commanders. Here is our good friend Capt. Folsom, who has done so much to make us happy. Capt. Folsom has given us one good bit of advice; Capt. Folsom always says, "Go to bed early, and get up early." Unfortunately, some of us have tried to carry out that recommendation. But you know how it is: the flesh has been weak, and we have not been able to do it. So far as going to bed is concerned, and so far as getting up in the morning is concerned, I am afraid Capt. Folsom has found us rather derelict. At any rate, Capt. Folsom, I can only say, has been most kind, most genial, and under all

circumstances most attentive to us in every possible way; and I feel that we are greatly indebted to him for our presence here this year.

Then there is our good friend Major Frost, whom we all so respect and esteem. He has given us a great deal of his time and attention and a great deal of hospitality.

There is also Major Stevens, who is what we call in England "a right good sort." I am sure that we all hope that Major Stevens will come over to England again very soon, and we will show him, at any rate so far as we are concerned, that we do not forget his kindness to us.

There are also very many others, not forgetting one very important personage, and that is the chairman of your committee, Lieut. Allen. But I am not going to trespass further upon that, because Lieut. Allen is to say something later on. We owe much also to one other member of the Ancients, that is our friend Hedges. In fact, so it goes on with friends. There is "Uncle John" sitting there. When we were in London there was no man that was thought more highly of or seemed to entertain our friends more than "Uncle John." It was only one or two weeks before I left England that I went into the Guild Hall, into the office of Sir John Monckton, our town clerk, and he said to me, "Well, if you are going to America, don't forget to give my kind regards to 'Uncle John.'" Well, then, coming last, perhaps our Colonel will pardon me when I say the last, but it is by far the most important, there is your present Commander, Capt. Smith. Most of us, I think, felt a very great regret when the badge of office was removed from our much-loved friend, Col. Walker. We had not the pleasure of knowing Capt. Smith then as we had Col. Walker; and I am bound to say that I felt deep pangs of regret when I saw Col. Walker disrobed. I felt somehow as if something had been done that must cause sorrow to all of us. But, however, that appears to be your order, that the office shall only exist for one year and then be transferred to a successor. Well, at that time, as I said before, we had not the pleasure of knowing much of Capt. Smith; but since he has been installed into office as Commander, he seems somehow or other to have taken up the mantle of Col. Walker in a splendid manner. We have seen a great deal of him during this week, and I can only say that I respect and esteem him, I was going to say as much as, if I may say it and Col. Walker will pardon me for saying it, I do Col. Walker; and that is the feeling, I think, of every member of our detachment.

Capt. Smith, I congratulate you on the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your regiment, and sincerely trust that every prosperity may attend your glorious regiment, and that our two regiments will walk hand in hand and heart in heart, as Capt. Williams has said, until time shall be no more.

Gentlemen, I give you "The Prosperity of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston," and I couple with that toast the name of our friend, Commander Smith.

[*The Commander of the Ancients, thus introduced, was received with the Artillery fire, led by Lieut. Birkett, and with loud applause.*]

COMMANDER HENRY E. SMITH.

I assure you that I fully appreciate the kindness prompting the sentiment just extended, and as the representative of the Ancient and Honorable Company, and in their behalf, I thank you. For all the pleasant communications between the two companies in the past, culminating in this visit, and now rounded out to completion in these delightful courtesies, accept the gratitude of the Ancients. For years we have fondly looked forward to the celebration of this anniversary, appreciating as we do the virtues of the company from whose loins we sprang. We have anticipated the presence of some of your members, and in the future, amid all the pleasant memories of this celebration, will be first and best the recollection of the honor done us by the presence of so distinguished a delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company of London. I desire just now to gratefully acknowledge the generous recognition of our celebration from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by his Excellency Governor Ames, not only in his frequent personal presence, as here to-night, but in the official courtesy which has given to us the welcome presence of his Adjutant-General. We are quite sure no small share of the great success attending all the services of this memorable anniversary has been due to the presence of its contingent from the parent company. To have been elected captain of the Ancients on its two hundred and fiftieth year is an honor sufficient to gratify the ambition of any American, but since I have made the acquaintance of the members of the older corps, I have become ambitious to secure an election as Commander of the Honourable Company of London, and am perfecting arrangements to bring over a delegation from year to year, that I may secure enough votes to bring about my election. I cannot find words, gentlemen, to express my appreciation of the honor you have conferred on the Ancients by this visit.

And now I will ask you to join with me in drinking to the good health of our guests.

MAJOR DURRANT. — Yes, yes, everybody up!

[*The entire company rose, and amid great cheering drank the toast proposed by Commander Smith.*]

COMMANDER SMITH (*continuing*). — If you have enjoyed your sojourn one half as much as we have, our cup of joy is full, and I express what I know every one of my command feels in wishing continued and increased prosperity to your company, and that the warm friendship begotten of this commingling together may grow and continue until the Honourable Artillery Company of London and the Ancients of Massachusetts may be bound together in an indissoluble bond.

MAJOR DURRANT. — I claim your attention to Capt. Nunn for the next toast.

CAPT. R. HENRY NUNN.

Your Excellency, Major Durrant, Comrades, and Gentlemen.—The toast I have the honor and pleasure of proposing is, "The Entertainment and Other Committees of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company."

Gentlemen, I am altogether at a loss to find words to express our sense of gratitude to those gentlemen whom the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company selected to form the various committees who have so well looked after us during our visit here. How wise that selection was has been fully proved by the success which has attended their efforts through the many and varied arrangements they have made for our entertainment and enjoyment. No sooner was the traveller in the harbor than several who had been waiting and on the lookout from early morning, and one who had not been on the lookout, but still got there in time, came and boarded the boat. Some of those gentlemen we had met before, but to the majority of them we were utter strangers. But, gentlemen, had we been their dearest friends, — nay, more, their nearest relatives, — the welcome they gave us could not be exceeded. From that moment these gentlemen took possession of us, also of our luggage, and, thanks to them, we have been able to visit many places that under no other circumstances could we have visited, and seen many things that under no other committees could we have seen.

I assure you, gentlemen, not only in behalf of myself and the other members of the Honourable Artillery Company who are here, that I speak for that great company in the mother country which we have the honor to represent, when I say that what you have done for us and the manner in which you have done it will ever be remembered by us with the deepest feelings of gratitude. When all have worked so well and vied with one another in devoting their time and personal attention to our benefit, it is not possible to single any one out for especial mention. Collectively and individually, they have done everything that men could possibly do, and have earned not only our gratitude, but also, I should say, the gratitude of the Honourable Artillery Company. We trust that the friendship and affection existing between the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston and the old regiment which we have the honor to represent may continue to increase and may last for all time. May it represent the affection existing between the two great countries, and may the Union Jack of old England and the Stars and Stripes of this great Republic ever stand side by side, as they do to-night, emblems of Christianity, liberty, and freedom, to the end of all time.

Gentlemen, I give you "The Entertainment and Other Committees of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company." And as it is not possible to mention all the names, I shall give you with this toast the name of the general chairman, Lieut. Edward E. Allen.

[*The entire company arose and drank the toast with great enthusiasm.*]

CAPT. NUNN. — Now, gentlemen, Lieut. Allen is a nervous man. Please take the fire from me.

[*The silent regimental fire was given, and it was followed by applause.*]

LIEUT. EDWARD E. ALLEN.

Major Durrant, Gentlemen of the Honourable Artillery Company, and other Guests present on this occasion. — It is hardly necessary for you to look at me to doubt the fact that I am very full to-night. But it is not your viands and your sparkling apollinaris water and your fragrant coffee that have filled me full to repletion. I am swelled out to-night to the very confines of my clothing with a feeling of pride. My pride is, first, in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; a second and also most equal pride I feel in the fact that I am associated with so efficient a committee of arrangements for your entertainment; but the biggest and most swelling pride I have is the fact that, by our efforts, seconded as they have been by gentlemen from all parts of this country, from the grand Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States, down to the humblest Second Lieutenant of the Massachusetts militia, we have succeeded in bringing to this country the most jolly set of officers and men, the most representative men, the men the most welcome to our bosoms, our purses, our firesides, — I had almost said to our beds, gentlemen, — that ever have visited any military company in this country in an official and representative capacity. We have done what we feebly could to make your stay here a pleasant one. We have had much assistance, as I have mentioned, from various other individuals and bodies. But it is to our own hearts that we take you one and all. We have for many years past felt a great love for the Honourable Artillery Company. Some few members of our old company here have had the pleasure of grasping you by the hand on the other side of the great Atlantic; but when we meet you on this side, gentlemen, there is nothing under God's sun too good for you.

Now, the committee has been mentioned somewhat numerically and somewhat by name. It has always been the custom, I say it to you, Major, as an open secret, to pick out men to take positions at the head of committees who are willing to work. Our speech-makers we put into the humble positions, like our bald-headed friend on the right-hand side of the table [*referring to Major Merrill*]. And although, Mr. Chairman, I do not wish to depart from the good old English custom of designating the man who is to respond to the toast, still, if you want to hear how the eagle can scream, call upon "The Bald-Headed Eagle of the Merrimac Valley."

CAPT. WILLIAMS. — We will call upon him later.

LIEUT. ALLEN (*continuing*). — I am very glad to know that he is going to speak. Gentlemen, I can only say that whatever we may have been able to do for you has been done from the fulness of our hearts. You have given us far greater pleasure than we have been able to give you. I am sure that I express in that not only the feeling of the committee of which I have the honor to be chairman, but the feeling of every member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. When you come again, sir, as I hope in God's providence you may, and very soon, I hope that you will bring with you not only your present delegation, but your entire company, with your Captain-General.

MAJOR DURRANT. — The next toast on our list is, "Our Other Hosts." We have so many of them that I am sure that we feel particularly proud on this occasion to take the opportunity of thank-

ing them one and all for the kindness they have shown to us during our visit here; and if, during anything that I may have said, or any of our other speakers have said, we have unintentionally forgotten any one, I beg that he will forgive us, because I can assure him that our hearts are full of our appreciation to one and all in this great country. We have been kindly and elegantly entertained by the Martin Luther Club, by the Providence Light Infantry, and by the Waltham Company this day. We were also unable to accept a kind invitation received from the New England Club to dine with them this evening. I can only say, on behalf of our body, that we are very much obliged to all those gentlemen who have received us in such a kind and handsome manner.

Col. Thornton did us the honor yesterday of taking us to a clam-bake. Somehow or other I have heard good expressions about it all around. I am very sorry that we are not able to go and have another clam-bake. Whether it was that the clam-bake agreed with us, or whether it was the pleasant fellows we met there, I do not know; but I suppose that we may put them all together, and may come to the conclusion that it was, taking it all around, a splendid reception and a splendid entertainment.

Well, I must say that we have, in this part of America, seen a great deal of what the States happen to be. We have seen a great deal of their manufactures, as Capt. Nunn has told you, and we have seen a great deal of their hospitality. The longer we stop, the more difficult it seems to make up our minds to depart. In fact, these times come upon us when a little depression sets in. I myself begin to feel somewhat as if I had got to go on board the steamer to-morrow. I do not like to leave Boston. I am afraid I shall begin to get somewhat tired before I get away from Boston by the thought that we must leave the American shore in a few days. I wish our stay could have been longer; perhaps you don't. I know that we must have tired out a great many of our friends, but I feel perfectly certain that you will believe me when I tell you that we shall entertain, as long as we can recollect, a feeling of admiration for the splendid and hospitable manner in which we have been received ever since we have been in this country.

I beg to propose to you the health of "Our Other Hosts." And I will ask you, if you please, to drink to that toast, and will couple with it the name of Col. Thornton. [*Hearty applause, and the Artillery fire, led by Lieut. Birkett, followed.*]

COL. THORNTON.

Major Durrant and Gentlemen.—I stand here to-night with a great deal of embarrassment, to respond to the toast "The Other Hosts." You speak of others besides the First Light Infantry to respond to this toast. I only wish that

they were here, that I might sit down and enjoy their speeches instead of coming here and trying to inflict one upon you.

But, gentlemen of the Honourable Artillery Company of London and of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, it afforded the people of Providence one of the greatest pleasures that it has been their lot to have fall to them for a great while, to entertain you gentlemen of both these organizations, for we of Rhode Island are nearer akin to you than what you think we are. You go back and use the name of Winslow. We of Rhode Island have occasion to remember that name also, for it was he who compelled Roger Williams to take a walk and go over the other side of the Seekonk River. And there what did he find? He found that institution which we yesterday tendered to you, members of these two organizations. How old it was when he found it, we have no record of, but I will venture to say that it antedates either of your organizations, for we know not how long the Indian was here who inaugurated that way of living, though we are told in history that it was upon fish and game that they lived. At that time clams were more plentiful than they are to-day in Rhode Island; you of Boston and other neighboring cities have raided upon Rhode Island so much that you have nearly made our shores barren of that bivalve which you tasted of yesterday.

But, comrades of the Honourable Artillery Company, Roger Williams was a great friend of one of your members whom I know you all love to honor, and that was Milton. We read in history that John Milton and Roger Williams were great friends, and so we feel that we are acquainted somewhat with the Honourable Artillery Company of London through Roger Williams and John Milton.

But, comrades and gentlemen, for we are comrades, as I said before, I will not try to inflict a speech upon you. But if the Honourable Artillery Company should come to this country again I only hope that they will bring their whole organization instead of a small delegation, that we may take them down our river once more. I will see that our caterer, who did so well for us yesterday, shall entertain them again.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the privilege of entertaining you, in behalf of the First Light Infantry Regiment and other citizens of Providence.

COMMANDER HENRY E. SMITH. — Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I want to ask you to join with me in a toast to our Chairman of this evening, Major Durrant.

[*The entire company arose and drank the toast, amid cries of "Good," and three cheers.*]

MAJOR DURRANT. — Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to our friend Commander Smith for proposing my health. I can only say that it has been a very pleasant and agreeable duty that I have had to perform, and I sincerely hope it will fall to my lot to have the same good fortune to preside over such a splendid company again as we have had to-night. I will ask you, if you please, Major Baker, to propose the next toast.

MAJOR BAKER.

Gentlemen, — It appears to place me somewhat in an invidious position, perhaps, to propose the health of "The Visitors." In the first place, gentlemen, I was under the impression that we were the visitors, — visitors to your hospitable shores for the last fortnight, and had been received by so many various bodies, and entertained in such a magnificent way that the word "visitors" coming from us seems rather strange. But, however, placing ourselves in the position of host just for a moment, I can assure you how delighted and pleased we are to have the opportunity of receiving you here this evening.

We have met you on so many occasions and received so many hospitable words that any word of ours would not be, I am sure, at all adequate to the magnificent way in which you have entertained us. Believe me that we thoroughly appreciate your presence here to-night. I will not detain you any longer, but ask the members of the Honourable Artillery Company to be up standing and drink the health of the visitors.

I forgot one thing, I think, that Major Durrant himself rather overlooked. Among the various organizations who have entertained us during our stay here, he forgot to mention that we were right royally entertained by the city of Boston one day when we were in the harbor, and that also the Masonic bodies were good enough to entertain us, not only the members of the Masonic body of Londoners, but the whole delegation, very courteously last evening. We were also entertained by the Orpheus Club. To one and all of the gentlemen forming those bodies we tender our most heartfelt thanks.

Gentlemen, the toast is, "The Visitors," and with that toast I couple the name of Harvey N. Shepard.

[Mr. Shepard was received with the Artillery fire and applause.]

HON. HARVEY N. SHEPARD.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — I am sure it was a great pleasure to the members of the Masonic Fraternity to have the privilege of entertaining any of your number last evening, and it would have been an occasion long to be remembered by the New England Club if it also could have enjoyed the privilege of entertaining you this evening. Early enough we extended an invitation, which was acknowledged by your Lieutenant-Colonel, His Grace the Duke of Portland; but I am sorry to say that your other arrangements prevented our having the privilege this evening of welcoming you at that place as our guest. Personally, my regret has been lessened by the fact that you have permitted me to be present this evening as your guest. I know of no other country than these United States where Englishmen should receive a more cordial and earnest welcome than here, and in no other part of this Republic than this Commonwealth, and in no other city or town of the Commonwealth than in the city of Boston. As his Honor the Mayor has said, this is an American city. But we must remember that it bears an English name, that its streets, its architecture and many of its habits, customs and traditions are of English origin, and that this Commonwealth itself is a land that was won from the wilderness and from the savage tribes by Englishmen, and that such strength as has been given to it to enforce and impose its principles and its ideas upon this Republic was derived, and those ideas

and principles were derived, from our ancestral home across the ocean. Our Republic, itself, is like that monument which you saw upon the banks of the Potomac, erected to the first President of our Republic, made of stones from the various nations of the earth. And so with these United States. Our great prairies in the West, blossoming under the light of heaven, have invited settlers from every clime, and while they have come among us as well from the continent of Europe as from the fast-anchored isle of Great Britain, as well as from the East and from Asia, yet, after all, that which has made our civilization and made our Republic what it is, has been derived from old England.

For more than a thousand years the history of England is our history as well. It is only within the last century that we have been a separate people. When we read of those daring Norsemen, who, shaping their adventurous prow across the German Ocean, settled in England, we remember that they were our ancestors as well as yours. When we read of King Alfred and his journey to Rome, or his sudden onslaught upon the Danes, we recollect that he was our ancestor as well as the ancestor of the men who have come to us from Great Britain. The Magna Charta is the palladium of our liberty, as well as of British liberty, and though the mother and child have quarrelled, yet I do not believe that either would stand idly by and see mother or child assailed by any one without some expression of sympathy, and, it may be, of more material and physical aid.

We reckon as household words in American homes, as you do in England, the names of Spenser and of Bacon and of Shakespeare; and though in the last hundred years we must look upon Tennyson and upon Gladstone and upon Beaconsfield and upon Bright as Englishmen, yet they are names that are honored and revered in America as well as in England. We recall, also, that the tender and delicate genius of Hawthorne and of Irving were first appreciated and made known in England before they were understood and recognized in America.

You, gentlemen, are soldiers. Your immediate hosts in this land are soldiers. And though some of us who are civilians may dream of a millennium to come when the sword and the bayonet shall be beaten into ploughshares, yet we recognize that in the immediate present no such thing is possible. The passions of men have prevailed in the past and will prevail in the future. But I am sure I express the wish not only in these United States but in England as well, that palsied may be the hand that would attempt to sow discord or antipathy between these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. And if ever the time shall come, in the Providence of God, when it shall be necessary to do battle again in the future, as it has been in the past, for freedom, whether political, or religious, or social, may the men of England and the men of America be found shoulder to shoulder, as they were in the early days of this country, in the conquest of Louisburg and Cape Breton, or in threading the forests of Maine and across the rivers until they were victorious upon the plains of Abraham; and may that sword have its edge keen and sharp, and be wielded by an arm of Anglo-Saxon strength, whether British or American, that shall smite the head of despotism and put to flight the army of oppression and wrong and evil.

MAJOR DURRANT. — The last toast I shall call upon our captain, C. Woolmer-Williams, to propose.

CAPT. C. WOOLMER-WILLIAMS.

Mr. Chairman, your Excellency, and Gentlemen, — I am sorry to have to trouble you again, but I will promise you, upon this occasion, that brevity will be the leading characteristic of my remarks. The toast I have to give you is another of very great importance in all communities. It is that of "The Press." I know of no profession, of no institution to whom we one and all owe more than we do to the press. It would be impossible in the present condition of life, it would absolutely be impossible for us to exist without the press. And to such perfection has it attained at the present time in the transmission of news from one end of the world to the other, that I think those of us who regularly read our morning paper are sometimes apt to forget the midnight hours and other sacrifices which that profession entails upon those connected with it. We of the Honourable Artillery Company of London consider ourselves under a deep debt of gratitude to the American press for the excellent and expeditious way in which all the events of our visit have been chronicled for our delectation. I am commissioned by Major Durrant and the officers and members of the delegation to take this opportunity of publicly tendering to the press of this great American Republic our sincere thanks for the services they have rendered us.

Apart from that, gentlemen, there is a very great responsibility, but a very high and sacred duty thrust upon the press of our two great nations; and I hope that they will lose no opportunity of forging the links in that bond of friendship which should bind our two nations together, for they are a great power throughout the whole world, and it is to the lasting credit of the press that they exercise that power for good. No greater good can they do than to continually show to the world that England and America are one and practically the same people.

Gentlemen, with these few remarks I give you "The Press," and with that toast I couple the name of "The Bald-Headed Eagle," Major Merrill.

[*The Artillery fire, given in a rousing fashion, and applause, greeted Major Merrill as he rose to speak.*]

MAJOR GEORGE S. MERRILL.

Major Durrant and Members of the Honourable Artillery Company, — Once more I realize that my life is not altogether a failure. Again I am reserved as the last man in the procession, as the only implement to break up the assembly and send you to your beds. But, my friends, I confess that I am not in the mood to-night for formal words. A member of your company asked pleasantly, a day or two ago, if anybody ever had seen me in a sad mood. Well, I agree that I prefer to be merry and light-hearted than to be sorrowful. I like to glean out of this world all the sunshine and joy there is in it.

But to-night, with the thought of the morrow and of the parting, I cannot prevent — I would not if I could — a feeling of sadness from coming over me. If any man prizes his friendships, I do. To me life would not be worth the living if it were not for the kindly, the generous, the sympathizing, and the forgiving friends that I may make. When I entered somewhat enthusiastically into the work of this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ancients, when I enlisted with somewhat of zeal in the purpose of bringing over from beyond the seas, three thousand miles, a delegation from the mother country to grace this

great anniversary of ours, I expected that good fortune was to come to the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company from this presence of our friends from abroad. I expected that this commingling of interests from the parent company and our own would broaden and strengthen and extend and perpetuate the good feeling between the two organizations and the two countries. But I did not anticipate, I confess, that out of this gathering I should personally form friendships which seem as dear to me to-day, after these hours that we have crowded into what we call little more than a week, as if they had been friends of mine from boyhood and for a lifetime. There is no comradeship, it seems to me, like the comradeship of a soldier. However it may be, when the hand of a soldier clasps the hand of another, the heart seems to leap into that hand as in no other greeting. So, out of this gathering, out of the incoming of this delegation from the Honourable Artillery Company of London to mingle in these festivities of ours, I believe will come friendships and good feeling between our mother land and our own that shall not be forgotten, and the influence of which shall not be lost upon the two countries so long as the world shall stand.

We have endeavored to make the stay of our friends pleasant. So far as the time would permit, we have shown them something of the eastern portion of our country. They have gone to that mighty cataract where the waters from the Great Lakes, draining alike their possessions and ours, fall in that majestic grandeur, sweeping on in a stream of sufficient depth and width and capacity to float the navies of the world. They have gone to the capital of our nation. They have gone down to the burial place of the father of his country, an Englishman and an American. They have gone over, on Memorial day, when a grateful people come to the silent mounds where rest the sleeping patriots of our nation, and have seen that beautiful and tender service in which a loyal people bedeck with the most tender and beauteous offerings of this glad springtime those graves where sleep our fallen heroes. They have gone to the great battle-field of Gettysburg, the greatest battle-field to-day upon earth, where the red-handed tide of rebellion swept on to its flood and met the steel of the Union and was rolled back, disheartened and discomfited, to rise no more. And now they have come back and spent a few days here with us in good old Boston. Excuse us, friends, if we seemingly boast of Boston. You have heard, doubtless, the story of the Yankee who, going abroad, visited the continent in company with some English friends, and who was everlastingly boasting of the superiority of his own country. They took him to the halls of Parliament. "Yes," he says, "this is all very nice, but it does not touch our Capitol in America. America is ahead." They took him to France, and although they showed him all the sights of Paris, he still insisted, as perhaps some of you will, that "America was ahead." They took him to Rome, and showed him St. Peter's, and "St. Peter's was quite a little chapel, but after all America was ahead." And his English friends, I am not sure but Clarke and Birkett were at the head of it, got rather tired of the monotony of the thing, and one morning they filled him up, and they took him down into the catacombs of Rome, and he was sleepy, and they let him lie down upon the stone floor and go to sleep, and they went away. About the time they thought the Yankee would wake, they came back and placed a candle at each side of his head, and then made a slight noise to awake him. The Yankee awoke, rubbed his eyes, and looked about in the dim light of the two candles, and he saw the walls of skulls and the piles of crossbones, and looking at them for a moment, he suddenly arose to his feet, grabbed one of the candles, waved it above his head and shouted, "It is the resurrection morning, I am the first man up; America is ahead!" But permit us, friends, a little boasting of our

country. God help the man, wherever he lives and under whatever flag, that will not, at least when abroad, boast of the honor and the glory of his own country.

You fellows of the Honourable Artillery Company are inclined to boast of your superior age over the Ancients. But we are gaining on you fast. When you celebrated your one hundred and tenth anniversary, you were eleven times as old as we were. When you celebrated your two hundredth anniversary, you were only twice as old as we were. When you celebrated your three hundred and fiftieth, last year, you were only two sevenths older than we were. Any schoolboy in England can tell you how short a time it will be before we catch up to you.

We have been glad to give to you in this year a somewhat different welcome from that which our fathers gave to your ancestors one hundred and twenty-five years ago. But, after all, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Twenty-five years ago the people of the southern portion of our land firmly and honestly believed that the great institution of slavery was an essential to that part of our Republic. But the war against rebellion wiped out slavery, and four million bondmen were enabled to lift their dusky faces heavenward and to thank God that they called no man master, and to-day, in all the South, not a man would restore the condition of things that existed before the war. And so in England, while we think she was mistaken one hundred and twenty-five years ago in not saying to what she considered her erring daughter, "Go in peace, set up house-keeping for yourself," to-day I believe that England recognizes the fact that it was better for America and better for England, and that in the years to come it will be better for the two great nations, that we set up an independent Republic for ourselves, and that we can clasp hands with England in marching forward continuously to all that pertains to liberty in the years to come.

The sadness of this hour of parting, because it is near the hour of parting, is brightened only by the hope of the years to come. The cloud that comes down upon us like a curtain is not the sable curtain of night that makes all things dark and shuts out the beauty of the world from our eyes, but it is like the fleecy cloud that obscures the bright face of the sun, while all its beautiful borders are brightened and lightened up with the golden promise and the glad hope that some passing breeze will move it to one side and once more we will stand face to face, and clasp hands again in friendship. My fellows of the Honourable Artillery Company, sadly we will say to you good-by, but gladly we will hope, as we bid you God-speed and a God's blessing, that the day and the year will speedily come when, either you returning to our soil again as guests of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, or we, coming to your shores, shall again clasp hands and be reunited in the years to come in the glad friendships we have made in this visit of yours.

LIEUT. J. PAYSON BRADLEY. — It is the last time, brothers, as an organization we can give it, but it is American, you know. Ancients, give three cheers for the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

[The cheers were vigorously given by the company, standing.]

MAJOR DURRANT. — Before completing this celebration, I am sure that you will pardon me if I trespass upon you just for one moment. I see before me two gentlemen whom I am sure that our members

would not wish to leave Boston without hearing a few words from. I refer to Col. Walker and Capt. Folsom. I will, therefore, if you please, give as a special toast, "The health of Col. Walker and Capt. Folsom," to whom we owe so very much.

[Col. Walker was received with the Artillery fire and loud cheering, as he rose to respond.]

COL. HENRY WALKER.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — The youngest private in the ranks of the Ancients, I had expected to sit in silence, especially after the toast of The Press had been given, which is usually the final one; but having been called upon and been received so generously by you, I cannot refrain, with the pleasant memories of a year ago as bright as are those of the past few days, from saying a few words before we of Boston part for the present from our friends from London.

There is one thought that has been with me ever since they arrived here. It is that there are few events in history which have been followed by such marked and unforeseen results as the landing of a little band of Englishmen upon Plymouth Rock. They left their own country for conscience's sake. They had wandered to other shores. They had crossed the ocean, tossed for weeks upon its stormy bosom, and landed here to find a desert coast and a wintry, snow-clad land to welcome them. What more joyful sound could have been heard by them than the words which came to them from Indian tongue, "Welcome, Englishmen"? Two hundred and sixty-eight years have passed, and this wintry forest and this desert shore is inhabited by a great people, who welcome you, men of England, and in your own tongue, as did the Indian of yore to our ancestors, say to you, "Welcome, Englishmen." Over that dreary waste of waters the hand of science has marked a path as plain, as direct as the Indian trail through otherwise pathless forests. Over that path we came to you. Over that path you have come to us. May that path never want travellers passing backward and forward from our two companies bearing words of good cheer and good-will.

The significance of such meetings as these is apt to be underrated or forgotten. Each of itself may have little weight upon communities and nations; yet each leaves an impression on individuals joining in it which in turn acts upon their associates in daily life. Each of itself may be of little account to the world at large, but, multiplied in number, each sends out streams of kindly feeling, which flowing together form a mighty river, bearing on its bosom good-will on earth and peace to men.

Each snowflake falls white and pure from heaven to vanish at the slightest touch and disappear, but when with myriad others it clothes the earth in fleecy beauty it becomes a power beyond man's control; it blocks the highways of commerce; it isolates cities, and laughs to scorn even the mighty agency of steam; it fills the heavens and darkens the glorious sunlight; it melts and sweeps over the land, a besom of destruction, bearing before it human life and property powerless in its grasp. Yet snowdrift and freshet are but the evanescent snowflakes so weak and fragile in themselves. So with meetings like this. Single and alone they have but little effect, but when oft repeated they must each do something toward bringing old London and new Boston together, and from them, all combined, must go forth a feeling of mutual respect and affection, which will sweep away prejudices and passions with resistless force. Therefore I hope that this may not be the last of our meetings, that this may not be the last of the greetings between these two old organizations.

I do not believe wars will cease at present or that the millennium will come in our day. National prejudices or passion, national pride or mortification, national interests will bring nations into antagonism which can and will be settled only by the sword. No ties of blood or language, no social amenities between individuals or organizations, can prevent this. They may render war less frequent, may lessen its horrors, but they will at times be forgotten in the face of great national emergencies. God forbid that our countries be ever forced to meet as enemies on the battle-field; but if they are, of one thing we may be certain; the men of these two companies will, as in the past, be found in the foremost ranks loyally fighting for their country, and each winning the respect of the other by their loyalty to their country and their courage in defending it. And so, in bidding you good-by, men of England, I say to you, as I say to you, men of Boston, be loyal, be true to the country you belong to; but whatever may happen, be loyal and be true to the friendship we have cemented between us by our interchange of visits last spring and now, and never let us forget that these two companies belong to two countries separated by an ocean, but one in kinship and one in blood.

[At this point Gov. Ames and Adj.-Gen. Dalton retired from the banquet hall, all present rising and cheering.]

Capt. Folsom, who was then called for, and who was received with tremendous applause, said:—

CAPT. A. A. FOLSOM.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—There was a man by the name of Napoleon who once said, "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar"; and I have made up my mind within the last few weeks that if you scratch an Englishman you'll find a Yankee, and if you scratch an American you'll find an Englishman. Now, it is late, and as I propose to go to church to-morrow morning,—I always go every Sunday,—I will not detain you by any lengthy remarks of my own. I want to say that if any one enjoys this gathering, it is your humble servant. We do not forget, while we are here present, that there is one man, who is now in his grave, but I am satisfied he is with us in spirit, knowing him so well as I did when he was alive, who was largely instrumental in bringing these two organizations together. I allude to Hon. Marshall P. Wilder; and instead of proposing his health, as I say I know he is here in spirit, I propose we give three cheers for Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. Now, all up! [The entire company arose and cheered vigorously.]

MAJOR DURRANT.—Now, three cheers for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the city of Boston. All up, please.

[The company arose and cheered with a will, and then, at 11.58 P. M., the gathering broke up.]

At the close of the dinner each of the English visitors was presented with a bronze medal commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, a sufficient number having been struck off by vote of the Company to give one to each of its guests and each member.

The medal was one of great beauty, both of design and workmanship. The front bore the figure of Robert Keayne, the first commander of the Company, and the date "1638." Around the figure in a double line was the inscription "In commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts."

On the obverse side was the coat-of-arms of the State of Massachusetts, with the motto "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*"

After dinner the English visitors with several members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, by invitation of Mayor Frost, inspected the premises of the Boston *Globe*.

SUNDAY, June 10. The day was spent quietly, many members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company calling at the Victoria Hotel to say good-by to the English delegation, the warmth of which proved how strong a friendship had sprung up between the two organizations. Several of the delegation attended church, but the larger number paid their farewell respects to Gov. Ames at his residence. Major Baker and four others, with Adj.-Gen. Dalton, visited the State camp ground at South Framingham, returning to Boston in time to take the late evening train for New York.

The remainder of the delegation left for New York by the 3 P. M. train over the New York & New England Railroad, taking with them, as their guests until they should leave that city for England, Col. Henry Walker and Capt. A. A. Folsom, Major Durrant saying, "We shall keep them until on board, if we can; if they are going to see us off, we will hold them as hostages for our coming back again."

To speed the parting guests had gathered at the station many members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, among them Past Commanders Stevenson, Cundy, and Stevens, Gen. Samuel H. Leonard, Col. Horace T. Rockwell, Major James P. Frost, Capt. George O. Noyes, Lieuts. Edward E. Allen, Charles F. Munroe, Jacob Fottler, George E. Hall, J. Henry Taylor, Isaac D. Dana, John C. Dalton, Sergts. William F. Bacon and Vincent Laforme, and Arthur E. Leach, George Russell, Freeman A. Walker, James H. Baguely, and J. Alba Davis.

Farewells for the present and hopes for future meeting ceased only when the train started amid three times three cheers called for by Lieut. Edward E. Allen, and responded to from the cars by the Honourable Artillery Company's fire.

London had visited Boston. The pledge of an American welcome given by Commander Walker to the Honourable Artillery Company at its Three Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary had been redeemed by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and by the cities, towns, organizations, and individuals, whose open hearts and hands

had joined in cordial greeting to the representatives of a mother country and a mother company from over the sea.

Upon arriving in New York the delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company received many courtesies from the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Mayor of the city, from the Old Guard, and from various other individuals and organizations. A large part of the delegation sailed for home on the steamer "Aller" on June 13th, the rest delaying their return in order to visit different sections of the country.

Before leaving for England, Major Durrant, in command of the delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company, wrote the following letter to Lieut. E. E. Allen, Chairman of the Anniversary Committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company:—

VICTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK, June 12, 1888.

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

My dear Lieut. Allen,—I am very desirous before leaving America to express to you and the members of your committee our high appreciation of all the arrangements made for our reception and entertainment during the visit of our delegation, which has just come to a close.

The lavishness of your hospitality, the never-ending programme of excursions and entertainments prepared for our enjoyment, but, above all, the extreme kindness with which we have everywhere been received, have made a lasting impression on our hearts and minds, and will make our visit memorable to the latest period of our existence. We feel that arrangements so perfect must have entailed an immense amount of work upon you and your committee, to whom our grateful thanks are due.

Sincerely yours,

A. DURRANT,

Major Commanding.

Lieut. E. E. ALLEN, *Chairman*

A. & H. A. Co. Anniversary Committee.

P. S. I shall be pleased if you will accept the accompanying photograph as a souvenir of our visit.

A. D.

The following letter was received by Col. Walker:—

VICTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK, June 12, 1888.

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.

My dear Col. Walker,—Before leaving your hospitable country, I desire, on behalf of myself and my colleagues, to convey to you and to the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, our deep sense of the many kindnesses we have received at the hands of yourself and the members of your command during our visit to America, and to congratulate you personally, as the commander under whose auspices the celebration has taken place, upon the most complete success which has attended it throughout.

The extreme heartiness of the welcome we have received has impressed us most deeply, and the sincere friendships we have made are the best evidences of the sincere fraternal regard existing between the members of our respective companies.

Very sincerely yours,

A. DURRANT,

Major Commanding.

Col. HENRY WALKER, *Past Commander*

A. & H. A. Co.

Thus closed the official character of the visit of the Honourable Artillery Company by its delegation to the United States. Its members had so borne themselves as to leave only pleasant memories behind them, and had carried home the love and respect, not only of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, its special hosts, but of all the organizations and individuals with whom they had been brought into contact. Not a single mishap occurred to mar the pleasure of their visit from the hour they landed in New York until the hour of their departure. Their coming strengthened, not only the friendship which had been formed in London the year previous by the visit of a delegation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to its parent organization, but it also forged new bonds of kindly feeling between the nations the two companies represented.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company appreciates and acknowledges its deep indebtedness to all who aided in entertaining its guests and in celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Its history will show no brighter pages than those which shall record the generous friendship which did so much toward making that anniversary one worthy of the Company and of the community to which that Company belongs.

May that anniversary do something to perpetuate this historic organization and keep it ever ready to defend the principles of liberty and good order, of which its equally historic headquarters, Faneuil Hall, has been the cradle and the home.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL RECORD
OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY
COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—FALL FIELD
DAY.

The consolation that the rain, like the dews of heaven, falls impartially on the just and the unjust is one as familiar to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company as are their overcoats on fall field-days of late years. The weather on Monday, Oct. 1, 1888, fully harmonized with that of the fall field-day of the previous year. Copious rains fell, like limitless blessings, from dawn till dark. But the drenching torrents outdoors were only a slight element of discomfort in the joyous totality of the day's doings, and the trip to Saratoga, as that to Montreal in 1887, became memorable from the many happy circumstances attending it, and the absence of any untoward occurrence to mar the record of the event. The military spirit of the Company was at its best, and the graceful interchanges of sentiment with fellow-soldiers at Rutland and at Saratoga were cordial, hearty, and enjoyable. The weather prevented the contemplated parade at Saratoga, on the Company's arrival, but dampened not a spark of the ardor with which the Ancients were received by the militia and citizens alike of that famous watering-place. From the hour the Company left Boston till its return, Tuesday night, its undertaking was a success without qualification in any respect.

The corps gathered at the armory at Faneuil Hall at an early hour, and formed at quarter past eight o'clock, under command of Capt. Henry E. Smith, with the Salem Cadet Band, Jean Missud, leader, at the head. There were one hundred and fifty men in the ranks, and the command marched through Dock Square, Washington Street, Haymarket Square, and Haverhill Street, to the Fitchburg Depot. The men appeared well, and their evolutions were regular and precise, and as they passed on, their marching was the subject of much favorable comment.

Just before nine o'clock, the train, consisting of six passenger and two parlor cars, well laden, drew out of the depot, starting northward for Rutland. In something over five hours the Marble City was reached, but despite the downpour of rain, the Kinsley Guards were on hand to meet the Ancients, and their captain, J. B. Dominey, kindly sent a despatch to Commander Smith apprising him of the reception he should meet on the Company's arrival in Rutland. As the Company left the train they were welcomed by Lieut.-Col. Kingsman, and escorted by the Guards to the Bates House, where a

fine luncheon was served by Landlord Tuttle. At the conclusion of the repast, Capt. Smith spoke as follows:—

THE COMMANDER. — Ancients, will you give me your attention for one moment? I cannot refrain at this time—and I know that every Ancient will join with me—from extending to the Kinsley Guards, of Rutland, our hearty thanks for the kindness which they have manifested, and the courtesies which they have extended to-day, in tendering their escort to us on our journey to Saratoga. I know that you recognize in this loyalty the same sentiment and spirit of these Vermont boys, the Green Mountain boys, that prompted Ethan Allen, that brave and hardy general of Revolutionary fame, to serve his country at that time.

And also, gentlemen, that famous and devoted Gen. Stannard, whose fame is known throughout this country, who served in the War of the Rebellion. It was the same spirit, gentlemen, that prompted these men which inspired the Green Mountain boys to turn out this morning in the rain of an October day to receive the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on this occasion.

And now, fellow Ancients, I ask you to give three rousing cheers for the Kinsley Guards of Rutland: are you ready?

Three vociferous cheers were then given by the Company, and Capt. Smith added:—

And now, gentlemen, I want to extend, in your behalf and mine, a vote of thanks to the proprietor of the Bates House for the kind hospitality he has shown to us on our journey. All who are in favor of that will manifest it by saying "aye."

A shout of approval immediately followed.

The Company then returned to the train, and leaving Rutland at 3.40, amid the cheers of the populace, reached Saratoga after an uneventful ride of about two hours. It was half past five o'clock when the Boston train slowly rolled up to the depot at Saratoga. A large crowd of Saratogans, despite the drizzling rain, and the Saratoga Citizens Corps of the Twenty-second Separate Company of N. Y. N. G., and staff, headed by Doring's Band, met to welcome the visitors. The company, finely uniformed in cadet gray, white cross belts, shoulder scales of nickel and gold, and bearskin shakos, to the number of seventy-five, under command of Capt. R. C. McEwen, and Lieut. A. L. Hall, and W. L. Rich, did honor to the Bostonians. Line was soon formed, and the column marched, amid considerable enthusiasm from the spectators, through Division Street and Broadway to the soldiers' monument. Here a halt was made and a brief but memorable incident occurred. A great throng of citizens filled the street, and though the darkness was fast obscuring the sight of the ceremonies, all seemed eager to witness what was to be done. When silence was had, Capt. Smith stepped toward the monument, and said: Capt.

Robert C. McEwen, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, whose existence reaches back through two hundred and fifty-one years, appreciates and is grateful for the cordial welcome extended by you and your command.

Aware that the citizens of Saratoga had erected a monument in memory of its loyal dead, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company desires to express its regard for the memory of the fathers, sons, and brothers of Saratoga who laid down their lives in their country's defence, by decorating this monument with a wreath of Boston's choicest flowers.

Adj. Bradley then stepped forward with the wreath in hand and carefully placed it in position on the monument, amid the warm plaudits of the assemblage.

The line of march was then taken for the American, and though the streets were muddy, and a misty rain fell, the appearance of the Ancients and that of their escort was cheered by the throngs in the streets. The Company was soon comfortably quartered at the hotel, owing to the complete arrangements made by the managing committee, headed by Sergt.-Major Edward Sullivan, Sergt. Charles C. Adams, and Lieut. John C. Dalton. The assignment of rooms, care of baggage, and the various other details of settling down occupied the time until nearly eight o'clock. Meantime the band-men began to render musical selections, and the scene in the hotel parlors, corridors, and piazza became very animated. Though the season at Saratoga had ended, there were a few guests still tarrying at the American, and most of Saratoga's village officials came in to pay their respects to the Bostonians. Introductions were many, and considerable weatherwise good-humor was vented pending the announcement of dinner.

At length the honorary visitors were notified that the spacious dining-hall was at their disposal. The floral decorations and general ornamentation of this apartment were very attractive, and as the Ancients and their guests sat down the scene presented was one of mirthful and cheery comfort.

Among those occupying seats at the main table, on the north side, were Col. Smith, Col. Henry Walker, Paymaster V. Laforme, Surgeon McDonald, Capt. Albert A. Folsom, Lieut. C. F. Munroe, Adj. J. Payson Bradley, and Rev. Oliver A. Roberts. Included among the invited guests were Judge George S. Batcheller, Village President Deyoe Lohnas, and Village Trustee B. W. Clapp.

The military guests present were Capt. R. C. McEwen, Lieut. A. L. Hall, and Lieut. Waldo L. Rich, of the Saratoga Citizens Corps (Twenty-Second Separate Company, N. Y. N. G.); while the corps' honorary staff was represented by Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, and Capt. F. A. White, J. M. Andrews, Jr., C. H. Holden, O. von Below, H. F. Carey, and W. B. Huestis.

Nearly an hour and a half was spent in discussing the delicacies suggested by the following generous

—♦— MENU. ♦—

Green Turtle.	Blue Points.	Consommé.
	Boiled Kennebec Salmon, sauce Anchovy.	
	Pommes Duchesse.	
Celery.	Olives.	Sliced Tomatoes.
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.		Capon, Oyster Sauce.
Filet of Beef, with Mushrooms.		
	Reed Birds Sauté au Madere.	
	Sweetbreads aux Petit Pois.	
	Spaghetti à la Napolitain.	
	Queen Fritters, Glacé.	
	Stuffed Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.	
Ham, Champagne Sauce.		Ribs of Prime Beef.
	Broiled Chicken Partridge Currant Jelly.	
Chicken Salad.		Saratoga Pepper Salad.
Boiled Potatoes.		Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Fried Egg-plant.	Rice.	Stewed Tomatoes.
Lima Beans.		Cauliflower.
	Pudding Victoria, Orange Sauce.	
	Sunderland Pudding, Wine Sauce.	
Green Gage Pie.		Lemon Meringue Pie.
Bergundy Wine Jelly.		Boston Cream Puffs.
Macaroons.		Sponge Drops.
Vanilla French Ice-cream.		Tutti Frutti Ice.
Pears.	Grapes.	Oranges.
	Roquefort Cheese.	Crackers.

CAFÉ NOIR.

When the hands of the clock reached twelve minutes past nine, the commander brought his knife-handle down emphatically on the table, and addressed the mellow multitude of mirth-makers as follows:—

THE SPEECHES.

THE COMMANDER. — Col. Brockway, of New York, says that, according to the custom of our forefathers, the Commander of this Company should "fire the first shot"; and so it is; and now, gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, it is for me to congratulate you that you have successfully made a tour through our sister New England States, through the States of Vermont and New Hampshire, to the greatest watering-place on this continent,—the village of Saratoga, N. Y.

We find ourselves here to-night, gentlemen, under, perhaps you may say, a rather unfavorable circumstance. So far as weather is concerned, we have not been favored; but the hospitality which has been shown us since our arrival here I know no member of the Ancient and Honorable Company will criticise.

To our friends, who are guests here to-night, we say: Gentlemen, you are indeed welcome around the festive board of the representatives of the oldest military organization in this country. We welcome you here to-night, for we know by the manner in which you have received us that you are our friends. We come to you to-night as soldiers, and, although we bear the name of "Ancient," I must say that we have left the "ancient" part of our organization at home. What makes us ancient?—that we have left behind,—the cares of home, of business, of active life we have left behind us, and we have put on the youthful part of the Artillery Company, and of this good old organization; and I think it will be more befitting that when we are away from home on our fall field outing, the name to call us by would be the Youthful and Honorable Organization of Massachusetts.

Fellow-citizens of this village, we have come here to celebrate the anniversary of the two hundred and fiftieth year of our existence; and one of the pleasantest features of our visit to your village is, that we have been able to pay our humble tribute to your honored dead, who gave up their lives in defence of their country.

And now, gentlemen, I do not expect that there is any one here who is going to volunteer to assist or to willingly aid in what seems to me is really the arduous duty of making a speech. But I know that no one here will willingly follow me, and I am placed somewhat in the position of the eccentric gentleman who, when a little "off his base," and yet a little full, became very religious, and on one evening when in that condition wended his way into an evening prayer-meeting, and taking a very conspicuous position in front, and in fact under the very portals of the pulpit, was giving the greatest attention to what the preacher was saying. When the brother had diverged from a religious point to turn his mind to the cause of temperance, he said to his hearers, "Brethren, let me tell you, the bane of society is in intemperance. You show me a villain and a sound temperate man"—and at this point our eccentric friend arose, and said, "Here I am, mister," to the great astonishment of all the audience. After quieting him and getting him pacified, the preacher continued, and got very earnest on an entirely different subject, when he said, "Brethren, you show to me a hypocrite, and I will show you"—and our eccentric friend rose, and cried out to Deacon Brown, "Why in hell, deacon, don't you get up?" So, it seems to me that I feel like calling up no intemperate man or hypocrite, because we have not any here, but, gentlemen, it was made possible that we should enter this quiet, and peaceful, and law-abiding village of Saratoga by the permission and by the acquiescence of one man, and him alone, and that man was the president of the Board of Trustees of this village. To him we are indebted for this festive board, for were it not for

him he would have said to Capt. McEwen, "Don't you allow the Ancients to come into this village."

And now, gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Lohnas, president of the village of Saratoga.

PRESIDENT LOHNAS.

Mr. Commander,—I heartily welcome you and your Honorable Company to our village, and, for a further welcome, draw on our representative citizen, Gen. Batcheller.

THE COMMANDER.—Gentlemen, it is with exceeding pleasure that I have to announce to you that we have with us a statesman and soldier, a gentleman who was educated under the very portals of the home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, a graduate from Harvard College, whose history antedates ours by only two years. I refer to Gen. G. S. Batcheller, of Saratoga, N. Y.

Three hearty cheers were given Gen. Batcheller, who then spoke as follows:—

GEN. BATCHELLER'S WELCOME.

Gentlemen and Mr. Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston,—I feel as if I had renewed my youth this evening. Many, many years ago, when most of you were being rocked in Faneuil Hall,—that ancient Cradle of Liberty,—I used to go out on the Common and witness the June parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. You all are youths to me. These faces show, here and there, a sprinkling of gray, which I cannot believe is real. I believe that these gentlemen who bear this evidence of advancing years have yielded to the popular mania and changed their hair to suit their complexion.

Gentlemen, I am deputed by the president of our village to welcome you to Saratoga. Saratoga, with all its agreeable and patriotic associations, extends the right hand of fellowship to Bunker Hill. The men who formed and organized the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston doubtless fought for liberty in that memorable contest, and probably one of your predecessors fired the shot, as Dr. Holmes said, which was "heard round the world." You joined our ranks at Saratoga. Many of your men commanded there; and the valor and chivalry of New York, united with the courage and energy of New England, won the victory which broke the British forces in two and made the culminating victory at Yorktown possible.

What memories and associations come upon us here! Who shall say that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, organized more than two hundred and fifty years ago, did not plant the seeds which produced the soldiers who achieved the victory of the Revolution and saved the country in the War of the Rebellion? It was from Boston that the regiment went forth whose soldiers shed almost the first blood in defence of our country in the late civil war. We of the East, we of New York, though many of us hail an ancestry from another country, everywhere scattered all over the State, in every hamlet and in every town, trace our ancestry to New England; and every man who has, like myself, New England blood in his veins, remembers that it is to the chivalry, and culture, and energy of New England that this great Republic owes the honorable position which it to-day occupies.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Saratoga welcomes you heartily to-day. Though the weather be unpropitious, yet I know, my friends, you will understand that Saratoga is a watering-place. We only have given you a little too much water, that is all; and the characteristic of Saratoga water is carbonic-acid gas. The characteristic of the beverage which has made our hearts warm here to-night is carbonic-acid gas. It is only the difference that one grows in the vineyard and the other bubbles up from the bowels of the earth within the precincts of our lovely village. We regret exceedingly that we could not have given you a pleasanter day, but we have given you a hospitable board. This house—the American Hotel—has not one drop of water in it, with the exception of that taken by our adjutant, who has come within our grasp. We have crowded it out, and we are proud that there is no inspiration in water, except Saratoga water.

Now, my friends, from over the mountain, I have said, Saratoga shakes hands with Bunker Hill. We recognize in these faces here to-night the same element which has disseminated itself throughout the length and breadth of this great Republic. Wherever you go, wherever you meet an assemblage of this kind, whether it be where the great Pacific laps her peaceful waves against our western shores, or on the Gulf of Mexico, or in the north, or in the interior, you find the sons of Massachusetts and the representatives of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Saratoga recognizes in you those elements which have given power, strength, and spirit to this mighty Republic. It has been said that in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company here to-night every profession, every trade, every occupation is represented. Here is every trade, here is every religion, here is every diversity of politics, but all unite in the grand word which gives the significance to your Company,—Honorable. Here I may be permitted to say that the Company, the Twenty-Second Separate Company, the company whose officers are here from Albany, the company whose officers are here from Troy, the military element of the Empire State, welcomes you here to the metropolis of pleasure, and happiness, and joy. We welcome you here to-night in the name of the citizens of Saratoga, in the name of those who represent the various corps that surround us, in the name of that great Empire State of New York we welcome the representative men of New England. We bid you joy, we bid you happiness, we bid you prosperity in your homes, in your businesses, in all the walks of life; and all I can say now is, that Saratoga says to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Go forth forevermore, representing the honor, the glory, the intelligence, the purity, of the nation! and the nation, while it has such organization, shall live forevermore.

MR. FRED HUTCHINSON.—Mr. Commander, in recognition of the gentleman's words in this reception to us in the Empire State, let us all, as members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, recognizing a son of Massachusetts, rise, and drink to the health of the citizens of Saratoga and to the health of the gentleman who has just spoken.

THE COMMANDER.—Gentlemen, the president of this village, the commander-in-chief of all the forces of Saratoga, has issued his edict that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, although equipped and girded with all the implements of war, should enter this quiet village in peace, and so he says to the commanding officers of the Twenty-Second Unattached Company of the New York National Guard, "They are good fellows: let them in." Soldier-like, and obeying the

command of his superior officer, Capt. McEwen, commander of this National Guard, made it possible for us to be here to-night. Therefore, I take pleasure in presenting the Captain to you in person.

A hearty round of cheers and applause greeted Capt. McEwen as he rose to respond.

CAPT. McEWEN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Commander, and Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company,—In behalf of the Saratoga Citizens Corps, I desire to return our hearty thanks for the courtesies that you have extended to us to-night; and, sir, I speak for all, when I say that we are proud to be present on this occasion of your annual parade, and to partake of the festivities of an organization so intimately connected with the long past and with the better present of this great and glorious country.

But, sir, I do not propose to inflict upon you a prosy speech this evening, but desire your indulgence while I offer to you some of the sentiments that were conveyed to me unanimously, and which I find most appropriately fitted to this occasion. But I have had no time to commit them to memory, and, sir, if you will excuse me, I will read them at this moment:—

How great is this yearly parade
Of ancient and honorable men!
How pleased we are to see ye!
And here's hoping you'll come again.

You come with clustering honors,
Dating back to days of yore;
Ancient in name, ancient in fame,
Renowned for many things more.

We meet you now, two centuries old,
Observing an annual parade,
With a roll of honor and a martial array
At which we are much dismayed.

With Brigadier-Generals as many as six
As private in your ranks,
And a mingling of things *à la militaire*
With which you seem playing pranks.

Your Captain is Colonel,—Lieutenants also,
Have rank that is regimental,
And, on the whole, the formation is such
It is useful and ornamental.

The birth of your organization
Was in 16—38,
And up to this day you have taken
Your marchings and other things straight.

You have your yearly elections
And change of officers then,
And the ballots are cast on a drum-head
By the Ancient and Honorable men.

There is another point to state
To this Ancient Artillery, —
That every time you take a drink
Things look differently.

But time is too short to mention
All the points in your history;
There are many things more on the list
Of this Ancient Artillery.

We are glad to see you and greet you
At this great American Spa, —
Glad as a grandson to meet
His ancient great-grandpa.

We are proud of the honor granted
The members of the S. C. C.
In parading and escorting
This Ancient Artillery.

We have no Faneuil Hall,
Or a Cradle of Liberty,
Such as rocked the older members
Of this Ancient Artillery.

Or a Boston Common, either,
Where all meet amicably,
According to the custom
Of the Ancient Artillery.

But we have a page on record,
A date in history,
That is cherished, we know full well,
By this Honored Artillery.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-seven,
On this very month, October,
On the seventeenth day, we gobbled up
The British at Saratoga.

Now, the plains of Saratoga
Give greeting to Bunker Hill;
Thrice welcome, ye Ancient and Honored, —
To the brim the glass let us fill.

And we, your invited guests,
Give thanks most gracefully,
With heart and waistband full
Of the cheer of the Artillery.

When the present the past becomes,
As we turn in memory
To all this parading and dining
With the Ancient Artillery,

Be assured, both one and all
Of this Honorable Company,
A blessing will always follow you
From the younger S. C. C.

Three rousing cheers were given, and after a musical selection, Capt. Smith addressed the Company, saying: Gentlemen, the capital of the Empire State sends forth her residents to you to-night, and if we recognize our representative here as agent of the Burgesses Corps, born in 1833, she is in her swaddling clothes compared with the Ancients. I take pleasure in introducing to you the captain, William H. Hussey, of the Albany Burgesses Corps.

CAPT. HUSSEY'S RESPONSE.

Commander Smith, and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. — I can only say to you that we, of the Albany Burgesses Corps, are glad to be with you to-night. We are glad from the bottom of our hearts to be with our old friends of the Ancient and Honorable. While we are glad, I may say that my command feels sad to-night, — sad, because they are disappointed in not having our friends, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, in the city of Albany. When I say that, I feel that the eye of my friend, Capt. McEwen, of the Saratoga Citizens' Corps, is upon me; but I envy the Captain the proud position which he had to-day, in having the honor of escorting your old organization.

Gentlemen, I regret exceedingly that our honored president, our old commander, Capt. Smith, whom you probably know, is not present. Inevitable business engagements kept him from accepting the invitation so kindly extended by your honored organization. I expected that he would respond for our body. I am glad, however, to be with you, and the other representatives of our organization would gladly be here; but we can only say that we give you a furlough for one year, when we expect to meet the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in the capital of the Empire State, where the A. B. C. will do their utmost to make pleasant the anniversary that takes place in 1889, I hope, in the capital city of our great State.

Calls were then heard for Col. Brockway, of the Old Guard.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, a member of our corps is with us to-night whom I am sure you will all recognize, — one of the oldest members of this organization, a gentleman who is therefore more competent to make the memory of this organization lasting in time to come than perhaps any other member living at this time. I refer to a gentleman none other than Past-Commander A. A. Folsom, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

CAPT. FOLSOM'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander, Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and Invited Guests. — I have had a great many surprises in my day, and when I assure you there is not a concert of action between the Commander and myself, I think you will believe me.

THE COMMANDER. — It is a fact.

CAPT. FOLSOM, — I have to report that I have been absent from Boston for three weeks, and I want to know what show a Bostonian has who has been away from Boston that time? This proceeding is mysterious, and I really don't

know what has already happened. I want to say, the clerk of this company, who is a man of great reading, a man whom I respect, says my statement is false; but I only had the newspapers of the Southwest to back up my assertion,—that all the intelligence I have received from Boston is that John L. Sullivan had just arrived home.

I want to say that I exerted myself very much to be here. I came from Minneapolis as fast as I could, not being at the celebration, and I had personal pride in the meetings in Faneuil Hall, in the fall of the year, of which I was a warm advocate, and I pictured you, gentlemen of the Ancients, in your annual festival; and I have been peculiarly happy to-night in observing the alacrity with which the gentlemen have drunk Saratoga water, and I assure you my exertions have been more than repaid. But I must confess I am somewhat staggered,—not from anything I have drunk here, though,—in what I have seen. I have been a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for a great many years, and while I was here to-day, having arrived this forenoon, I met with three gentlemen connected with the Albany Burgesses Corps, and I had the profound pleasure of saying, "Young men, I saw the Albany Burgesses Corps before you were born." And they rather doubted it; but I recollect that in 1843 I saw the Albany Burgesses Corps in Boston, at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, and again in 1850, I saw them as the guests of the city of Albany. And I have always had great respect for the Albany Company. This is not the first time I have seen the military company in Saratoga. I was here some four or five years ago, and I saw a parade which was excellent; but to-day, I think they have not only improved, but presented a most magnificent appearance. The gentleman who graduated at Harvard University, I don't know how many years ago, Gen. Batcheller, spoke of the Massachusetts regiment that drew the first blood in the War of the Rebellion. I want to say that one of the color-bearers of the Massachusetts Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was a captain in the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, and I want him to stand up.

At this point, Capt. Walter Sampson stood up.

CAPT. FOLSOM, — He is here; and Capt. Walter, I will say, was captain of the Sixth Regiment, and bore the hardest part of the fight; and I don't know but he carried the State or national colors in our parade to-day. He is one of the tallest men in our company, and I hope that the company will see him.

Well, Mr. Commander, you all see that I have not prepared a speech to make. I am wholly unprepared; but I want to say that I am glad to be here to-night. As I said before, I made an exertion to be here, and I am very happy to be with the company in which I take so great a pride. It seemed to me that my great mission was to be here in Saratoga. I wish to say that I am grateful to you, Mr. Commander, for calling upon me, and I think I will have to take my seat.

ADJT. BRADLEY. — Although the weakest and youngest man in the Company, I toast the tallest and strongest man, Capt. Sampson.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you a member of the old Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and the color-bearer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

SPEECH OF CAPT. SAMPSON.

Mr. Commander, — I wish I were only able to fitly respond to this invitation to speak before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and their invited guests, but, sir, I am no speaker, and I cannot make a speech before such an intelligent assembly. I am proud, sir, to be a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and to go with them on their excursions celebrating their annual birthday. What shall I say next?

I remember, Mr. Commander, many years ago, of being at an exhibition drill of one of our Massachusetts regiments of infantry. While I sat there looking on that body of men, so ably officered, and so finely equipped, and so thoroughly drilled, it carried me back, in my mind, to the days of my boyhood, to the days — it must be certainly forty years ago — when I saw a much more amusing sight. I remember myself and brother, on a like occasion, being detailed by my father to carry guns to the place of training. That was the town green. I remember we arrived there about one o'clock in the afternoon, and that the people had begun to assemble from miles round. They had not long to wait before the orderly sergeant came out, with a cocked hat, and a long white plume on that, tipped with red. He had on a dress-coat, — a swallow-tail coat, as it is called now, — and that coat was buttoned as tight as it could be buttoned around him. He had a red flannel sash, running diagonally across the shoulders. He had a sword, and had on skin-tight pants, and he marched up and down the green a few times, that the people might see and fully admire him. He had one of the grocer's order-books. Pretty soon he says, "Now, as I call the roll, I want each one of you to stand up in a row one side of the shed." He got up and called the roll, and, after some delay, they finally got in a row, one stepping on another's toes, two or three fights resulting; and I remember he said he was about to receive the commander, who was standing in the grocery, looking out through a six-pane light of glass. Pretty soon, by some signal, he gave word to the commanding officer, and he came out, and I think he was the proudest man I ever laid my eyes on. He had a blue coat with brass buttons, and a long sword, tall hat, — stove-pipe, — with a long plume tipped with red, and it seemed to me four or five feet high. He walked around with the right hand in the pocket, and a sword in the left hand, and after a while the orderly sergeant told him the company was ready, and he told the company he wanted to compliment them on the fine appearance they made. He wanted them to pay strict attention to drill, for a great deal depended on them. Well, he got round to it, and finally commenced, and said he was going to inspect them. Well, if he inspected one man once, he certainly did three or four times. He finally got them what he called inspected, and cried, "Shoulder arms!" and they got the guns up on the shoulders somehow or other. "Now," he says, "I am going to order arms." He says, "Stand back, there!" He speaks up to one fellow, and says, "Look out, there! I know that you are going to hit that man on the right." Finally he says, "Look out! — order! — arms!" One fellow got hit, and went away with a terrible looking face on him. "Well, now," he says, "I am going to order you to ground arms, and instead of that you will just walk up there and set them against the out-house door." And then he put them back in line. "Now," he said, "there has been considerable blowing about wrestling"; and he says, "We will have a little exhibition of wrestling." So we got hold of one another and wrestled, and I should think it lasted about an hour. The first thing I heard, the officer cried out, "Hold on, there! Now, then, let the company fall in." He told them to fall into line.

Well, after a while, he told the sergeant to call the roll. "Now," said he, "after you get through that, I want you to go right home to your families."

I saw them again after that another year. They had changed all this: they had the uniform. Then, as I remember, they had quite a time in forming the line. They had the white plume tipped with red, and they formed off the field, and began to march up with a rub-a-dub-dub. They came up, and some made a halt at a fence. Somebody gave the order too soon, and they turned to the left, and ran up into the fence. Well, there was some loud talk about that, and they tore the fence down, and finally got to the muster-field. The captain of the battery was told to fire a salute when they came on. The guns were left without being guarded, and the boys got them plugged up with sand and loaded with stones, and they could not be fired. The commander told them to fire, anyway, sand or no sand. Finally they came to the field, and were formed, and it was "Order arms!" "Shoulder arms!" all the day long. That was the second day; and then after that I saw them again in our town.

Well, I will cut out part of my story, Mr. Commander. You can all remember the old military men of those days, that the croakers of that time were always crying out against, the volunteer militia. They were only fit for volunteer soldiers, good for dress parades, balls, and the like of that. If they were ever called upon to go out of the State, half of them, it was said, would not respond to the call, and the Governor had no authority to order them out. I remember on the sixteenth day of April, 1861, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock at night, that the adjutant-general of Massachusetts came into the armory of Company C of the First Infantry in person and delivered the order for that company to appear at the State House next morning, to be sent wherever ordered,—they did not know where. There had been a drill that night, the company was dismissed, and most of the men had gone home. What few there were there went about and notified the other men, and by seven o'clock in the morning every one had reported. They not only came themselves, but the father, the mother, the brother, the wife, the sister, and the daughter came along with them to wish them God-speed. The company reported at the State House at seven o'clock the next morning and were assigned to duty,—the old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. We received our overcoats, haversacks, and canteens,—and let me say here, may God in his infinite mercy guide and protect the man that thought of buying these overcoats! One and another has claimed this honor, but whoever he is, may God have mercy on him! That night we left for Washington by way of the Boston & Albany Railroad. All along the stations, as we passed on, we saw the old and young cheering and encouraging us forward. Bonfires were built in every village, every hamlet, and every city. At every stopping-place refreshments were furnished, more abundantly than we cared for. At last we got through Massachusetts and Connecticut. The next morning we arrived in New York; that afternoon we left for Washington; that night we arrived in Philadelphia, and stopped at the Continental Hotel. We got rations there, and that night we started on our road to Washington. While on the route, ten rounds of ammunition were issued to us. When we arrived at Havre de Grace, we learned that there was a mob to attack the regiment in Baltimore. We arrived in Baltimore about noon. Part of the regiment went through, under Col. Jones, in the cars. The car my company was in went through Pratt Street until we got to the Pratt Street bridge, where I saw the people tearing up the planks on the bridge and carrying paving stones. I supposed they were repairing the street and bridge. I thought nothing of it. We were just crossing the Pratt Street bridge, and there is an incline down

where the oyster boats are fastened. They threw an anchor on the track, and then came through and unhooked the horses, and the cars would not run up the incline, and they stopped us. That is where the mob knocked the top of the car out in about two seconds. We got the horses hooked on to them then. There was some firing, and I wanted to get out in the street, and Major Watson was trying to get his pistol out of his coat-pocket. He came out and the crowd yelled, "You old bloody Yankee abolitionists, bid your wives good-by, you will never see them again," and all that time the major was trying to get out his pistol. We had orders not to fire on the mob, if it was possible to get through without it. If they threw bricks and stones, we were not to mind them; we might be sure we should have a remedy. The streets were as packed as Boston Common is on the Fourth of July. These men were urging the mob on to throwing stones and tearing off the top of the cars. There was danger on every side; and I said to a fellow who lives in Somerville, "If that man pulls his pistol, fire on him"; and we each pulled and fired, and it went through the mob like a stick through a herring. They dispersed, and went down to the next car. They came through all right, and after that we met four companies on foot. The mob confused them for a while. There is where the fight was. Gentlemen, I wish I could talk better than I can. [*Applause, and cries of "Go on."*]

THE COMMANDER.—Say, boys, let us give him three cheers. [*Three hearty cheers were given, and a tiger.*]

GEN. BATCHELLER.—Gentlemen, I do not believe that you realize the importance of the history that has been recounted here by this brave man. Centuries hence, the press which here records the words of this noble man will be searched to learn the history of the Republic of this great continent. Fellow-citizens, we are too near the events which he recounts to give them full appreciation. We stand too near the terrible circumstances which surrounded the War of the Rebellion to give them full and comprehensive understanding; but the history which this man has this night recorded will go down through generations never to be forgotten; and thanks to a press which never lets escape an important event [*cries of "Never, never!"*], future years will record the language of Sampson, who bore the honors of the day on that eventful morning in April, 1861. All homage to him, all homage to the brave men who stood in those hours and defended the liberties which we to-night enjoy, and gave to this Republic a future which never, I trust, shall end. Let us, fellow-citizens; let us, citizens of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; let us, citizens, soldiers of the Burgesses Corps; let us, citizens and soldiers of the Troy Citizens Corps; let us, fellow-citizens of Saratoga; let us, citizens of the Republic,—remember to-night that this man stood up and faced death for the liberties which we to-night enjoy.

THE COMMANDER.—Comrades, I know full well that when the first Monday in June comes round it is the custom of the Ancients to meet in church or chapel, and listen to a sermon by the chaplain of our corps. But that is in Massachusetts, you know, and now we have a chance to listen to a preacher, a chaplain from the Empire State. I take pleasure in presenting to you the chaplain of the Twenty-second Separate Company of the National Guard of New York, Rev. Dr. Carey.

ADJ. BRADLEY.—I have been silent during the whole banquet, but have filled him with inspiration.

SPEECH OF CHAPLAIN CAREY.

Mr. Commander, and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, and Invited Guests.—At this banquet I have received inspiration from my worthy friend, the Adjutant. When I came in to-night and met a sea of upturned faces, not one of whom I recognized as a friend, this worthy friend and brother came forward and took me by the hand, and I said, "Sir," not knowing his honored position, to address him as Adjutant, "I am sorry that the heavens have been so unpropitious. If we had had anything to do with the heavens, we should have accorded you a pleasant day, free from rain." Whereupon he replied, looking into my face, "But you have something to do with heaven." [Laughter, and a voice, "Jerry knows them."]

I thank my friend for the introduction he has given me, and the encouragement he has afforded me here to-night, but, Mr. Commander, it is an occasion when one is apt to lose his head.

GEN. BATCHELLER.—I think he is more apt to lose his heart.

MR. CAREY.—I have lost my hand, and I lost my heart, Mr. Commander, when I saw you stepping forward to-night, in the dusk of the evening, at yonder monument, and addressing our honored captain, the commander of our Citizens Corps. I am glad, I feel proud in belonging to it, in being honored as the chaplain of the Citizens Corps. We are all glad to honor our beloved Capt. McEwen, who leads us on every time to victory and glory.

But, sir, you honor me to-night. I felt I could take you and every member of this company to heart, when you spoke of our heroic dead. I recall many of them who laid down their lives for our noble country, and whose names are commemorated by yonder monument; and when you said, sir, that you brought the choicest flowers of Boston to lay upon their monument, I felt proud, as a citizen of the Empire State, a citizen of Saratoga. I felt honored that Boston had come to us, the great State of Massachusetts, that has ever stood up for liberty, had come to us to lay a wreath upon the brow of our immortal dead.

But I said, Mr. Commander, that this was an occasion when one is apt to lose his head. You may remember, sir, reading some time ago a little story attributed to the Queen. We all love the Queen,—we all love our brethren across the water. We remember how we were once a part of that great nation, and how our forefathers fought for our liberties. Now, we are an independent nation, and I think they love us all the more on account of our victories,—on account of the victory at Saratoga and at Bunker Hill, and they are battle-fields which gained for us our nationality. It was related that the Queen was visiting in Scotland,—a great many good things come from Scotland—[A voice, "That is true."]

ADJ. BRADLEY.—Scotch whiskey.

MR. CAREY.—Yes, sir, whiskey,—Scotch whiskey. The Queen had heard of a Highland lassie who was famous for her dancing, and she was very anxious to have an exhibition of her skill. So she was brought into her Majesty's presence, and, by her dancing, she greatly pleased her, and the Queen said to her, after her beautiful dance, "My lassie, what can I do for you?" She was not a person in that grade of society who would be apt to receive money for her services, and she said,—remember she was a Tory and hated Gladstone, and she knew what the heart of the Queen was,—"I would be very glad if you would give me, by and by, Mr. Gladstone's head on a charger"; and the Queen said,—

I did not know whether she was capable of such wit,—one of the politicians may have been prompting her,—"Ah, my lassie, as for the charger, I can give you that forthwith; but as for Mr. Gladstone's head, he lost that many years ago."

Well, now, there is great danger on an occasion like this, especially for a clergyman accustomed to speak only on Sunday, and in the rosy month of June, there is danger of losing his head, but I take refuge under the head of my honored friend, Gen. Batcheller. When I heard to-night that this Ancient and Honorable Artillery dates its history away back two hundred and fifty years, I felt appalled. I felt I was but a creature of to-day, when I thought of that ancient history; but I felt I could take refuge under the cover of my friend who had been under the shadows of the pyramids, and hobnobbed with the old Pharaohs. And, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, this reminds me that there was an ancient artillery then. I don't think they were honorable like yourselves, and they went in, you remember, to the sea. You can go into the sea and come out again in safety. They went into the sea, but they were overwhelmed. They were destroyed. The waters engulfed them. My friend could tell you all about that.

GEN. BATCHELLER.—That was a case of too much water.

MR. CAREY.—That was a case of too much water, my friend says. Well, gentlemen, we have been drinking Saratoga water here to-night. ["What? What?"] Yes, Saratoga water. Now, Mr. Commander and gentlemen, I came here to-night expecting to hear the addresses,—the after-dinner speeches, which are to be made. When it was announced this afternoon by our honored officers, Capt. McEwen and Col. Gillis, that we were invited to your banquet, I said to myself, "I will go. I will enjoy the occasion." I have enjoyed it. But I did not come here to-night to make a speech, but to hear the good things. I am like the Indian of Massachusetts, for there were Indians in that State one time, and the story is related of a good preacher of the Bay State, that he used to invite Indians down to his house. You know it has been famous in the olden time. I know something about it, although not a citizen of that honored State,—they used to have good apples and cider in the olden time. [A voice, "They have now."] They have now, and this divine with the large heart used to invite the Indians to call on him, and after inquiring into their spiritual state, he would treat them with apples and cider. There was one old Indian who was very suspicious, and he would not come, although his brother Indians pictured the delights of the feast of apples and cider, and especially the latter. Finally, he was induced to come, and after the good divine had prayed with the Indians and tried to convert them, he went round to each one and asked how he felt, and when he came to the old Indian he said, "How do you feel, sir?" "Cider!" said he. He came for the cider: I came for the wit,—for the eloquence which I knew would come from Boston, the Hub. I think it was Mr. Holmes—you will correct me if I am wrong—who spoke of Boston as the Hub. I stood once in your State House, and when I saw around me the implements of warfare and the battle-torn flags, I said, "What a great State this State of Massachusetts is!" Oh, gentlemen, you ought to be proud of your State. ["We are."] When you go way back to its early history, what a State it is in the annals of this country! ["What is the matter with Massachusetts?" "She's all right!"] Massachusetts is always right, but, I think, Mr. Commander, and members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, that the motto on the seal of your State represents or speaks eloquently of your valor,—of the valor of those who have gone before you in this ancient body. I may

not quote it correctly, "*Ense Petit Placidam Sub Libertate Quietem.*" ["*Correct.*"]

Gentlemen, it is a proud motto, and the sons, the fathers, too, before you, of Massachusetts, have ever gone forth, with their swords in their hands, in defence of liberty. And it is largely owing to Massachusetts. — I say it advisedly, though a son of New York, willing, as you brought your wreath to place on the brows of our honored dead, willing to place our wreath upon the brows of your honored dead, and garlands on the brows of the living. — I say it advisedly, my brethren, my friends, that to your State, your proud, noble State of Massachusetts, and to the proud, noble, ancient city of Boston, this country owes it largely that it enjoys to-day the liberties which we have under our starry flag. I remember, gentlemen, — Mr. Commander, may I say a word more? If I talk too long, it is my failing. [*Cries of "Go on."*] My inspiration tells me he will pull my coat-tail if I talk too long.

ADJ. BRADLEY. — Don't give me away.

MR. CAREY. — I don't mean to do that, my friend. I remember, a few years ago, gentlemen, it was my great pleasure to visit Boston, which I have visited several times, and I have roamed around through your streets and great Common. I have walked through the Back Bay, and gone into the basement of the Old South Church, and there I found some treasures of literature which are in my library to-day. I have gone into your New South Church, and into Trinity, where your honored and revered chaplain, Phillips Brooks, holds up the banner of the truth. I have gone into your Old North Church, old Christ Church, whose name is linked with Paul Revere and his lantern. And I have gone over to your Bunker Hill, and when I stood there upon your beautiful green, — it was in October, — and when I went into your great monument, oh, my heart beat with pride as I thought of the bravery of the sons of Massachusetts, and how much we owe to them as a nation! You have a city, gentlemen, to be proud of, an honored and ancient city, and I am sure you are proud of it, and we are glad to meet you here to-day. I remember how very hospitable you were to me. It was my good fortune to be present at the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and not only bishops and representatives of the churches in the North were there, — it was many years ago. — but there were representatives from Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. We had a united country at that time, and I remember the hospitality of your citizens; and I remember how, through the kindness of your mayor, Hon. Mr. Prince, we were escorted out to view the various places of interest. I remember we rode down the bay to Deer Island; and when we arrived on Deer Island, the most sumptuous collation was spread out before us, and I remember with sadness now how dear Bishop Lahey, of Easton, was called upon to respond for the city of Boston. My friend here says he has laid down his burden. Yes, he laid down his life; it was a noble career, and he deserves to rest in peace. I remember afterwards going out to visit the many buildings on the island, and that the cadets were brought out and drilled before us. You know, of course, how these cadets were sent to Deer Island, and what they are sent for. Well, the dear bishop of Indiana was there, and he was selected to address the cadets when they were drawn up in line. And I remember, in addressing them he said, "Young gentlemen," — he wished to compliment them, — "we are very much surprised and delighted at the exhibition we have seen to-day. Your skill, your beautiful evolutions and movements, greatly please us, and the only regret of some of us is, that we have not had these advantages which you have; that we have not been here with you."

Well, now, gentlemen, aside from pleasantries, I must say since I have heard of you and known of you, as I have from boyhood, I have learned a great deal about the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, but never thought it would be my pleasure and privilege to be with you to-night, to look into your faces and shake your hands, and feel that we are all brothers, members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of the Saratoga Citizens' Corps, and of the other corps represented here to-night; but I feel sorry that I am not qualified, by being a son of New York, to be a son of Boston and a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. [*Loud applause, and a voice, "We will make you one."*]

Mr. Commander, I thank you, sir, for the honor you have done me to-night in calling upon me, and I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind and sympathetic attention.

After the playing of a musical selection, the addresses were resumed.

ADJ. BRADLEY. — Members of the Ancients, the Commander has said, "We won't go home till morning," and as we have as much Saratoga water inside as there is out, we advise you to stay in here. It is a unanimous vote that we stay here.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, we have not our chaplain of 1888 with us, but we have with us to-night, to take the place of him who found it impossible to be with us, the chaplain of 1885. And during his service with this command as chaplain, under the lamented Col. Trull, he endeared himself so much to the hearts of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company that they made him the historian of this organization, to write up its record for two hundred and fifty years. I take pleasure, gentlemen, in introducing to you the Rev. Oliver A. Roberts, past chaplain of this corps.

RESPONSE OF CHAPLAIN OLIVER A. ROBERTS.

Down on the seacoast of Massachusetts, some few years since, there was an evangelist, who went down to town with his tent and dispensed the gospel. He was in the city of Portsmouth at one time and held a series of meetings. A large number of people were supposed to have been converted, among whom was a certain man to whom I now refer. This evangelist, by the way, was a man who seemed to have much of a liking for female society. [*Cries of "What! what!"*] And every town he visited he seems to have left with a cloud over him, on account of his fondness for female society. One day he met this convert of whom I speak, and he says, "Well, well, how are you getting along nowadays?" "Well, Elder, I am getting along pretty well, but I am having a pretty hard time. You know how fond I have always been of female society, and it is so hard to overcome." The Elder says, "You tried to be faithful to the cause, and I will see what I can do for you." If you will be faithful for a moment or two, I will see what I may do for you. And I may say to you, gentlemen, that I appreciate the multiplied honors which I have received at the hands of this ancient company. But while no one but my own heart knows the great burden that came to me when Col. Trull asked me, or rather ordered me, to act as chaplain of the company, even a

greater honor than that do I esteem this new distinction to be, — which has come to me largely through the influence of the friend on my left, Past-Commander Folsom, — to write up the history of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Major Ben: Perley Poore, your past commander, lately deceased, had been engaged on that work for thirteen years or more before it came into my hands, — only something like six or seven months ago. During the passage of these few months, night has been nothing to me, and my days have been full of sleeplessness. I have worked some days — a full week at a time — from fifteen to eighteen and twenty hours a day, in order that I might perfect the history of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company during its first fifty years. Not many days ago, I had the pleasure of putting into the hands of the chairman of the committee an amount of manuscript containing over thirteen thousand words, a part of which, by the way, Capt. Folsom has examined, and which is now waiting the acceptance or rejection of your committee; and when that committee shall have made its decision, I most sincerely hope that some measures will be taken by which at least one volume of your history may be pushed along, so that before another October training day shall have come it will be in your hands.

The history of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, for the first fifty years, is fuller of interest than you would understand by the perusal of Whitman's "History," or by any of the publications in the newspapers, at least, which I have ever met. As I was looking, last night, at some of my notes, I called to mind one man whom Mr. Whitman mentions only incidentally, whom Ben: Perley Poore does not mention at all, but who to my mind is one of the grandest characters of the first fifty years. And I have copied off part of what I had written, and thought I would read it here to you, that you might have your attention called to one of whom most of you never heard. A member by the name of Nehemiah Bourne was born 1611, in London, England. He was the son of a shipbuilder. Robert, his father, willed that Nehemiah should be a scholar; but in 1632 he married, and deemed it not unworthy to follow in the footsteps of his father as a shipbuilder.

In April, 1638, he came to America, and in May following came Thomas Hawkins (Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company), who was also a shipbuilder. These two, Bourne and Hawkins, formed a partnership and owned the "Sparrow" (fifty tons), of New England, in 1639, with Thomas Coytemore, who married Col. Rainsborm's daughter; they were appointed, in 1641, to settle rates of wharfage, warehousing, etc., in Boston.

In 1640, Mr. Bourne asked of the town a place adjoining his home for building the ship. This was the first vessel built in Boston. The site was at the North End, and on Bonner's map of 1722 is about at the foot of Salutation Alley, and the wharf running out at that place formerly Island Wharf, now nearly the site of Union Wharf. The vessel was named "The Trial." Thomas Coytemore sailed as master, in 1642, for West India Islands. Dec. 23, 1643, five ships sailed from Boston, one of them carrying many passengers, principally members of this Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Among these were Col. Rainsborm, Capt. Israel Slayton, and Nehemiah Bourne; they became colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, in Cornwall's army. Mr. Slayton died in London of sickness, Col. Rainsborm was killed in Ireland, and Mr. Bourne returned to Boston. In 1645 he was appointed sergeant-major of the Seventh Regiment, succeeding Major Edward Gibbons. In 1646, taking his wife, he sailed as commander of an armed vessel for England. For three years all trace of his career is lost; but March 2, 1649-50, he was appointed, by Parliament,

to the command of the great frigate at Woolwich, two hundred and fifty men. Sept. 26, 1650, he was ordered to the East Coast Squadron, and commanded the ship "Sparrow," two hundred and seventy men, and fifty-two guns. May, 1652, Major Bourne being in command of a squadron of eight war vessels, Van Troop with a Holland squadron, off Dover, fought the first regular engagement of the Dutch war.

Immediately after, in May, 1652, Major Bourne was appointed rear admiral of the fleet of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, and captain of the ship "St. Andrew," of sixty guns, a rank equivalent to admiral of the Blue Flag. Admiral Bourne, in the "St. Andrew," took part in the battles of Sept. 28 and 29; his ship was maimed and torn, and was not considered fit to continue in active service. In 1652 he became commissioner of the British Navy, having charge of the refitting and providing for the main fleet, and was assigned the duty of keeping up the communication between the fleet and the home office.

In 1653 he was off Texel, with seven ships of war, eleven victuallers, and water ships, reprovisioning the active war fleet.

In 1659, Nehemiah Bourne, Esq., was appointed one of the commissioners of the militia, in the county of Kent. At the restoration, Bourne fled to the Continent and remained in voluntary exile for some years. In 1671 he was pardoned by the king.

His wife died in 1684, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Her gravestone says: "Here resteth in hope the body of Hannah, wife of Nehemiah Bourne, sometime commander at sea, and commissioner of the navy, etc."

After a long and checkered life the old admiral, at the good age of eighty, was laid at rest by the side of his loved wife, in the year 1691.

Thus has a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company commanded the royal fleet of the greatest naval country in the world.

Now, I was quite sure that this reference to this one man might prove of interest to the members of the company. Who built the first ship, and afterwards built the first wharf? An Ancient. Who built the first windmill in Boston? A member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company were first in all those movements for the development of the early Colony. I remember one who started out from Boston to survey the wilds to the west of us. He travelled as far west as the Connecticut River. He came back and he told us of his great discovery. The early history of that time names that body of water the Fresh Water River, and it was discovered by a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. As we were coming along in the cars to-day, one of the comrades said to me, "What do you suppose that the Ancients, those old Ancients of whom I have been speaking, would say if they could see us to-day, going along over this road in palace cars?" The answer that came to my mind was the story which I told up in New Hampshire, a few days ago, in the presence of the Salem Cadet Band, and they have requested me to repeat that story to you to-night. What would the Ancients say if they should come here and see us under these modern circumstances, this bounty, and these buildings? They would feel, perhaps, very much like the old lady of whom I am about to speak. She once lived upon the Eastern coast, where civilization so much abounds, but it was in the old and early day of log-cabins and sparsely populated districts. The old lady attended a log-cabin church in her childhood, and she had all those associations of girlhood about her New England home, but the children became married and went out West, and so she was obliged to go like-

wise. She was with her children and spent years in the Western country; but when she became very aged, and the sun of her life was nearly set, the old feeling of years gone by arose, and she said to herself, "Oh, if I could go back to the old New England hearthstone once more; if I could be among those scenes, and enter the church once more, I could, with perfect happiness, lie down and die!" So the children arranged that she should go back to New England. She went to the old town, stopped at the house of a friend, and when the opportunity offered, she thought she would go out and look at the old church, and perhaps enter. It was on Sunday. She walked along that sidewalk so familiar, and came to the spot where the old church used to stand, but looked in vain for the wide-open door and the old log-cabin upon the town green. In place of it there stood a magnificent structure, with its costly doorway, its tall and splendid spire, its beautiful windows, something that she was unaccustomed to see, but she knew she was on the site of the old log-cabin. Stealthily, as though she hardly knew whether she belonged here or not, she walked up the stone steps, gazed at the vestibule, passed within the portals, and looked all around her; and, as she entered the lofty nave, marvelled at the great pillars, the broad aisles and ample galleries. She stood at the chancel and surveyed with admiration the wondrous church. Being tired, she sits in the centre aisle near the front of the church. The people come in, and she looks around, but sees no familiar face. After a while the minister enters, and the customary services are gone through with, and he gives out his text and commences. As he announces the line of thought which he proposes to pursue, the old woman becomes interested, and, as he continues a little way, her heart begins to be enlarged under the love, which I hope many of you know, and she "amens, amens." The deacon, who sat in the side aisle, immediately passes round and says, "My sister, we don't allow loud talking in our church." The old lady made a slight bow, and the deacon passed back, and the minister proceeded with his sermon. And her heart still glowed and enlarged, but the minister spoke louder and harder, while she cried, "Amen." The deacon came once more to the old lady, saying, "I told you we can't allow you to disturb the people"; but as the minister proceeded in his exhortation, the old lady's fervor rapidly increased and her exclamations came oftener and louder than before. The deacons, at length losing all patience, came down, one from the right aisle and one from the left, and forming a seat of their united arms, carried the old lady swinging down the aisle towards the door, she crying all the time, "Amen, amen, amen! My Master went into Jerusalem on one ass, and I'm going out of meeting on two!"

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen of the company, we are indebted indeed for the very kind and hospitable invitation which we have received from the city of Troy, New York, at the hands of the Troy Citizens Corps to visit them, and make as long a stay as possible in their city *en route* to Saratoga. I would, after acknowledging the courtesy of the Troy Citizens Corps, call upon Lieut. George D. Smith to tell us just how much he wanted us to go there. Gentlemen, I propose three cheers for the Troy Citizens Corps.

Three hearty cheers were given, after which Lieut. Smith spoke as follows:—

LIEUT. SMITH'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander, Officers and Comrades of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, — I hardly know what to say to express my thanks for being here. After the eloquent remarks that have been made, it does not become me — for I am not a speaker — to say much of anything. I should rather be regarded as an irregular sharpshooter in the firing, than expected to make an address before a multitude of men. That is not my fault. This will become more apparent to you before I get through speaking. But as our brother of the Albany organization has said, when your furlough here has expired, and you visit the Capitol of the Empire State, you will find that the railroad extends six miles farther up from Albany, to the head of sloop navigation. We would be pleased and honored to have you with us when you visit Albany; and when you have had the hospitalities of that town, we beg you to extend your visit to Troy, and see what Trojans can do.

You say you are ancient. I believe you are, and are so noted. You have one among you who is more ancient than the Ancients. I refer to Commander Smith. You know in the beginning all was Smith, — Cain Smith and Abel Smith, and Adam Smith and Eve Smith. I do not know what the other descendants have done to change that name. But we are here to-night to celebrate the two hundred and fifty-first anniversary of your order. May the company last for twice that number of years, and more, too! But, as I said before, I am no speaker. When you come to Albany, one year hence, make an effort to come to Troy and see what we can do. We take our name from ancient Troy. We have on our badge, "Illiat Trojan." You will find us there. All I have to say is, come!

THE COMMANDER. — Comrades, the Old Guard of New York needs no introduction. I take pleasure in presenting to you not only a member of the Old Guard, but a brother of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Lieut. Brockway.

LIEUT. BROCKWAY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Commander, and Officers and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, — I, as the representative of the Old Guard, upon entering this room this evening, was received with great applause. On behalf of the Old Guard, I thank you, gentlemen, for that applause. I know that the Old Guard are always welcome wherever the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts is. I have been to Boston. I am an old New-Englander myself, from Concord, N. H. ["Good! good!"] Boston I know well. I almost feel I am a part of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and I wear a badge on my breast that was placed on my breast by L. C. Durkee. Poor fellow! he is not here, but his heart is with you. On the 7th of June, for the last eight or nine years, I have always made it a point to be in Boston and parade with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. That is a day that I, with others, have always looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure, I assure you; and I say to you, citizens of Saratoga and of Troy, if you want a good time, go to Boston, and you are bound to get it. Our friend speaks of the river of fresh water discovered by an Ancient of Boston, but they discovered a river of champagne, and we of the Old Guard have bathed in that

river, and we have bathed in it many times. When we called for water, they laughed at us, and said, "Pass the bottle!" every time. I have a little boy ten years old, and once in a while I have a funny experience with him. The other morning he said, "I want to go away and have a good time, father. Come to Boston."

I assure you I appreciate the reception I have had this evening on behalf of the Old Guard. I also desire to say to you, citizens of Saratoga, that I became assured, when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston came here in a drenching rain and placed that wreath on the monument, that they never forget to do a good thing, even if it is rainy. You will always find the Ancients at the front every time.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, it is indeed with pleasure that I have the honor of presenting to you my immediate predecessor, Past-Commander Col. Henry Walker.

COL. WALKER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — I had hoped to escape being called upon to speak to-night. ["*You can't do it.*"] So I perceive. I hardly know what to say, after all that has been said. It seems the ground has been pretty well covered. I cannot go into the history of the Ancients, for if anybody asks me about that, I say as Gen. McNeil said, who lost his leg in the war, in answer to a young fellow in Boston who asked, "Where did you lose your leg?" "Damn you, sir, go and read the history of your country." If you want to know the history of the Ancients, read the history of your country.

I am very glad to stand here to-night and join in thanking the citizens of Saratoga, and the gentlemen from Albany who have been with us, and the gentlemen from Troy whom we know very well. And I think I can say what the Commander said, that when they come to Boston we will give them an equally cordial greeting, and, in fact, Boston always proposes to be ahead of anybody in that regard.

It is often asked what good comes from these expeditions? What benefit flows from them? I tell you the benefit. These springs of water in this little village, hidden in the dark bowels of the earth, unknown and unseen by men until man's hand brings them forth ever to bubble up, give health to thousands year after year. And so it is in these meetings. In our every-day life, with all the prejudices, and passions, and the likes and dislikes, with all the cares of life upon us, with all our selfish instincts and peculiar propensities, we lose sight of sympathy and brotherhood with each other, and these gatherings bring them forth; they are the touch which brings forth the life-giving waters between the men of the same State, the same nation, and the same destiny. These meetings are the Moses' rod which touches the rock of self-interest sympathetically, and brings out the waters of life. And yet it has been said to-night by some speakers that they didn't know as we could have come here if one gentleman had not permitted us to enter Saratoga. I doubt that. We have, this old organization has a right here, as it has a right in every State in the Union, for its blood has been shed in every State of the Union in defence of that Union.

Here in this channel cutway, where the power of the British government reached its highest tide, even as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg represented the high-water mark of the Rebellion, at last to recede therefrom forever, away beyond Fort Edward with all its warlike memories and romantic associations

which in their tenderness make the horrors of war more apparent, up through Lake James and Lake George, over and up to Fort William Henry and Ticonderoga, stained with the blood of the men of this country, I say we have a right to come and traverse, for all through that bloody assault the men of New England shed their blood beside the men of this great Empire State. Ay, and when that earlier contest was fought, when the tricolor or lily of France went down before Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, it was the men of New York and of New England who stood side by side and took from France that empire, — the Dominion of Canada, — and so I say that the Ancients have a right here, and that we have a right because the exhausting toils, sacrifices, and sufferings of those days made us one, did they not? Look in our day and see whether the States of this Union are not cemented by the blood we jointly shed in times of old. Look to every battle-field of the Civil War. Go to the savannas of the South, go to the marshes of the Atlantic coast, go to the curse-stricken prison pens, go to every battle-field, and you find, side by side, the men of the Empire State, — imperial in its greatness, imperial in its wealth, imperial in the men that it has sent forth to rule, to guide, and to govern the nation, — and I say, side by side with them stand the men of New England. And so I say again, that we ask no man's permission to come here, for we come where we belong. We own it and you own it, and you own New England with us; and may the time never come when this great State shall ever be anything but one and indivisible now and forever.

THE COMMANDER. — I am reminded that we read there were five wise men who came from the East to Saratoga, seeking for water. I don't remember the author, but I think it was Watts, however. But, at all events, we have more than five wise men in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, but we have especially one wise man, who always comes and goes with his lamp well trimmed and burning. And he uses Allen & Bradley's oil. I take pleasure, gentlemen, in presenting to you the Adjutant of this corps.

ADJ. BRADLEY'S REMARKS.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen, — There are surprises and surprises, and the first surprise is that I have been capable of putting into these gentlemen on the right and left so much enthusiasm, so much knowledge, and so much patriotism. I have filled up the judge to-night, and the speech I made to him he is going to give to you. ["*Good! good!*"] Although a judge in Egypt, and he has hobnobbed with Pharaohs, yet I am sorry to say, like anybody else, if he gets a chance, he steals a little thunder, even if it is the Adjutant's. On the left sits the chaplain of the day, and the doctor, here, whom I have filled up with enthusiasm and something else. What that something else is, gentlemen, I leave to you to judge. Now, it was said here, to-night, by my friend on the right, the judge and general, that no enthusiasm or inspiration ever came from water such as the Adjutant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company drank. I will have you understand, sir, that a man who is a judge in Israel should know better things. Inspiration does come from the water when those waters are such as flow here to-night, and it leads on to victory and to success. It is said that it is well to have one man in the Ancients always ready to lead them home. It may be that is the reason

why you so unanimously elected me your Adjutant for this year. It may be that I have very few qualities outside of that, perhaps, although as I listened to the story of Capt. Sampson, I recalled a glowing military spirit I possessed when young. I can remember, as a boy, when on April 17, 1861, I, as a school-boy, saw the old Sixth Massachusetts march out from Lawrence, two companies of it,—one of those companies which gave its life in defence of the Union,—the first blood coming from Lawrence and from Lowell. I can remember, then, as a boy, how, in my heart, I took an oath that if my parents would let me, I would surely march, before my school term was out, in defence of the flag which they were bound to go out and defend with their lives. It snowed that day, but it was not cold enough to keep down the patriotism and ardor in many a young heart in Lawrence; and I remember now—it seems but a dream—many of those who now lie cold in death, because they were true to the principles which our fathers fought for, and which the sons were bound to maintain.

Now, gentlemen, it is late in the evening. It has been said, "We won't go home till morning," among other pleasant things, but there are others here who are expected to address you. I am, like my friend, the Trojan, on the right, no speech-maker. An adjutant is not elected for that purpose, but to serve his commander, and the only reason I have responded to his call is that I deem it my duty to obey my Commander's voice in whatever position I am in; therefore I have, at your request, arisen here to-night. We have been received here in the most hospitable manner. I think I voice the sentiments of the Ancients, when I say that that one little incident, which was so happily conceived by some of the members of the committee and officers of the Ancients, will go down in the history of this corps as a link binding more firmly the men of Massachusetts and the men of New York,—the placing upon the monument in your public streets, of that which our hearts prompted us to lay there, the laurel wreath, commemorative of the devotion of the men of New York to the cause of freedom and to the cause of law.

Gentlemen, a great many of you, I see, bear upon your breasts that honored badge which shows that you were of those who made up the great army, which, with right and might, and with the help of God, put down the greatest rebellion that this world ever saw. And when I saw that little ceremony to-night, my mind went back to the years of the war, when the pale banner of Massachusetts floated beside the pale banner of New York,—I believe I am right that the New York State flag is white. [*A voice, "He was there."*] You are right, I was there. I went out into the hell of fire in the Wilderness, when, torn by shot and shell, it was carried by the men over the works at the bloody angle. At Petersburg, on the 17th and 18th of June, I saw the flag of New York side by side with the banner of Massachusetts, typical of purity and typical of devotion to a cause which was as pure as heaven itself. And a New York regiment by the side of my own regiment, the old Massachusetts heavy artillery, at the battle of the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, stood side by side facing the whole of Ewell's division, and fought from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night,—only three thousand men against ten thousand. Next day, Gen. Meade, in a general order, thanked the two heavy artillery regiments, the First Massachusetts and, I think, the Fourth New York, for the gallant stand they took against such tremendous odds, saving the train coming up from Petersburg, and, perhaps, as was said by Gen. Grant, saving the entire Army of the Potomac.

There is one man who is not here to-night,—he is not a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, although he has taken a great

interest in it. He was then a member of that regiment, but is now the efficient adjutant-general of the State of Massachusetts, Gen. Samuel H. Dalton.

And now, without being personal, let me say that a great deal has been said in regard to Massachusetts. Massachusetts was always ready to do its duty, but we always found that New York was no second in the race to the front. You remember, some of you, that magnificent cavalry regiment, the Harris Heavy Cavalry, partially recruited in this vicinity,—a more magnificent regiment I never saw,—and others that I could recall. Time speeds on. Mr. Commander, allow me to thank you for the opportunity allowed me, to give my testimony that the heavy artillery was not always in the rear. If I might say it right here, the First Maine Heavy Artillery, also attached to our brigade, was in the fight at Petersburg, and lost the largest number of men of any regiment in the Union Army, and therefore, I would say in closing, be they artillery,—our branch of the service, gentlemen,—cavalry, or infantry, be they from Massachusetts or from New York, that we here, as citizen soldiers of the Republic, honor every man, whether on the field or on the bloody and slippery deck, in those dark days of the Rebellion, who helped maintain the honor of the flag, that it should float forever unsullied, and that our history, made so sacred and so honorable in the days of the Revolution, should be carried down through the epoch of that sad Rebellion, to the times when war should cease from our land, and that in peace we should become a nation so great, so powerful, so just in the sight of heaven, that no nation on God's earth had ever dared to plant its foot on our soil.

Well, Mr. Commander, while here to-morrow, we hope Saratoga water will be below ground and not above it. But, as has been said, when you want a good time, come to Boston. We will receive you with all the open arms that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is capable of extending to the old Burgesses Corps and other organizations, and you know how warm a reception that will be.

THE COMMANDER.—I have a telegram from Albany, N. Y., which reads:—

"Present the Burgesses' congratulations to Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. We regret you did not come to Albany. It is pleasant here and very bright.

"CAPT. O. SMITH."

THE COMMANDER.—Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I have just discovered that this beautiful lager-beer mug [*alluding to the colossal glass vessel containing a fine floral display on the table before him*], decorated with fragrant flowers, has been presented to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company by the members of the Saratoga Citizens' Corps. I could not help acknowledging, at this time, the receipt of the same from their hands. And now, gentlemen, I will ask the band to play for us while we all join in that good old song, "Auld Lang Syne."

The band struck up the tune, and all present joined in the singing, after which the band merrily played "We won't go Home till Morning." Upon the conclusion of the singing, the banquet ended and the company dispersed.

On Tuesday morning, after making preparations for the return to Boston, the company passed the forenoon in visiting the many natural springs of Saratoga, and a number of the Ancients took an early train to Mt. McGregor, where Gen. Grant's life had passed away. Returning in time for dinner at 12.30, at "The American," the whole command took its last meal in Saratoga, and soon after 1 o'clock marched without overcoats to the depot, the Saratoga Citizens' Corps acting again as escort.

The train left at 2 o'clock, and the trip to Boston was without incident.

Upon reaching the armory at 10.30, the company drew up in line, and Capt. Smith thus addressed the men:—

Soldiers, gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, the Fall Field Day of 1888, of this grand old corps, is a thing of the past; and I cannot refrain, at this time, from expressing to you my gratitude and my heartfelt thanks for the manner in which you have performed every duty, for the furtherance of making a more brilliant record, and adding one more lustrous star to the fame of this fine old corps.

I thank you heartily, gentlemen, for the support which you have given me in carrying out the plan of this excursion. Not wishing to detain you further, I will say to you all, good night.

ROLL OF MEMBERS

OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY PRESENT AT FALL FIELD DAY, OCT. 1, 1888, AS REPORTED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Capt. HENRY E. SMITH, *Commander.*

Major JOHN McDONOUGH . . .	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>
Lieut. CHARLES J. MUNROE . . .	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>
Lieut. J. PAYSON BRADLEY . . .	<i>Adjutant</i>

STAFF.

Col. HENRY WALKER, *Chief of Staff.*
 Major A. E. McDONALD, *Surgeon.*
 Lieut. J. E. KINNEY, *Assistant Surgeon.*
 Lieut. ARTHUR E. LEACH, *Assistant Surgeon.*
 Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
 Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*
 Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY, *Quartermaster.*
 Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Commissary.*
 Rev. O. A. ROBERTS, *Chaplain.*

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Capt. John C. Dalton.	
Capt. George Going.	Sergt. Amasa W. Bailey.
Sergt. Charles C. Adams.	Sergt. Charles A. Faxon.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. EDWARD SULLIVAN, *Sergeant-Major.*
 Sergt. A. S. DINSMORE, *Hospital Steward.*
 Capt. E. B. WADSWORTH, *Right General Guide.*
 Sergt. EMMONS R. ELLIS, *Left General Guide.*

MARKERS.

Sergt. Henry F. Wade.	J. M. Raymond.
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FLANKERS TO THE COMMANDER.

Lieut. Franklin A. Shaw.	Capt. Geo. E. Hall.
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BAND GUIDE.

Lieut. Fred I. Clayton.

VETERAN COMPANY.

Gen. SAMUEL H. LEONARD, *Sergeant*.
 Capt. Harvey B. Wilder, *R. Guide*. Lieut. Thos. Restieaux, *L. Guide*.
 Thos. L. Churchill. F. J. Hutchinson.
 S. V. Stillings. John Thomas.
 Eugene H. Richards.

INFANTRY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT, *Sergeant*.
 George B. Spaulding, *R. Guide*. L. M. Maxham, *L. Guide*.
 Boardman J. Parker. F. W. Goodwin.
 Henry N. Cass. Elmar A. Messinger.
 J. B. Smith. George F. Hall.
 Edgar L. Hull. Fred H. Adams.

SECOND COMPANY.

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 A. Wheeler. George W. Mills.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE INAUGURATION OF GEN. WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN NEW YORK CITY.

As arranged for by the committee, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Capt. Henry E. Smith commanding, on Monday, the twenty-ninth day of April, 1889, left their armory in Faneuil Hall, accompanied by the band, proceeding via South Market, Commercial, State, Washington, School, Tremont, and Boylston streets to Park Square, to the Shore Line Railroad, where train was taken for New York at 9.15 A. M.

The journey was an uneventful one, and the company on arrival in that city at 3.50 P. M., amid a drizzling rain, were received and escorted by the Fifth Regiment Infantry, M. V. M., and a delegation of the Old Guard of New York, from the Grand Union Depot to the Grand Central Hotel, where quarters had been provided for the Ancients.

The evening of the day of arrival was occupied by members of the company in visiting friends; many of them availing themselves of the opportunity of visiting the armory of the Old Guard, the Manhattan and other social clubs of the city, whose rooms were thrown open to them, some of the officers attending the grand ball at the Opera House by invitation of Gov. Ames.

The command, however, returned at an early hour to gain the needed rest in preparation for the fatigues of the celebration on Tuesday.

The day dawned bright and fair on Tuesday, and, taken throughout, was as perfect a day for the celebration as could have been wished for.

At an early hour after breakfast the company assembled, and proceeded to Whitehall Street, the place designated for the assembly, at 9.30 A. M., of the troops from Massachusetts, which were composed of the Fifth Regiment, Col. William A. Bancroft, the First Corps Cadets, Col. T. F. Edmands, Second Corps Cadets, Col. J. Frank Dalton, the Signal Corps of the Second Brigade, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

In front of the platform of the Sub-Treasury Building, where the literary exercises connected with the centennial celebration took place, a sea of heads greeted the eye, and all about the spot, from

Broadway to William Street, and as far as one could see down Broad Street, eager, thronging humanity was packed. It was next to impossible for one to make his way through the crowd that was struggling for places of vantage near the platform. The platform and canopies extended all the way from the eastern line of the Assay Office, along the fronts of that building and the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street, and also around on the Nassau Street side of the Sub-Treasury. The decoration of the Sub-Treasury was most elaborate, and certainly has never been equalled before in the memory of any New Yorker. National colors in silk and bunting, shields, eagles, mottoes, portraits of Revolutionary characters, and many other devices contributed to the grand display, and made a most superb effect. The special stand from which the speakers addressed the people was built directly in front of the statue of Washington, which stood majestically forth above all in a bower of national colors and devices. One especially noticeable feature of the decorations was a large Presidential flag, sent from Washington, where it was made for the occasion at the Naval Department. The flag was 10 by 17 feet, and was artistically draped on the front of the building. While the services in St. Paul's Chapel were being held, the Twenty-second Regiment Band, under the leadership of Patrick S. Gilmore, gave a concert at the Sub-Treasury.

The band began the programme at about 9 o'clock, and continued until the literary exercises commenced. The President and his party were due at 10 o'clock, but it was a little later when they arrived. The Literary Committee escorted the President from St. Paul's down Broadway to Wall, and down Wall to the Sub-Treasury. As the President's carriage passed along the crowded thoroughfare, the waiting multitudes on the sidewalks cheered again and again, until his way seemed to be a triumphal procession, greeted with one prolonged roar of cheers. The President's reception at the Sub-Treasury was most enthusiastic. As soon as Gilmore caught sight of the President's carriage, he lifted his baton, and the full Twenty-second Regiment Band played "Hail to the Chief." During the playing of this, the President alighted and was escorted to his seat on the platform. The members of his Cabinet grouped themselves about him, and the other invited guests were seated near. As soon as all were arranged, and quiet gained, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, chairman of the committee on Literary Exercises, stepped to the front of the platform and addressed the assemblage as follows:—

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

Fellow-Citizens,— One hundred years ago, on this spot, George Washington, as first President of the United States, took his oath of office upon the Holy Bible. That sacred volume is here to-day, silently attesting the basis upon which our nation was constructed, and the dependence of our people upon Almighty God.

In the words, then, of one of the founders of the government, "With hearts overflowing with gratitude to our Sovereign Benefactor for granting to us existence, for continuing it to the present period, and for accumulating on us blessings spiritual and temporal through life, may we with fervor beseech Him so to continue them as best to promote His glory and our welfare."

The Rev. Richard S. Storrs will utter the invocation.

When Mr. Gerry had concluded, the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs then made the following prayer:—

PRAYER OF DR. STORRS.

Almighty God, most merciful Father, who art infinite in wisdom, sovereign in power, and whose are the eternal years; in penitence and with reverence we offer before Thee our humble supplication, remembering in our low estate that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, and that heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

With contrite confession we acknowledge our sins, of heart and of life, with which Thou art most justly displeased, and entreat Thy forgiveness through Him whom Thou hast exalted with Thy right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour. Accept, we beseech Thee, the requests and thanksgivings which we offer in His name; give us a heart to love and to fear Thee; and both now and ever, in whatsoever frailty of body or of mind, may we find in Thee recourse and succor.

We give praise and homage to Thy great name for the favor Thou didst show to our fathers aforetime, when they dwelt as strangers in a wide land, when this city was a little one, and few men in it; that they looked unto Thee and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed; that though they went through fire and through water, Thou broughtest them out into a wealthy place; and that, by Thy help, from dependence and fear they were quickly exalted to dominion and honor.

Especially we thank Thee for those who, by wisdom, by constancy, and by valor were Thy ministers to the people, conducting them out of peril into peace, leading them in the paths which Thou hast ordained to large prosperity and a secure freedom. Through Thy preparation came the captains and counsellors, whose dust we guard with affectionate honor, while the nation which they served has become their memorial.

Most of all, on this day, we give thanks and praise for him whom Thou in Thy providence didst set forth to be the leader of our leaders in council and in arms, and the example for all who follow in his high office. For his patience and courage which never failed, and his foreseeing wisdom which was not dimmed, for the steadfastness of spirit, sustained upon Thee, which sank beneath no weight of burdens, the magnanimous serenity which disaster could not shake nor any successes unduly exalt, we render to Thee homage and laud; for his majestic fidelity to an unsurpassed trust, his reverent faith in Thy Word and in Thee. We bless Thee that through the gifts and grace with which Thou didst endue him, his name remains for us, as for our fathers, a banner of light, to the lustre of which the nations turn. Make us worthy partakers of the fruit of his labors, munificent in blessing, whose fame is henceforth in all the earth.

Behold, we beseech Thee, with Thy merciful favor the nation which Thou didst plant and protect, setting it in the place which Thou hast prepared,

and multiply it with large increase. Thou hast given it riches of silver and gold, and made it possessor of a land of abundance, whose stones are iron, and out of whose rock flow rivers of oil. In its plentiful fields the year is crowned with the joy of harvest, within its borders are all pleasant fruits, and its harbors exult in the tribute of the seas. Thou hast given it wise and equal laws, for the homeborn and the stranger, ordinances of justice, a government which has been to it, in successive generations, for a name and a praise. May it equally inherit the blessings of Thy grace and partake of Thy righteousness. In obedience to Thy will, and in reverence for Thy truth, may its liberties abide on the surest foundations. In faith unfeigned, and with joyful homage, may it offer to Thee its sacrifice of praise, and in all coming time find happiness and hope in Thy benediction.

Regard with Thy favor, and crown with Thy blessing, Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all who have part in the enactment of law or its just execution. Speak unto them from the cloudy pillar of the great example which this day recalls. May they so use authority as those who themselves must give account. Give them wisdom to carry into prosperous effect designs conceived in equity and love, that by virtue and knowledge they may obtain a good renown, and that under their governance the people may dwell throughout our coasts in friendship and hope; and when Thou has guided them by Thy counsel on earth, receive them, we pray Thee, to Thy heavenly glory.

O Thou, who hast made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, appointing their times and the bounds of their habitation, and who art ever the author of peace and lover of concord, remember in Thy mercy all kindreds of mankind, with them that have office and rule among them. Thou art lifting the gates and opening the doors between the peoples, that the King of Glory may come in. Before the brightness of Thy benign light cause confusion and darkness to flee away. For oppression give freedom; for anxiety and fear give glad expectation; and in place of enmity, jealousy, and strife, establish the nations in the quietness of confidence and the fellowship of love, till the peace of the world shall flow like a river, and its righteousness as the waves of the sea.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

A poem by John Greenleaf Whittier was then read by Clarence W. Bowen.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S POEM.

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke ;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's !

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law !

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred ;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed ? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last ?

Thank God ! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude !

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release ;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just ;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretence that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love ! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice ;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny ;
Leaving our flag with all its added stars,
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars !

Lo ! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best ! — his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave !

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard !

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought ;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine !

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond ;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours ;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights ; the claim
Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old !

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS.

After the applause that greeted the reading of the poem had ceased, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew stepped forward to deliver the oration he had written for the occasion. Mr. Depew's appearance was the signal for a generous burst of applause, and it was some minutes before he could begin. He spoke in a clear, strong voice, and could be heard by a large throng of people.

ORATION BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL. D.

We celebrate to-day the centenary of our nationality. One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The powers of government were assumed by the people of the republic, and they became the sole source of

authority. The solemn ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President, marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions. The occasion was not an accident, but a result. It was the culmination of the working out by mighty forces through many centuries of the problem of self-government. It was not the triumph of a system, the application of a theory, or the reduction to practice of the abstractions of philosophy. The time, the country, the heredity and environment of the people, the folly of its enemies, and the noble courage of its friends, gave to liberty, after ages of defeat, of trial, of experiment, of partial success and substantial gains, this immortal victory. Henceforth it had a refuge and recruiting station. The oppressed found free homes in this favored land, and invisible armies marched from it by mail and telegraph, by speech and song, by precept and example, to regenerate the world.

The Continental Congress partially grasped, but completely expressed, the central idea of the American republic. More fully than any other body which ever assembled did it represent the victories won from arbitrary power for human rights. These men were not revolutionists, they were the heirs and the guardians of the priceless treasures of mankind. The British King and his ministers were the revolutionists. They were reactionaries, seeking arbitrarily to turn back the hands upon the dial of time. A year of doubt and debate, the baptism of blood upon battle-fields, where soldiers from every colony fought under a common standard, and consolidated the continental army, gradually lifted the soul and understanding of this immortal Congress to the sublime declaration: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

To this declaration John Hancock, proscribed and threatened with death, affixed a signature which has stood for a century like the pointers to the north star in the firmament of freedom, and Charles Carroll, taunted that among many Carrolls he, the richest man in America, might escape, added description and identification with "of Carrollton." Benjamin Harrison, a delegate from Virginia, the ancestor of the distinguished statesman and soldier who to-day so worthily fills the chair of Washington, voiced the unalterable determination and defiance of the Congress. He seized John Hancock, upon whose head a price was set, in his arms, and placing him in the Presidential chair said, "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her by making our President a Massachusetts man, whom she has excluded from pardon by public proclamation"; and when they were signing the Declaration, and the slender Elbridge Gerry uttered the grim pleasantry, "We must hang together, or surely we will hang separately," the portly Harrison responded with the more daring humor, "It will all be over with me in a moment, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone." Thus flashed athwart the great Charter, which was to be for its signers a death-warrant or a diploma of immortality, as with firm hand, high purpose, and undaunted resolution, they subscribed their names, this mockery of fear and the penalties of treason.

The grand central idea of the Declaration of Independence was the sovereignty of the people. It relied for original power, not upon States, or colonies, or their citizens as such, but recognized as the authority for nationality the revolutionary rights of the people of the United States. It stated with marvellous clearness the encroachments upon liberties which threatened their suppression and justified revolt, but it was inspired by the very genius of freedom, and the prophetic possibilities of united Commonwealths covering the continent in one harmonious Republic, when it made the people of the thirteen colonies all Americans, and devolved upon them to administer by themselves, and for themselves, the prerogatives and powers wrested from Crown and Parliament. It condensed Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, the great body of English liberties embodied in the common law and accumulated in the decisions of the courts, the statutes of the realm, and an undisputed though unwritten Constitution; but this original principle and dynamic force of the people's power sprang from these old seeds planted in the virgin soil of the New World.

More clearly than any statesman of the period did Thomas Jefferson grasp and divine the possibilities of popular government. He caught and crystallized the spirit of free institutions. His philosophical mind was singularly free from the power of precedents or the chains of prejudice. He had an unquestioning and abiding faith in the people, which was accepted by but few of his compatriots. Upon his famous axiom, of the equality of all men before the law, he constructed his system. It was the trip-hammer essential for the emergency to break the links binding the colonies to imperial authority, and to pulverize the privileges of caste. It inspired him to write the Declaration of Independence, and persuaded him to doubt the wisdom of the powers concentrated in the Constitution. In his passionate love of liberty, he became intensely jealous of authority. He destroyed the substance of royal prerogative, but never emerged from its shadow. He would have the States as the guardians of popular rights and the barriers against centralization, and he saw in the growing power of the nation ever-increasing encroachments upon the rights of the people. For the success of the pure democracy which must precede Presidents and Cabinets and Congresses, it was perhaps providential that its apostle never believed a great people could grant and still retain, could give and at will reclaim, could delegate and yet firmly hold, the authority which ultimately created the power of their republic and enlarged the scope of their own liberty.

Where this master-mind halted, all stood still. The necessity for a permanent union was apparent, but each State must have hold upon the bowstring which encircled its throat. It was admitted that union gave the machinery required to successfully fight the common enemy, but yet there was fear that it might become a Frankenstein, and destroy its creators. Thus patriotism and fear, difficulties of communication between distant communities, and the intense growth of provincial pride and interests, led Congress to frame the articles of confederation, happily termed the League of Friendship. The result was not a government, but a ghost. By this scheme the American people were ignored, and the Declaration of Independence reversed. The States, by their Legislatures, elected delegates to Congress, and the delegate represented the sovereignty of his Commonwealth.

While the perils of war had given temporary strength to the Confederation,

peace developed its fatal weakness. It derived no authority from the people, and could not appeal to them. Anarchy threatened its existence at home, and contempt met its representatives abroad. But even through this Cimmerian darkness shot a flame which illumined the coming century and kept bright the beacon fires of liberty. The architects of constitutional freedom formed their institutions with wisdom which forecasted the future. They may not have understood at first the whole truth, but, for that which they knew, they had the martyrs' spirit and the crusaders' enthusiasm. Though the Confederation was a government of checks without balances, and of purpose without power, the statesmen who guided it demonstrated often the resistless force of great souls animated by the purest patriotism, and united in judgment and effort to promote the common good, by lofty appeals and high reasoning, to elevate the masses above local greed and apparent self-interest to their own broad plane.

The most significant triumph of these moral and intellectual forces was that which secured the assent of the States to the limitation of their boundaries, to the grant of the wilderness beyond them to the General Government, and to the insertion in the ordinance erecting the northwest territories of the immortal proviso prohibiting "slavery or involuntary servitude" within all that broad domain. The States carved out of this splendid concession were not sovereignties which had successfully rebelled, but they were the children of the Union, born of the covenant, and thrilled with its life and liberty. They became the bulwarks of nationality and the buttresses of freedom. Their preponderating strength first checked and then broke the slave power; their fervid loyalty halted and held at bay the spirit of State rights and secession for generations; and when the crisis came, it was with their overwhelming assistance that the nation killed and buried its enemy. The corner-stone of the edifice whose centenary we are celebrating was the ordinance of 1787. It was constructed by the feeblest of Congresses, but few enactments of ancient or modern times have had more far-reaching or beneficent influence. It is one of the sublimest paradoxes of history that this weak confederation of States should have welded the chain against which, after seventy-four years of fretful efforts for release, its own spirit frantically dashed and died.

The government of the republic by a Congress of States, a diplomatic convention of the ambassadors of petty Commonwealths, after seven years' trial, was falling asunder. Threatened with civil war among its members, insurrection and lawlessness rife within the States, foreign commerce ruined and internal trade paralyzed, its currency worthless, its merchants bankrupt, its farms mortgaged, its markets closed, its labor unemployed, it was like a helpless wreck upon the ocean, tossed about by the tides and ready to be engulfed in the storm. Washington gave the warning, and called for action. It was a voice accustomed to command, but now entreating. The veterans of the war and the statesmen of the Revolution stepped to the front. The patriotism which had been misled, but had never faltered, rose above the interests of States and the jealousies of jarring confederates to find the basis for Union. "It is clear to me as A B C," said Washington, "that an extension of federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe. Without them, we shall soon be everything which is the direct reverse. I predict the worst consequences from a half-starved, limping govern-

ment, always moving upon crutches, and tottering at every step." The response of the country was the convention of 1787, at Philadelphia. The Declaration of Independence was but the vestibule of the temple which the illustrious assembly erected. With no successful precedents to guide, it auspiciously worked out the problem of constitutional government and of imperial power and home rule, supplementing each other in promoting the grandeur of the nation and preserving the liberty of the individual.

The deliberations of great councils have vitally affected, at different periods, the history of the world and the fate of empires; but this Congress builded, upon popular sovereignty, institutions broad enough to embrace the continent, and elastic enough to fit all conditions of race and traditions.

The supreme force and majestic sense of Washington brought the assemblage to the lofty plane of its duty and opportunity. He said, "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God." "I am the State," said Louis the Fourteenth, but his line ended in the grave of absolutism. "Forty centuries look down upon you," was Napoleon's address to his army in the shadow of the Pyramids, but his soldiers saw only the dream of Eastern Empire vanish in blood. Statesmen and parliamentary leaders have sunk into oblivion or led their party to defeat by surrendering their convictions to the passing passions of the hour, but Washington, in this immortal speech, struck the keynote of representative obligation, and propounded the fundamental principle of the purity and perpetuity of constitutional government.

Freed from the limitations of its environment, and the question of the adoption of its work, the convention erected its government upon the eternal foundations of the power of the people. Success was due to confidence in Washington and the genius of Alexander Hamilton. Jefferson was the inspiration of Independence, but Hamilton was the incarnation of the Constitution. In no age nor country has there appeared a more precocious or amazing intelligence than Hamilton. At seventeen he annihilated the president of his college upon the question of the rights of the colonies, in a series of anonymous articles which were credited to the ablest men in the country; at forty-seven, when he died, his briefs had become the law of the land, and his fiscal system was, and after a hundred years remains, the rule and policy of our government. He gave life to the corpse of national credit, and the strength for self-preservation and aggressive power to the Federal Union. Both as an expounder of the principles and an administrator of the affairs of government, he stands supreme and unrivalled in American history. His eloquence was so magnetic, his language so clear, and his reasoning so irresistible, that he swayed with equal ease popular assemblies, grave Senates and learned judges. He captured the people of the whole country for the Constitution by his papers in the *Federalist*, and conquered the hostile majority in the New York convention by the splendor of his oratory.

But the multitudes whom no argument could convince, who saw in the executive power and centralized force of the Constitution, under another name, the dreadful usurpation of King and Ministry, were satisfied only with the assurance, "Washington will be President." "Good," cried John Lamb, the able leader of

the Sons of Liberty, as he dropped his opposition; "for to no other mortal would I trust authority so enormous." "Washington will be President," was the battle-cry of the Constitution. It quieted alarm and gave confidence to the timid and courage to the weak. The country responded with enthusiastic unanimity, but the chief with the greatest reluctance. In the supreme moment of victory, when the world expected him to follow the precedents of the past and perpetuate the power a grateful country would willingly have left in his hands, he had resigned and retired to Mt. Vernon to enjoy in private station his well-earned rest. The convention created by his exertions to prevent, as he said, "the decline of our Federal dignity into insignificant and wretched fragments of empire," had called him to preside over its deliberations. Its work made possible the realization of his hope that "we might survive as an independent republic"; and again he sought the seclusion of his home. But after the triumph of the war, and the formation of the Constitution, came the third and final crisis—the initial movements of government which were to teach the infant State the steadier steps of empire.

He alone could stay assault and inspire confidence, while the great and complicated machinery of organized government was put in order and set in motion.

Doubt existed nowhere except in his modest and unambitious heart. "My movements to the chair of government," he said, "will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution. So unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination which are necessary to manage the helm." His whole life had been spent in repeated sacrifices for his country's welfare, and he did not hesitate now, though there is an undertone of inexpressible sadness in this entry in his diary on the night of his departure: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

No conqueror was ever accorded such a triumph; no ruler ever received such a welcome. In this memorable march of six days to the capital, it was the pride of States to accompany him with the masses of their people to their borders, that the citizens of the next Commonwealth might escort him through its territory. It was the glory of cities to receive him with every civic honor at their gates and entertain him as the savior of their liberties. He rode under triumphal arches, from which children lowered laurel wreaths upon his brow. The roadways were strewn with flowers, and as they were crushed beneath his horse's hoofs, their sweet incense wafted to Heaven the ever-ascending prayers of his loving countrymen for his life and safety. The swelling anthem of gratitude and reverence greeted and followed him along the country side and through the crowded streets: "Long live George Washington! Long live the Father of his People!"

His entry into New York was worthy the city and State. He was met by the chief officers of the retiring Government of the country, by the governor of the Commonwealth, and the whole population. This superb harbor was alive

with fleets and flags, and the ships of other nations, with salutes from their guns, and the cheers of their crews added to the joyous acclaim. But as the captains who had asked the privilege, bending proudly to their oars, rowed the President's barge swiftly through these inspiring scenes, Washington's mind and heart were full of reminiscence and foreboding.

Washington was never dramatic, but on great occasions he not only rose to the full ideal of the event, he became himself the event. One hundred years ago to-day the procession of foreign ambassadors, of statesmen, and generals of civic societies and military companies which escorted him, marched from Franklin Square to Pearl Street, through Pearl to Broad, and up Broad to this spot; but the people only saw Washington. As he stood upon the steps of the old Government Building, here the thought must have occurred to him that it was a cradle of liberty, and as such, giving a bright omen for the future. In these halls in 1735, in the trial of John Zenger, had been established for the first time in its history the liberty of the press. Here the New York Assembly, in 1764, made the protest against the Stamp Act, and proposed the General Conference, which was the beginning of united colonial action. In this old State House, in 1765, the Stamp Act Congress, the first and the father of American Congresses, assembled and presented to the English Government that vigorous protest which caused the repeal of the act, and checked the first step toward the usurpation which lost the American Colonies to the British Empire. Within these walls the Congress of the Confederation had commissioned its ambassadors abroad, and in ineffectual efforts at government had created the necessity for the concentration of Federal authority, now to be consummated.

The first Congress of the United States gathered in this ancient temple of liberty, greeted Washington, and accompanied him to the balcony. The famous men visible about him were, Chancellor Livingston, Vice-President John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Gov. Clinton, Roger Sherman, Richard Henry Lee, Gen. Knox, and Baron Steuben. But we believe that among the invisible host above him, at this supreme moment of the culmination in permanent triumph of the thousands of years of struggle for self-government, were the spirits of the soldiers of the Revolution who had died that their countrymen might enjoy this blessed day, and with them were the Barons of Runnymede and William the Silent, and Sidney and Russell, and Cromwell and Hampden, and the heroes and martyrs of liberty of every race and age.

As he came forward, the multitude in the streets, in the windows, and on the roofs, sent up such a rapturous shout that Washington sat down, overcome with emotion. As he slowly rose, and his tall and majestic form again appeared, the people, deeply affected, in awed silence viewed the scene. The Chancellor solemnly read to him the oath of office, and Washington, repeating said, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Then he reverently bent low, and kissed the Bible, uttering with profound emotion, "So help me, God." The Chancellor waved his robes and shouted, "It is done; long live George Washington, President of the United States!" "Long live George Washington, our first President!" was the answering cheer of the people, and from the belfries rang the bells, and from forts and ships thundered the cannon,

echoing and repeating the cry with responding acclaim all over the land, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams, Madison and Jay, each represented some of the elements which formed the Union. Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under the popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned; but he, with unerring judgment, was always the leader of the people.

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first and second century of Constitutional Government. There are no clouds overhead and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to Almighty God for the past, and with confident and hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions. The infant industries, which the first act of our first administration sought to encourage, now give remunerative employment to more people than inhabited the republic at the beginning of Washington's presidency. During this generation a civil war of unequalled magnitude caused the expenditure and loss of eight thousand millions of dollars, and killed six hundred thousand, and permanently disabled over a million young men; and yet the impetuous progress of the North and the marvellous industrial development of the new and free South have obliterated the evidences of destruction, and made the war a memory, and have stimulated production until our annual surplus nearly equals that of England, France, and Germany combined.

This realism of material prosperity, surpassing the wildest creations of the romancers who have astonished and delighted mankind, would be full of danger for the present and menace for the future, if the virtue, intelligence, and independence of the people were not equal to the wise regulation of its uses and the stern prevention of its abuses. But following the growth and power of the great factors, whose aggregation of capital made possible the tremendous pace of the settlement of our national domain, the building of our great cities, and the opening of the lines of communication which have unified our country and created our resources, have come national and State legislation and supervision. Twenty millions, a vast majority of our people, of intelligent age, acknowledging the authority of their several churches, twelve millions of children in the common schools, three hundred and forty-five universities and colleges for higher education of men, and two hundred for women, four hundred and fifty institutions of learning for science, law, medicine, and theology, are the despair of the scoffer and the demagogue, and the firm support of civilization and liberty.

Steam and electricity have changed the commerce not only, they have revolutionized also the governments of the world. They have given to the press its power, and brought all races and nationalities into touch and sympathy. They have tested and are trying the strength of all systems to stand the strain and conform to the conditions which follow the germinating influences of American democracy.

The flower of the youth of the nations of Continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries, and drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle

array along the frontiers, and a Kaiser's whim, or a minister's mistake, may precipitate the most destructive war of modern times. Both monarchical and republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of democratic aspiration and socialistic revolt are rapidly increasing, and threaten peace and security. We turn from these gathering storms to the British Isles, and find their people in the throes of a political crisis, involving the form and substance of their government, and their statesmen far from confident that the enfranchised and unprepared masses will wisely use their power.

But for us no army exhausts our resources or consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people. The questions which affect the powers of government and the expansion and limitation of the authority of the Federal constitution are so completely settled, and so unanimously approved, that our political divisions produce only the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty. Our institutions furnish the full equipment of shield and spear for the battles of freedom, and absolute protection against every danger which threatens the welfare of the people will always be found in the intelligence which appreciates their value, and the courage and morality with which their powers are exercised. The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to union and liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present, the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years, marvellously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution, and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

The President next made a short address. His reception by the spectators was most enthusiastic. The crowd cheered wildly for some time. When silence was finally gained, the President said:—

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens,—My task to-day is of a very exacting character, and makes it quite impossible that I should deliver an address upon this occasion. Foreseeing this, I early notified your committee that the programme must contain no address by me. The selection of Mr. Depew as the orator of this occasion made further speech not only difficult, but superfluous. [*Applause.*] He has met the demand of this great occasion on its own high level. He has brought before us the incidents and lessons of the first inauguration of Washington. We seem to have been a part of that admiring and almost worshipping throng that filled these streets one hundred years ago. We have come into the serious, but always

inspiring, presence of Washington. [Applause.] He was the incarnation of duty, and he teaches us to-day the great lessons that those who would associate their names with events that shall outlive a century can only do so by high consecration to duty. [Applause.] Self-seeking has no public observance or anniversary. Washington seemed to come to the discharge of the duties of his high place impressed with a sense of his unfamiliarity with these new calls upon him, modestly doubtful of his own ability, and trusting implicitly in the sustaining helpfulness and grace of that God who rules the world, presides in the councils of nations, and is able to supply every human demand. We have made a marvellous progress in material things, but the stately and enduring shaft at the national capitol at Washington symbolizes that he is yet the first American citizen. [Applause.]

The President occupied but five minutes in the delivery of his speech.

When the President had ceased speaking, a benediction was pronounced by the Most Rev. Michael Corrigan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York.

EN ROUTE TO THE REVIEWING STAND.

At the conclusion of the literary exercises, the President, members of the Cabinet, the Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the United States, and others of the Presidential party who came from St. Paul's Chapel, entered their carriages and were driven up Broadway to the reviewing stand in Madison Square in the following order:—

First carriage.—The President of the United States, the President of the Centennial Celebration, and a member of the Army Committee.

Second carriage.—The Vice-President, the Mayor of the city of New York, and a member of the Army Committee.

Third carriage.—The Secretary of the Treasury and the Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Fourth carriage.—Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy.

Fifth carriage.—The Secretary of the Interior and the Postmaster-General.

Sixth carriage.—Attorney-General and the Secretary of Agriculture.

Seventh and Eighth.—The Chief-Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

Ninth carriage.—The Admiral of the Navy and General of the Army (retired), and Senator Evarts.

Tenth carriage.—Ex-Presidents Cleveland, Hayes, and Senator Hiscock.

Eleventh carriage.—The Committee on Plan and Scope, Messrs. Varnum, Bliss, Talmadge, and Babcock.

THE ROUTE.

As soon as the literary exercises began on the Sub-Treasury, the word to start was given, and the great parade, the principal feature of the second day's celebration of the Washington Centennial, began.

The route was from Wall Street, up Broadway to Waverly Place, through Waverly Place to Fifth Avenue, up Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street to the east side of Union Square, around Union Square, west side, to Fifteenth Street, Fifteenth Street to Fifth Avenue, Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Previous to the start, the Grand Army of the Republic had been formed by their Grand Marshal, Col. William P. Walton, on streets west of Fifth Avenue, and moved through East Fifteenth Street, Broadway, East Seventeenth Street, Fourth Avenue, East Fourteenth Street, Fifth Avenue, Waverly Place, and Broadway, to Duane Street. On reaching that point the line was formed through the entire route enumerated in double rank, against the west curb of Broadway, the south curb of Waverly Place, the west curb of Fifth Avenue, the north curb of Fourteenth Street, the west curb of Fourth Avenue, the south curb of Seventeenth Street, the east curb of Broadway, and the south curb of Fifteenth Street, the right resting on Fifth Avenue, thus forming a solid line of men on one side of the route as far as Seventeenth Street.

THE ORDER OF THE PARADE.

The column moved from the head of Wall Street in the following order:—

Platoon of police in advance; Chief Marshal, Gen. John M. Schofield, U. S. A. and over a hundred aides-de-camp, among whom were Gen. Vincent, Capt. Zalinski, U. S. A.; Commander J. Duncan Graham, U. S. N.; Gen. Daniel Butterfield, Gen. Horatio King, Col. Johnson L. De Peyster, Col. Finley Anderson and Col. Wm. C. Church.

West Point Cadets, numbering 450.

The U. S. regular troops, consisting of the garrison from Governor's Island, Fort Hamilton, and Fort Schuyler; two troops of the Sixth Cavalry, from Fort Meyer; five batteries of the Third Artillery, from Washington Barracks; three batteries of Third Artillery, from Fort McHenry, Baltimore; five batteries of the Fourth Artillery, from Fort Adams, R. I.; two batteries of the Fourth Artillery, from Fort Warren, Mass.; two batteries of the Fourth Artillery, from Fort Turnbull, Conn. Following the regular troops came 1,000 men from the Navy, consisting of marines from the men-of-war in port.

National Guard, Delaware, Gov. Benjamin T. Biggs commanding, and staff, 750 men.

Pennsylvania, Gov. James A. Beaver commanding, and staff, 8,000 men.

New Jersey, Gov. Robt. S. Green commanding, and staff, 3,700 men.

Georgia, Gov. John B. Gordon commanding, and staff, the Governor's personal guard only, 35 men.

Connecticut, Gov. Morgan G. Bulkeley commanding, and staff, 600 men.

Massachusetts, Gov. Oliver Ames commanding, staff and honorary staff, 1,500 men.

Maryland, Gov. Jackson commanding, and staff, 500 men.

South Carolina, Gov. J. P. Richardson commanding, and staff, 350 men.

New Hampshire, Gov. Charles Sawyer commanding, and staff, 1,000 men.

New York, Gov. David B. Hill commanding, and staff, the entire National Guard of the State, numbering about 12,000 men, as follows: Third Separate Company, Capt. Walter Scott; Fourth Separate Company, Capt. James Chase; Fifth Separate Company, Capt. John I. Pruyn; Sixth Separate Company, Troy, Capt. James W. Cusack; Seventh Separate Company, Cohoes, Capt. Parker Tymerson; Ninth Separate Company, Whitehall, Capt. Thomas Peterson; Tenth Separate Company, Capt. Joseph Dickey; Eleventh Separate Company, Capt. Isaac Pressy; Twelfth Separate Company, Troy, Capt. Joseph Egolf; Thirteenth Separate Company, Jamestown, Capt. Henry Smith; Fourteenth Separate Company, Capt. John G. Vanetten; Fifteenth Separate Company, Capt. Myers; Sixteenth Separate Company, Capt. Arthur Murphy; Eighteenth Separate Company, Glen Falls, Capt. James Garrett; Nineteenth Separate Company, Capt. Wm. N. Hauben-nestel; Twenty-third Separate Company, Capt. Chas. F. Beale; Twenty-fourth Separate Company, Capt. Chas. B. Wood; Twentieth Separate Company, Capt. Hiram C. Rogers, of Binghamton; Twenty-eighth Separate Company, Utica, Capt. Joseph Remmer; Thirty-first Separate Company, Mohawk, Capt. Andrew J. Budlong; Thirty-third Separate Company, Capt. Matthew Marvin; Thirty-fifth Separate Company, Ogdensburg, Capt. Henry Holland; Thirty-sixth Separate Company, Schenectady, Capt. Austin Yates; Thirty-ninth Separate Company, Watertown, Capt. W. Zimmermann; Forty-fourth Separate Company, Utica, Capt. Louis Goodrich; Forty-sixth Separate Company, Amsterdam, Capt. Darwin E. Vunk; Twenty-first Separate Company, Troy, Capt. James H. Lloyd; Twenty-second Separate Company, Saratoga Springs, Capt. Robert C. McEwen; Twenty-seventh Separate Company, Malone, Capt. George W. Crook; Thirty-second Separate Company, Hoosick Falls, Capt. Charles W. Eddy; Forty-third Separate Company, Olean, Capt. Culver G. Thyng; First Separate Company, Penn Yan, Capt. Abraham Gridley; Thirty-fourth Separate Company, Geneva, Capt. Wilson; Forty-second Separate Company, Niagara Falls, Capt. Gaskill; Second Separate Company, Auburn, Capt. Kirby; Eighth Separate Company, Rochester, Capt. H. B. Henderson; Twenty-sixth Separate Company, Elmira, Capt. Robert P. Bush; Twenty-ninth Separate Company, Oswego, Capt. Harris; Thirtieth Separate Company, Elmira, Capt. Morse; Thirty-eighth Separate Company, Oswego, Capt. Frank J. Stearn; Fortieth Separate Company, Syracuse, Lieut. James Myall; Forty-first Separate Company, Syracuse, Capt. J. G. Butler; Forty-fifth Separate Company, Cortlandt, Capt. Miller; Fifth Battery, Syracuse, Capt. Michael Avery; Sixth Battery, Binghamton, Capt. Olmstead; Tenth Battalion, Albany, Lieut. Wm. E. Fitch.

First Brigade, New York; Second Brigade, Brooklyn, as follows: Second Brigade of State Militia, Gen. James B. McLeer commanding, assisted by staff officers — Col. John B. Frothingham, Major G. A. John, Major Frank Lyman, Major F. J. Jenks, Major George R. Fowler, Major George Kinkle, Jr., Major Wm. Carey, Major Fritz Dross, Major George L. Fox, Capt. Fred T. Leigh, Capt. F. D. Beard, and Capt. Edward A. Annan, Jr., — leading the Brooklyn regiments in the following order, the regiments ranking according to the seniority of the colonels: Thirteenth Regiment, Col. David E. Austin; Thirty-third Regiment, Col. Louis Finkelmeyer; Forty-seventh Regiment, Col. Edward F. Gaylord, with Seventeenth Company of Flushing attached; Fourteenth Regiment, Col. Harry Michel; Twenty-third Regiment, Col. John T. Partridge.

The separate companies from New York organized as provisional regiments; the first under the command of Lieut.-Col. W. E. Harding, the second commanded by Col. A. S. Bacon, the third by Lieut.-Col. Dennison, and the fourth by Col. Wm. S. Welsh.

Virginia, Gov. Fitzhugh Lee commanding, and staff — separate companies only — 500 men.

North Carolina, Gov. Daniel G. Fowl commanding, and staff, 150 men.

Rhode Island, Gov. Royal C. Taft commanding, and staff, 450 men.

Vermont, Gov. Wm. P. Dillingham commanding, and staff, 750 men.

Kentucky, Gov. Buckner commanding, and staff, 450 men.

Ohio, Gov. Foraker commanding, and staff, 3,500 men.

Louisiana, Gov. Nichols commanding, and staff, Continental Guards, 400 men.

Mississippi, Gov. Robert Lowrey commanding, and staff, 600 men.

Michigan, Gov. C. G. Luce commanding, and staff, 400 men.

Florida, Gov. F. P. Fleming commanding, and staff, 200 men.

West Virginia, Gov. Wilson commanding, and staff, 500 men.

District of Columbia, Col. E. C. Blount, President of the Commission, Washington Light Infantry, and Eighth Separate Company, total 800 men.

Grand Army of the Republic, Commander-in-Chief Wm. Warner and staff, Deputy Commander-in-Chief Harrison Clarke in a carriage; delegates escort of two from each Post in the State, 1,200 men; Col. W. P. Walton, Grand Marshal, with staff of fifty; Adj.-Gen. Capt. Elm T. Goodridge; Asst. Adj.-Gen. John C. Symes; Loyal Legion, Lieut. Loyal Farragut in command; 45 Posts from New York City, 6,000 men; Brooklyn Posts, Marshal Henry W. Knight, 4,000 men; and 15 Posts, besides New York and Brooklyn, 1,000 men.

There were between 50,000 and 60,000 men in line.

The following governors who were not at the head of the troops from their respective States or Territories also were in line. They rode in carriages: Alabama, Thomas Seay; Arkansas, James P. Eagle; Colorado, Job A. Cooper; Illinois, Joseph F. Fifer; Indiana, Alvin T. Hovey; Iowa, Wm. Larrabee; Maine, Edwin C. Burleigh; Minnesota, Wm. R. Merriam; Missouri, David A. Francis; Nebraska, John M. Thayer; Oregon, Sylvester Pennoyer; Wisconsin, Wm. Heard. And from the Territories: Alaska, Commissioner J. Newell; Idaho,

Commissioner Fred T. Dubois; New Mexico, Gov. Bradford Prince; Washington, Gov. Miles C. Moore; Indian Territory, Gen. Pleasant Porter.

The most impressive feature of the whole day occurred when the literary exercises at the Sub-Treasury were over. The Presidential party, in eleven carriages in the order before designated, drove over the route of the procession up to the reviewing stand in Madison Square, between two lines of troops drawn up at either curb of the street. The President's carriage was drawn by four horses in silver-mounted harness. It had two footmen. The other carriages were drawn by two horses. During the literary exercises, the van of the parade, which had started when the exercises began, had marched a long distance up town, but had not reached Madison Square. When Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the benediction at the Sub-Treasury, word was given to some of the Marshal's aides, who were in waiting, and they passed along the line, giving the order for each officer to halt his company. In this manner the whole procession was halted from Wall Street to the head of the line up town. Then, at the order of the officers, the troops below Duane Street divided, part forming a continuous line on the western curb of Broadway, and part forming a line on the eastern curb. Above Duane Street the men of the Grand Army of the Republic were drawn up in line on the western curb, and the regulars and militia made a line opposite the veterans. This order prevailed from Wall Street throughout the line of march as far as Seventeenth Street, where the head of the procession was resting. Then, between these living walls, the President and his party were driven up Broadway to Waverly Place, through Waverly Place to Fifth Avenue, up Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, through East Fourteenth Street to the east side of Union Square, along the square to Fifteenth Street, through Fifteenth Street to Fifth Avenue, and up Fifth Avenue to Madison Square. As the President's carriage passed along through the lines, the soldiers saluted, and the crowds on the sidewalks, in the windows, and on the housetops, cheered themselves hoarse. After the party had passed, each regiment and division fell in line again and resumed their former ranks, and waited for the word to proceed, which was not given until the President had reached the reviewing stand.

AT THE REVIEWING STAND.

Arrived at the reviewing stand in Madison Square, the President was received by the Army Committee, and escorted to his seat on the grand stand. The special box for the Presidential party on the east stand at Madison Square was beautifully decorated with greens and bunting. Streamers floated from flagstaves over the box, and soft,

cushioned chairs were placed in the box for the use of the party. At 10.30 o'clock every available seat in the stands was taken, and it was a matter of sheer impossibility to make one's way through the crowds. The arrival of the President and party was the signal for loud and prolonged cheers, and as the President took his seat in the box a dozen cameras were levelled at him. In the Presidential box were President Harrison, Vice-President Morton, Chief-Justice Fuller, Mayor Hugh J. Grant, Gen. W. T. Sherman, Admiral Porter, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Elbridge T. Gerry, ex-Presidents Cleveland and Hayes, and the Army Committee. The ladies of the party were Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. McKee.

The order was given to resume the march, and soon the column came in sight. The troops marched well, and presented a fine appearance as they passed the stand. This was undoubtedly the best point from which to observe the marching column, though the sight presented by the troops rounding the turn into Union Square was magnificent, and by far the prettiest scene on the route. The President did not attempt to stand during the whole of the time the regiments passed in review, but at times he stood in the front of the stand, supported on either side by Gov. Hill and Mayor Grant, and by members of the Army Committee.

Bands of music were distributed profusely throughout the parade, and each band played its most stirring and brilliant music as it passed the stand of the Chief Magistrate. After passing in review, the lines closed up a little, so that no break or halt would occur at the reviewing stand. The troops marched up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-eighth Street, where they were dismissed. The parade was not over until very late in the afternoon, and the upper portions of the city, off on the side streets, were made lively until a late hour by the disbanding regiments returning to their armories or rendezvous.

One of the chief attractions of the parade was the Seventh New York Regiment. The ladies everywhere along the route gave the Seventh a rousing welcome, which must have cheered the boys on their march and inspired them with fresh courage as they passed each group of admirers. The Twenty-second Regiment also received a large amount of attention, especially from the ladies. Outside of these favorites, perhaps the sailors, in their blue suits; with white leggins, captured the greatest applause. Some of these tars are just home from a long cruise, and this fact was undoubtedly remembered as they trudged along, eliciting a storm of applause. After the last detachment had passed the reviewing stand, the President was taken in charge by the Committee on Arrangements, and escorted back to 85 Fifth Avenue, the residence of Vice-President Morton, and the greatest parade in the point of significance that New York had ever seen was over.

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE PARADE.

Although Massachusetts played no insignificant part in the ceremonies of the day, that part can be easily described when a strict critical military analysis is not wanted. In brief, Gov. Ames and a few members of the civic delegation attended in the early morning the divine service at St. Paul's and the literary exercises at the Treasury Building, and Gov. Ames, as Commander-in-Chief, was in the military procession at the head of the detachment of State troops by which he was accompanied, consisting of the Fifth Infantry, First and Second Cadets, and the Second Brigade Signal Corps, the Ancients joining in with the Massachusetts troops. The greater number of the civilians beheld the pageant from section F, in the grand stand erected at Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, very near to the position assigned to the President. The troops were ordered to be at their rendezvous, on Whitehall Street, at 9.30 A. M., and were there promptly; the First and Second Cadets coming down by the Third Avenue "L" Road, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and the Fifth Infantry marching into position. The column was advertised to move at 10 A. M., but was delayed by the literary exercises, so that Gen. Schofield did not set his long line in motion until 11.10 A. M., and as it was more than an hour and a half before the Massachusetts troops fell in, they had over three hours of waiting. They bore the delay cheerfully, however, and when the command was given, moved with alacrity. Gov. Ames and his handsome staff and honorary staff, and the brilliant First and Second Cadets were cheered to the echo; and the Ancient and Honorables, with their thin composite ranks, were much praised. The Second Brigade Signal Corps and the Fifth Infantry were noticed also for the smart appearance of the men.

Gov. Ames and the troops were accorded a magnificent reception everywhere along the line, and the Old Bay State amply sustained her part.

The Ancients after dismissal from the line at 59th Street proceeded immediately to the Fall River boat on their return to Boston.

The command, after the duty of the day, greatly enjoyed the rest of the trip on the boat, and after breakfasting on board on arrival at Fall River, took the second morning train for Boston, where they arrived at about 9.30 A. M.

After a short march, the Armory was reached, and the company dismissed, with the congratulation of the officers on the fine appearance and conduct of the command, and the congratulation of all the participants at the pleasure they had enjoyed in being able to participate in this national celebration.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY,
SECOND BRIGADE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

BOSTON, April 5, 1889.

MAJOR-GEN. SAMUEL DALTON, *Adjutant General*:

Sir, — I have the honor to ask that the Fifth Regiment of Infantry be relieved from duty in New York, on the afternoon of April 29, current, to enable it to escort the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company upon its arrival to its quarters. The escort will probably consume about three hours.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. A. BANCROFT, *Colonel*.COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

BOSTON, April 10, 1889.

COL. WILLIAM A. BANCROFT, *Commanding*
Fifth Infantry, M. V. M., Boston, Mass.:

Colonel, — I have the honor to inform you, in response to your written request of the 5th inst., that permission is granted you to parade your command in the city of New York, April 29, as escort to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts on its arrival in that city, and you are relieved from State duty during the time so occupied.

Respectfully,

SAMUEL DALTON,
Adjutant-General.HEADQUARTERS FIFTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY,
SECOND BRIGADE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

BOSTON, April 10, 1889.

CAPT. HENRY E. SMITH, *Captain*
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company:

Captain, — I have the honor and the pleasure to tender the Fifth Regiment of Infantry to escort to its quarters the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, upon its arrival in New York, on April 29, current, to take part in the centennial observance of the inauguration of Washington as President of the United States.

Although to be under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief in New York, the regiment has at my request been relieved from duty at that time.

Should the escort be accepted, I should be pleased to confer with you at your convenience to arrange details.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM A. BANCROFT, *Colonel*.ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, April 12, 1889.

COL. WM. A. BANCROFT, *Commanding*
Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.:

Colonel, — Your most courteous letter of the 9th inst., tendering to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company the services of the Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, as an escort on its arrival in the city of New York on

the 29th inst., has been duly received, and I have to say that I appreciate personally, as will every member of our company, the very great honor which the Fifth Regiment has tendered to the corps which it is my privilege to command. For them, I accept the tender of escort.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
HENRY E. SMITH, *Captain.*

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, April 16, 1889.

COL. WM. A. BANCROFT, *Commanding*
Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.:

My Dear Sir, — Your very polite communication of the 9th inst., tendering your regiment as an escort to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on its arrival in New York on the 29th inst., to participate in the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, was placed before the company at its meeting last evening.

It was unanimously voted that the action of the commander accepting the same be approved, and the clerk directed to express to you the thanks of the company for the honor conferred.

Yours very truly,
GEO. H. ALLEN, *Clerk*
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

PARADING ON APRIL 29, 1889, ON OCCASION OF VISIT TO NEW YORK AT
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF INAUGURATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, PREPARED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Capt. HENRY E. SMITH, *Commanding.*

Major JOHN McDONOUGH	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>
Lieut. CHARLES F. MUNROE	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>
Lieut. J. PAYSON BRADLEY	<i>Adjutant.</i>

STAFF.

Col. HENRY WALKER, *Chief of Staff.*
Major A. E. McDONALD, *Surgeon.*
Dr. JOHN E. KINNEY, *Assistant Surgeon.*
Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY, *Quartermaster.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Commissary.*
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Past Commanders.

Major-Gen. NATHANIEL PRENTISS BANKS.	Col. EDWARD WYMAN.
Capt. A. A. FOLSOM.	Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY.
Capt. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE.	

OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Capt. SAMUEL HICHBORN.	Lieut. GEORGE E. HALL.
WILLIAM A. RUSSELL.	

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. EDWARD SULLIVAN, *Sergeant-Major.*

VETERAN COMPANY.

Brig.-Gen. SAMUEL H. LEONARD, *Sergeant*.

Sullivan B. Newton.	John Thomas.
Dexter Pratt.	Fred Revere.
Charles W. Ripley.	E. T. Chapman.
Charles Jarvis.	A. N. Proctor.
Wilder Bennett.	John C. Dalton.
Franklin A. Shaw.	John H. Ammon.

INFANTRY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT, *Sergeant, First Platoon*.

Sergt. George B. Spaulding, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Col. L. M. Duchesney, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Wm. Hatch Jones.	Fred. W. Goodwin.
J. B. Smith.	E. B. Blasland.
Wm. H. Gwynne.	Fred. McDonald.
John M. Call.	George D. Russell.
Lowell M. Maxham.	Aaron A. Hall.

Sergt. E. G. SCRIPTURE, *Sergeant, Second Platoon*.

Thomas J. Olys.	Henry M. McDewell.
J. Max Raymond.	Geo. H. Priest.
Daniel P. Bosworth.	William B. Hathaway.
William L. Stedman.	Charles C. Dunbar.

SECOND COMPANY.

Capt. GEO. O. NOYES, *Sergeant, Left Platoon*.

John M. Cushing, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Edward A. Hammond, <i>Left Guide</i> .
J. B. Parsons.	Henry N. Cass.
L. B. Lyman.	William M. Maynard.
William H. Miller.	Thomas H. Harding.
Charles W. Parker.	David W. Lewis.
Edward E. Allen.	W. C. Colby.

Capt. J. E. PROCTOR, *Sergeant, Second Platoon*.

J. L. McIntosh.	Robert Buren.
Wm. A. Hardy.	J. O. Rickard.
J. O. Littlefield.	F. W. Aldrich.
J. Chancellor Crafts.	E. H. Grover.
	Joseph H. Brown.

THIRD COMPANY.

Lieut. EDWARD E. WELLS, *Sergeant, First Platoon*.

Capt. John C. Potter, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Lieut. Isaac D. Dana, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Westley Jones.	David O. Clark.
William J. Smith.	George W. Wilkinson.
Edgar L. Hull.	George Bliss.
Arthur Fuller.	J. L. R. Eaton.
F. M. Trifet.	Frank P. Stone.

Major JAMES P. FROST, *Sergeant, Second Platoon*.

Charles M. Raymond.	William G. Whitney.
J. Fred Sampson.	J. G. Stewart, Jr.
William M. Colby.	Howard J. Byrne.
George T. Sears.	Frank H. Mudge.
	Harry P. Stearns.

FOURTH COMPANY.

Capt. HARRISON G. WELLS, *Sergeant*.

Capt. Frank W. Dallinger, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Lieut. J. A. Hunneman, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Henry G. Jordan.	A. F. Cook.
W. W. Sias.	F. B. Wentworth.
W. L. Willey.	Jos. H. Baguley.
J. W. Hayden.	

Color Bearers.

W. F. Bacon.

W. S. Sampson.

ARTILLERY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

Sergt. EMERY GROVER, *Sergeant, First Platoon*.

Lieut. Jacob Fottler, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Sergt. F. Mills, <i>Left Guide</i> .
Charles H. Clark.	Albert Webster.
E. E. Burdon.	S. B. Clapp.
H. Q. Stimpson.	William Tyner.
Geo. G. Stratton.	Abijah Thompson.

Sergt. CHAS. H. GLOVER, *Sergeant, Second Platoon*.

Sergt. Winslow B. Lucas, <i>Right Guide</i> .	Joseph A. Plumer, <i>Left Guide</i> .
F. W. A. Bergengren.	Chas. M. Hinckley.
Anthony Cunio.	J. Henry Bowen.
Thomas Emerson.	Manfried L. Goss.
	Thomas Savage.

SECOND COMPANY.

Sergt. OLIVER G. PEARSON, *Sergeant, First Platoon.*Geo. E. Hilton, *Right Guide.*

Chas. M. Pear.

Edward F. Smith.

Edward P. Cramm.

A. G. Van Nostrand, *Left Guide.*

Frank B. Riedell.

W. L. Dolbeare.

J. Stearns Cushing.

Sergt. GEO. W. MILLS, *Sergeant, Second Platoon.*

Horace P. Williams.

Moses J. Grodjinski.

A. B. Babcock.

Wolf Jackson.

Henry A. Marks.

Ashael Wheeler.

F. F. Favor.

David A. Snell.

CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND
FIFTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY,

JUNE 3, 1889.

The members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company anxiously pushed aside their window curtains early on the morning of June 3, and took a look at the weather. They were rewarded by seeing a decided improvement over the previous day. Sunday had been stormy. Monday came in with an overcast sky and prospects of showers, but the air was cool, the streets were dry, and overcoats were not needed. The Ancients donned their coats of many colors and the other parts of their full-dress uniforms, ate a hurried breakfast, and started for their armory at Faneuil Hall. The formal proceedings of the day had begun two or three hours earlier, however. Just as in so many years before, officers and past commanders had been awakened at daybreak by the reveille, sounded by a detachment of the First Regiment Drum, Fife, and Bugle Corps. The armory had been opened almost as early, and the final preparations for parade and banquet were being made. By seven o'clock, members of the company began to put in an appearance. An hour later the armory was crowded. Uniformed men were drawing arms from Quartermaster May, getting tickets from Clerk George H. Allen, seeing that belts were in place and taking their position in line. For the last-named purpose some of them had to go to the hall of the Produce Exchange, where Second Lieut. Munroe formed the artillery wing, while Adj. Bradley formed the infantry men in the armory itself. Meanwhile, the staff formed in the library under the direction of Major George S. Merrill, and the Salem Cadet Band and First Regiment Drum, Fife, and Bugle Corps reported.

At nine o'clock, the Ancients filed into South Market Street. Col. Henry E. Smith, of Worcester, the Commander, who was flanked by Lieuts. W. P. and W. H. Jones, assumed the command; the corps wheeled into company front; the Salem Cadet Band struck up "Relief No. 4," and the march of the morning began. The first part of the route was through State, Washington, School, and Beacon streets. All the way the command was greeted by enthusiastic friends, whose numbers grew when the State House was reached, and who then were admirably handled by the police authorities. It halted with its color company resting opposite the State House grounds, and after the usual ceremonies again moved off. This time, however, two

carriages were in the line. One of them contained Gov. Ames, who, although sick, had decided to represent the State on the march to the church where the two hundred and fifty-first anniversary services were to be held, but who felt compelled to ride instead of walking. Accompanying him in that or in the other carriage were Adj.-Gen. Dalton and Cols. Newman and Hoar of his staff, Capt. E. B. Wadsworth of the National Lancers, Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter, Major Michaelis of the Kennebec Arsenal, and Mr. Geo. H. Innis, Senior Vice Commander G. A. R. This party was in charge of Major George O. Carpenter, who had been detailed as special escort to the governor, Major Charles W. Stevens, and Major Charles G. Davis. The command countermarched through Beacon Street and then marched through Tremont and Boylston streets, amidst various marks of approbation, to the New Old South Church, which was reached amply on time. Gov. Ames was driven thence to his house, while the other members of the party entered the church and took part in the services that followed.

THE CHURCH SERVICES.

The centre of the church had been reserved for the command, while the other parts of the building were filled with an interested audience, which had been seated under the directions of Lieut. T. L. Churchill, Lieut. D. Foster Farrar, Lieut. George Going, Lieut. Eugene H. Richards, Dr. Edward Goggins, and Sergt. D. F. Hall. Flowers at the pulpit were the only decorations, but more were not needed in the presence of the glittering uniforms and the tasteful toilets which were so prominent when military and civilians had taken their seats. The Ancients stood helmets in hand while, with customary formalities, the colors were borne down the aisle to a temporary resting-place in front of the pulpit. Then, the order being given, they took their seats and the service began. It was conducted by Rev. D. O. Mears, D. D., of the Piedmont Congregational Church, Worcester, who was assisted by Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter. Mr. Samuel Carr, Jr., presided at the organ, while the singing was led by the following select choir of thirteen voices, under the direction of Mr. Joseph L. White, a member of the company: Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano; Messrs. F. W. Knowles, George J. Parker, D. F. Fitz, C. J. Buffum, George Want, J. H. Norris, tenors; Messrs. J. L. White, A. B. Hitchcock, F. C. Fairbanks, J. K. Berry, D. M. Babcock, A. C. Ryder, basses. The following is the

1889.

1638.

ORDER OF EXERCISES ON THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

AT
NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH,
MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1889, AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

ORGAN INTRODUCTORY, Mr. SAMUEL CARR, Jr.

CHORUS. "Unfold, ye Portals" GOUNOD.

INVOCATION.

By REV. DR. MEARS.

O Thou who art the God of the children as Thou wast the God of the fathers, wilt Thou look upon us in this our service, and grant that our thoughts may be those that Thou hast thought, that our prayers may be those Thou couldst approve, that our songs of thanksgiving may come from hearts loving Thee and loving the land Thou hast given us. And Thy name shall have all the praise. Amen.

SOLO AND CHORUS. "Mighty Jehovah" VERDI.
Solo by J. L. WHITE.

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

Selection — Part of Deut. xxxii. Reader, REV. H. B. CARPENTER.

ODE.

Written for this occasion by SURGEON A. E. McDONALD, M. D.
Arranged by F. W. KNOWLES.

When, in the hollow of His hand,
Our fathers' God brought o'er the sea,
To plant within a virgin land,
The fruitful seed of liberty,
He organized a faithful band
To guard for aye that sacred tree.

Beneath its branches, young and strong,
Our fathers rose, in righteous wrath,
To burst oppression's galling thong
And tyrants hurl from Freedom's path,
Till Right succeeded cruel Wrong,
And reaped in joy the aftermath.

Our glorious flag was then unfurled;
To slavish hearts it brought dismay;
The shot that echoed round the world
Proclaimed the dawn of Freedom's day,
And Despotism, backward hurled,
Now trails his banner in the clay.

Two centuries and more have flown,
And still the tree shoots up apace;
Nourished with blood, its limbs have grown,
O'ershadowed by God's watchful grace;
Nor shall its crest to earth be thrown
Till comes the downfall of our race.

Still doth that band its vigils keep;
Still holds the trust upon it laid;
The tree, now spread from deep to deep,
They guard, protected by its shade;
Nor shall the watchman ever sleep,
Nor can their ancient glory fade.

PRAYER.

By REV. DR. MEARS.

O God, Thou art our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. We bless Thee that the heritage of our fathers is our heritage. We bless Thee that in Thy gift to them of the land Thou dost love, they accepted the gift with the spirit of the giver. We beseech Thee, Father, that we may be worthy of those who accepted the trust which came from Thee, that in all our lives, in all our deeds, we may glorify and exalt Thy holy name. We bless Thee, our Father, for a land whose coasts are the harbors of freedom to those who come for freedom. We bless Thee that no hand of tyrant touches our mountain-tops or allows tyranny in the valleys. We bless Thee that Thou in Thy great love hast given us the land which has been made sacred by the blood of those who trusted Thee. We beseech Thee, Father, as we come into these Thy courts this morning, that we may catch the spirit of Him who hath delegated to us all this love and liberty and happiness that are ours. O Thou, who art a spirit, may we worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Wilt Thou give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, unto us as the history crowds upon us of wondrous deeds Thy sons have done. We come to Thee, our Father, grateful for the nation and its existence, grateful for the willing sacrifices that counted life inferior to liberty if only their children might be free. We bless Thee, our Father, for all Thy blessings, and pray that we may be worthy of the name in which they consecrated this land of ours. Wilt Thou dwell with us, and, as Thou hast kept the nation intact, so, Father, wilt Thou continue to work in the hearts of Thy people, that as a people Thou shalt be our God and there shall be no other gods beside Thee. We pray Thee, Father, to give Thy blessing unto these men who are met here to-day. We beseech Thee, Father, as we think in all the years past how Thou hast spoken through them in times of conflict, that we may catch a sight of those principles of truth everlasting that shall be our guide and our support in the years that are to come. Wilt Thou watch over us in this day's proceedings. Wilt Thou give Thy spirit unto us as we meditate upon the truth Thou mayest have for us to consider. And we beseech Thee that in all that we do and say, we may have God for our teacher and our leader, and to Thy name shall be all the praise and the glory, now and forever. Amen.

CHORUS. "Still, still with Thee" GERRISH.

SERMON.

By REV. DR. MEARS.

HYMN, "America."

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

BENEDICTION.

ORGAN FINALE.

The sermon, of which a full report is given as an appendix, was perhaps longer than usual; but its treatment of the relation of government to the people, and of military matters to the government, was listened to with appreciation. "You will find that it will be very much liked by all the Ancients," remarked one member of the company, and his sentiments found a general response from the others. When the benediction had been pronounced, the command left the church, and re-forming the line on Boylston Street, marched through Boylston, Washington, Summer, High, Congress, and State streets, and Merchants' Row to Faneuil Hall, where the annual dinner was served.

THE DINNER.

The command reached its headquarters about 12.45 o'clock, and at once laid aside accoutrements in the hall of the Produce Exchange, and prepared for the dinner to follow. Faneuil Hall, in which the tables were laid, was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, and flowers, the national colors predominating. Several large British and American flags hung from the centre of the ceiling, and from this group streamers of red, white, and blue extended to the tops of the gallery pillars. The gallery fronts were heavily draped with festoons of red, white, and blue, which served as a background for the arms of the thirteen original States of the Union. Festoons of red and white hung below the galleries, while the supporting pillars were twined with the same colors. The clock was surmounted with a glory of flags and with shields, and the windows and doors were draped with national ensigns. On the platform were the portraits of Past-Commanders Savage, Leverett, and Walker, and of the present Commander, Col. Smith. The tables were decorated with many bouquets. Along the front of the principal table, on the platform, were draperies of lace and bunting, caught up by bunches of flowers. In the centre of the front of this table were signs, "Robert Keayne," "First Commander, 1638." The sign bearing the first commander's name was a memorial of the trip to Providence last year. The train, bearing a

detachment of the company and the English guests at that time, was drawn by the engine Robert Keayne, numbered 1638, and the engine bore the sign now used for decorative purposes. The sign was the gift of the railroad company, through Past-Commander A. A. Folsom. Beneath it rested the ancient punch bowl of the corps.

The guests led the procession to the dining-hall, and were given the most prominent seats. Col. Smith presided. At the platform table with him were seated Hon. S. N. Aldrich, assistant treasurer of the United States; Hon. W. E. Barrett, speaker of the House of Representatives; Adj.-Gen. Dalton; Mr. Horace G. Allen, president of the Common Council; Judge Chas. Devens; Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding the division of the Atlantic; Rev. D. O. Mears, D. D., the chaplain of the day; Major George S. Merrill; Rev. E. A. Horton; Capt. James Miller, U. S. A.; and Capt. J. G. B. Adams, sergeant-at-arms of the Massachusetts Legislature. Among the other guests who were seated at tables near by were Sheriff John B. O'Brien, of Suffolk County; Aldermen Otis Eddy, W. G. Reed, and B. F. Stacey; J. Edwin Jones, superintendent of streets; James C. Tucker, superintendent of public buildings; Alvah Peters, city messenger; Revs. H. Bernard Carpenter, A. H. Quint, and Oliver A. Roberts; Col. Albert L. Newman, of the governor's staff; Major O. E. Michaelis, of the Kennebec Arsenal; George L. Goodale, commander, and George H. Innis, senior vice-commander Massachusetts Department, G. A. R.; Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, of Worcester; Major W. H. Oakes, Fifth Infantry, M. V. M.; Capt. D. F. Henderson, Roxbury Horse Guards; Lieut.-Col. W. E. Duckworth and Capt. F. B. Burt, Providence (R. I.) Light Infantry Veterans; Capt. A. True Pierce, Amoskeag Veterans; Capts. Charles E. Davis, John G. Jefferds, and Edwin A. Wood, and Lieut. George H. Harlow, Worcester Continentals; Lieut.-Col. George A. Brown; Major George C. Shaw; Capt. A. H. Russell; Capt. William M. Hussey; Capt. Charles H. Moore; Capt. George A. Tilley; Capt. Luke Landy; Adj. John H. Wetherell; Lieut. David Pulsifer; Lieut. F. C. Brownell; Robert B. Brigham; Fred. F. Hassam; P. F. Hennigan, president of the Produce Exchange; and H. A. M'Glenen.

Col. Smith called the company to order at about 1.30 P. M., and introduced Rev. Dr. Mears, who invoked the Divine blessing in the following words:—

Our Father, we ask Thee to be with us and give us Thy blessing as we shall sit at these tables. Wilt Thou keep us right before Thee that we may be children worthy of Thy name? And Thy name shall have all the praise. Amen.

Then the dinner began. The menu was a tasty piece of work on card-board, and on three of its pages were given particulars of the celebration, lists of committees, and a representation of an armored soldier of 1638. The list of viands which it included was as follows:—

—♦— MENU. ♦—

SOUP.

Bouillon.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon with Green Peas.

Potato Croquettes. Cucumbers. Radishes. Sliced Tomatoes.

ROAST.

Spring Chicken.

Sirloin Beef.

Spring Lamb.

Green Goose.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes.

Asparagus.

Green Peas.

String Beans.

Olives.

Pickles.

ENTREES.

Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms.

Sweetbreads, Larded, Supreme.

Chicken Croquettes.

Chicken Salad.

Lobster Salad.

GAME.

Potted Pigeon.

Dressed Lettuce.

Brant.

DESSERT.

Frozen Pudding.

Café Parfait.

Charlotte Russe.

Bisquit Tortoni.

Strawberry Ice Cream.

Raspberry Sherbet.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Orange Sherbet.

Roman Punch.

FRUIT.

Oranges.

Nuts.

Bananas.

Raisins.

Cheese.

Pineapples.

Strawberries and Cream.

French Coffee.

Over an hour was spent in discussing these and other good things of life. Then with chairs drawn away from the tables and cigars just beginning to burn, the members and guests were ready for what was to follow. At 2.50 P. M., Commander Smith called for order. When it had been obtained he said:—

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.—We have the right, in these opening moments of the exercises of the afternoon, to congratulate ourselves upon the auspicious surroundings of the hour. Once more the Ancients come into the loyal precincts of the old cradle of liberty, in commemoration of the completion of the two hundred and fifty-first year of their honorable history. The sun of prosperity never shone more brightly upon our ranks than to-day.

It is my duty, and I should be false to every sentiment of my heart, did I not make it my first duty to return to you my warmest thanks for your generous confidence and esteem, evidenced in conferring upon me the great distinction of holding the position of captain of this corps, whose name is freighted with the noblest and best in the history of our loved Commonwealth; thus enabling me to count my name, however humbly, in this opening year of the last half of the

third century of the Ancients' existence, in the list made brilliant by the fame of the distinguished men who have preceded me. So long as memory lasts I shall gratefully cherish, as I now sincerely appreciate, your consideration and kindness; and as I shortly complete my term of office, I shall return to the ranks with the determination of competing with the most eager of you all for a foremost position as a private.

To our guests to-day, military and civic, I extend, in behalf of the members of this company, a welcome to our anniversary. Your presence gladdens our feast, inspires our exercises, encourages us to more earnest efforts, affords sunshine and joy to all our gatherings, and is essential to the completion of our pleasures. The year past has been an eventful one; indeed, the Ancients count that year lost which does not bring at least one red-letter day in their history.

We began by rounding out to completion that series of festivities which we were enabled to enjoy to the full, with the delegation from the parent company, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, giving no sleep to our eyelids nor rest to our bodies, until, with sadness, we bade them good by, with the hope that the cordial friendships of our association might, in the near future, be renewed and extended.

We hope to be able to welcome another and larger delegation to our shores, or, as a company, to cross the seas and clasp hands with our fellow-artillerymen of London, whom we specially congratulate upon the peace now prevailing in their ranks, and upon the promise of harmony and progress for yet another three and a half centuries of honorable existence.

The joy of our life is ever tempered by sadness. During the year the Ancients have been called to mourn the loss of two past commanders, Major John C. Park and Col. Charles W. Wilder. They have gone out from our ranks; their genial presence, warm greeting, and earnest activities will be no more in our midst; but we cannot be robbed of the blessed memory of their goodness, nor the inspiring influence of their example.

To the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the Ancients acknowledge a debt of gratitude. What, indeed, would be our pageant upon Boston Common, an hour or two hence, but for the dignifying presence of his Excellency the governor? I desire especially to express to our present chief magistrate, and his military right arm, the adjutant-general [*great applause, and cries of "What's the matter with Dalton?"*], cordial recognition of courtesies and kindnesses upon the occasion of the visit of this company to New York, to participate in that great historic event, the centennial celebration of the inauguration of the first President of the United States.

Two hundred and fifty-one years have come and gone since first the Ancients met. With scarcely an exception, this is the oldest chartered institution upon the continent, but in all the land to-day the sun looks down upon no more vigorous, enthusiastic, youthful organization than the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. The names upon our rolls are those in the olden time, foremost in the history of our State; and when, within our time, grave peril threatened the life of the nation, the long list of men, who, from our ranks, sprang to the call of the country, gave answer that the fires of the days of the Revolution burned nowhere more brightly than upon the hearthstones of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. We come to-day with ranks strengthened by unusual numbers during the past year, with naught but peace, good fellowship, and harmony pervading our ranks. Recalling all the glories of the past, let us to-day so foster and cherish the olden corps, that it may grandly continue its career towards the completion of the second quarter millennial of its history, with yet more and more glory.

You have tested the ability of your Adjutant, in about every position known to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, except that of presiding as toast-master. Not finding him wanting in any of the duties that have devolved upon him up to this time, you can rest assured that he will do credit to the occasion, and I take pleasure in presenting to you, as toast-master this afternoon, Adj. J. Payson Bradley. [*Applause, cheers, and shouts of "He's all right!"*]

ADJ. BRADLEY.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.—For one year, I want to say, you have obeyed the commands of the Commander, as they have been transmitted to you by the Adjutant, like true soldiers as you are. Now, gentlemen, as it comes to the end of the year, let it be shown at this dinner that a true soldier is a true gentleman, and listens respectfully to those who answer to the toasts.

First regular toast:—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.—The birthplace of American liberty: her loyal sons, from Plymouth Rock to Berkshire Hills, stand ever ready to maintain it with their lives.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I know you, with myself, regret exceedingly that, by reason of sickness, his Excellency the governor of this good old Commonwealth is not with us this afternoon. It was known to your Commander some days ago that Gov. Ames would not be able to be present, but we did hope that we should have the lieutenant-governor, Mr. Brackett, with us, as he expressed a willingness and a desire, and accepted the invitation to be here. But at a late hour yesterday we received intelligence from the lieutenant-governor that illness would prevent his being present with us to-day. I looked about to see what the condition was, to see whether the adjutant-general of the State of Massachusetts or the speaker of the House of Representatives should take the place of the two gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, and I have been informed by the best authority that I could possibly obtain, that the speaker of the House of Representatives should legally and properly take the position and respond for the State of Massachusetts. I take pleasure, gentlemen, in presenting to you, to respond to this toast, Hon. W. E. Barrett, speaker of the House of Representatives.

HON. W. E. BARRETT.

Captain Smith, Officers and Privates of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.—For the first time in your history, at your annual dinner, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is represented, not by her governor, not by her lieutenant-governor, but by the speaker of the popular branch of the assembly. I have known that in years heretofore, speakers of the House of Representatives have cast longing eyes upon the executive chair, for many reasons, but not the least among them was that that occupancy would bring with it the privilege of standing in this assembly and responding to the toast of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Among the many pleasant events which have been brought to

me by reason of being speaker of the House of Representatives, I count all else as of little weight and of little importance compared to the fact of being the first speaker who, by virtue of that office, and by virtue of nothing else, has been accorded this present prerogative.

I take it that there is a propriety in the speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives coming here and sitting side by side with your duly elected presiding officer. The House of Representatives and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company antedate the Commonwealth; they antedate the governor; they antedate together all else which remains in this Commonwealth which has authority still left to it. The House of Representatives, like your military body, found a place before there was such a thing known in history as the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and together they stand, representatives of the people and representatives of the military spirit of the people, coming down to us and lasting now and lasting forever, hand in hand. Your body elects its presiding officer. By your suffrages he takes his seat; and when you choose to elect his successor, he steps down and out. The same is true of the speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. You have yonder candlestick handed down to you from before the days of the present generation, as a memento of that splendid soldier and that splendid man, a member of your company, Gen. Lincoln, and the House of Representatives has to go with it the old codfish, which represents the sovereignty of the State of Massachusetts.

What can I say here in behalf of the Commonwealth, to this company? You represent all that Massachusetts holds dear, all that Massachusetts treasures in her heart. What does this old hall represent here to-day but the whole history of the State? and this old hall, with its splendid associations, its splendid recollections, its splendid history, stands associated, not only with the dead, but with the living. It stands not only associated with the eloquent men who have spoken to generations before us, but it stands in the present, to-day, as the time-honored, respected gathering place of the annual meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Gentlemen, as I watched the parade at the centennial celebration in New York, and saw division after division of volunteer soldiery of the country marching past; as I saw the tributes paid to the father of his country, and the splendid memories clustering down to us from the generation in which he lived; as I saw that great city standing still in honor of that man, and the country giving itself up to a holiday in his memory; and as I saw, on that day, marching up with still youthful step and splendid appearance, a company of artillery which antedated George Washington, which antedated the country, which antedated everything but the memory of all that is great and dear in the past, I said to myself, "Massachusetts may not claim all that is great and all that is good in the history of this country, but she has, in that splendid corps, a link which connects her further back, more remote, further into time, than anything else, and it is still alive, still influential, still powerful, while all else is silent and in the grave. That corps is the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company."

Whether it be on this day of your own corps, when the city of Boston halts for a moment and pays you a tribute of respect; whether it be in your own city where you are held dear, not only for what you have been, but for what you are, or when you send delegations from out the city of Boston across the seas, to mingle with the representatives of an aristocracy, and of a company which holds in its ranks men who lay claim to influence and prestige through centuries of inherited power, the representatives of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, representing not only the city but also the Commonwealth, have borne themselves nobly. They have borne themselves in such a way that

the proudest monarchy and the oldest nation on the face of the globe halted for a time and paid them its tribute of respect. [*Cries of "Good!" and great applause.*]

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts sees you in its every-day walks of life; it sees you in your embattled array; it saw you to-day as you marched up and down its streets; it sees you in this hall with your guests, who include not only the best among the people of the State, but also men whose names are household words all over the country, men who have fought on their country's battle-field, who have won the decorations of bravery and of merit. And thus it is, that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery lives to make this day one of the bright and splendid days in the year's calendar. As you go forth this afternoon, as you march from this hall up to the old Common, which has been identified with your fame through centuries, as you meet there to receive from the governor of the Commonwealth the promotion and the commissions which you have never deigned to receive from any other authority; when the governor of the Commonwealth, following the example of old John Hancock, who, a century ago, unable to leave his room because of sickness, had the doors of his chamber opened that the officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery might come inside that sick-room to receive their commissions, and, refusing all other importuners, denying himself to all other bodies, comes forth and goes through with that ancient and time-honored ceremonial, then, I say, that the whole progress of the day, the whole progress of your history, make it proper for me, representing the State of Massachusetts, to say: the Commonwealth and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — they have never been separated; each is proud of the other's fame, and may they exist through all the centuries, unseparated and undivided.

Second regular toast: —

The President of the United States, — The servant of a happy and prosperous people; chief magistrate of a mighty nation, at peace with all the world.

"Hail to the Chief," which formed a fitting response to this toast, was followed by hearty applause.

THE COMMANDER. — It would be a great pleasure to have the President of the United States with us to-day. Of course, we hardly expected that he would be present, but we did hope to have a gentleman who has ever manifested a lively and warm interest in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, a gentleman who, I am sorry to announce, is laid low by sickness, to such an extent that his physician said that he must not attempt to attend these exercises. I refer to the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall. But, gentlemen, we have with us to-day one to respond to this toast whom I know you will all be glad to hear from, a representative of the United States, the Hon. S. N. Aldrich, assistant treasurer of the United States.

HON. S. N. ALDRICH.

Mr. Commander, Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Invited Guests, — I am happy to be present to-day to represent and to speak for the representative of old Tippecanoe. I came here at the request of your Commander, and I am glad to represent the United States in the absence of Hon.

Leverett Saltonstall. The President is the servant of a happy and prosperous people, and I know not on the face of this globe where, in another nation, the people are so happy and so prosperous as in this country, that is open to every man from every shore, and in which every man, be he white, black, or whatever color, is welcome, and may become one of your citizens. This country opens its doors to all men who come here for a legitimate purpose. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] Lo! it is a mighty empire in itself. Lo! it has a mighty, broad expanse of country, and fifty million people to-day are bound in honor to show respect to its chief magistrate, and will ever continue to do so, whoever that man may be, of whatever creed, of whatever politics, or of whatever nationality. The President of the United States stands foremost in our hearts.

This is the first time that I ever had occasion or ever had the privilege of addressing a body of soldiers in behalf of the President of the United States, and I am happy to be here to-day. If he were here, I have no doubt that he would say, "Mr. Commander, Faneuil Hall is full." If he could look around and see what I see around me, you Ancient and Honorables would be happy, no doubt.

I learn that you are to go from here to the Common and receive your commissions, and then come back to this hall again to partake of more refreshments, solid and liquid, and I hope as you depart to-night to the various places of amusement, that you will not be like the good man, who, after being away from home, came back somewhat out of order. His wife asked him where he had been. He said he had been to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She asked him what was the principal character, and he replied, "Oh! ever so pretty Isabella Urquhart."

I have been asked to take the place of my friend Saltonstall. Mr. Commander, he could have filled this place better than I can, and I know that you would have been glad to see him; but this country will listen to any man, however humble, if he represents the chief magistrate of a mighty empire like this. I know that you have a great many speakers to listen to, and I know that you did not expect much from me, as I simply came here to fill a gap. My mission is not to talk, but to regulate and to look after the finances of the country. I simply receive and pay out, and try to hold on to what I get. But, Mr. Commander, I thank you again, and I trust that if this body of Ancient and Honorable Artillerymen are ever called upon by the President of the United States to defend the honor of our flag, that you and every man will respond nobly and fittingly, and march to the front. If you meet the enemy, don't turn your backs upon him, but march up face to face. I hope that you will not be like the son-in-law in a neighboring town, who stood around the death bed of the mother of his good wife, and, as she was expiring, said, "Almost gone, mother. Too bad, but let 'er go easy."

Third regular toast:—

The City of Boston.—We are proud of her history, and to the preservation of her fair fame we pledge our sacred honor.

"Where'er we roam, whatever realms we see,
Our thoughts untrammelled fondly turn to thee."

[*Great applause, and "There's no Place like Home" by the band.*]

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, allusion was made by the last speaker to the filling up of gaps. It seems to me that we have splendid material to fill them up with, as has already been evidenced.

I don't know that there ever was a time when the Ancients panted for water, but there is one thing very certain, that the Ancients did pant for a Hart [*cries of "Ah!"*] this afternoon to respond for the city of Boston. But I am sorry to say that at the last moment Mayor Hart was obliged to decline the invitation to be present here and to respond for the city of Boston, and so we are obliged to fill up another gap. I take pleasure in introducing to you to fill up that gap, the president of the Common Council of the city of Boston, Mr. Horace G. Allen.

MR. HORACE G. ALLEN.

Mr. Commander and Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.— I take no offence from the fact that I am unknown, for before a body of men where one of the members is obliged to rise in the midst of this repast and ask the question, "Who was George Washington?" I cannot expect to be known. I regret exceedingly, gentlemen, that owing to the unexpected absence of Mayor Hart and Mr. Rogers, chairman of the Board of Aldermen, you are driven to the last extremity, as it were, of calling for the president of that much-despised body, the Common Council of the city of Boston [*cries of "Ah!" and laughter*], to respond in behalf of the city. With ex-mayors to left of me, aldermen to right of me, and representatives of almost every honorary position in the gift of the government in front of me, I should have desired that an abler person should fill this place to-day and respond on behalf of the good old city of Boston to your sentiment. But, gentlemen, in the language of the body over which I preside, "the city of Boston is with you," and no man of eloquence could instil that more firmly in your mind than I believe it is fixed at the present time.

Of course the city of Boston honors you. Why should not she? You are not all citizens of Boston, though it is true a majority of you are; but have you not so conducted yourselves individually and as a body that she should honor you and praise you? You have evidence of it here. You have partaken of her bounty. Not only are you dining in her historic halls, but you are about to invade as a body the sacred precincts of the parade ground of Boston Common, a spot till within a very short time where the emblems of the national game were not even allowed to enter.

It might be well at this time to introduce myself as being the third regular gap. But, gentlemen, I will not take your time. [*Cries of "Go on!"*] Being upon the stage, I have had a peep behind the scenes. I know what is coming. I know the eloquence you will listen to. I know how it will charm you—the eloquence of which I have none. Only allow me to say on behalf of the city, in closing, that so long as you individually and as a body are good citizens, whether of Boston or of any other city or town in the State, Boston will honor you and do what she can for you as long as you exist, which will be forever.

Fourth regular toast:—

The Judiciary.—

"Let us consider and reason the case;
For nothing is law that is not reason."

[*Applause, and a response by the band.*]

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, it is with a special pride on my own part that we have with us to-day, to respond to this toast, a gentleman in whose command, when a boy, I took my first lessons in

the arts of war, a gentleman who has won distinction, enviable distinction, as soldier, statesman, and jurist. I take pleasure in introducing, to respond to this toast, Major-Gen. Charles Devens. [*Prolonged applause and cheers, everybody rising, and one member of the company calling for cheers for "my old brigade commander."*]

MAJOR-GEN. CHARLES DEVENS.

I am afraid that we are getting to be a little mixed up early in the day, when a major general is called upon to respond to a toast for the judiciary. It is not often that we, of the judiciary, have the pleasure of meeting the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; but when the mountain did not come to Mohammed, he went to the mountain; and as you do not come to us, we come to you. If you will not consent to aid us in administering justice, we must endeavor to encourage you in bearing the sword on which justice always leans.

The three great privileges of the citizen are the right to vote, and thus share in the government of the country; the right to serve in the militia, and thus aid in its defence; and the right to serve on the jury, and thus share in the administration of justice. If, in your zeal for the military service, you are willing to forego the latter privilege, we must reconcile ourselves to it; we only have the right to ask that you should be all the better soldiers for it. My friend, the late Judge Lord, when a gentleman of your corps presented to him his excuse for not serving on the jury, his membership in the company, said, "Did you turn out last year?" "No," was the reply, "it was not very convenient." "Did you turn out the year before?" "No," was again the reply, "my business engagements interfered." "Well," said the judge, "I think you had better take your place on the panel. It seems to me that it is high time that you performed either your civil or your military duty." Of course the story has no application here, where all are engaged in that most important part of a soldier's duty, supplying himself with provisions for the campaign that is to come. "I hold it," says Major Dalgetty, "the duty of a cavalier, when the provision is good and abundant, to victual himself for at least three days, as there is no knowing when he may get another meal"; which sentiment he fortifies by the precepts of Gustavus Adolphus and other renowned captains.

But while it is a pleasure to preserve this old organization of Massachusetts as a part of its history, while it is agreeable to keep up the social relations which exist among those who have been connected with other military organizations of the active volunteer militia, many of whom also have served under the white flag of Massachusetts, in the great civil struggle through which we have recently passed, the organization exists, I doubt not, to inspire and inculcate the true patriotic feeling in our younger citizens, upon whom we must rely in every hour of doubt or trial to sustain our government. Europe is oppressed to-day in a manner unequalled since the Napoleonic wars by the vast armies, which in mutual jealousy and distrust the great powers maintain; until it seems that clouds so charged with electric fire must soon rush together in the thunders of destructive collision. The great Republic of France, in the midst of the jealousies of the monarchical governments which environ her, is not exempt from this terrible tax. It bears even more heavily on her, indeed, than on any other. It is our fortune to dwell in a Republic which, from natural causes as well as the patriotism of its citizens, has no occasion to rely on any arms except those which can be wielded by its people, and whose regular army, although its duties extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas, if it were all assembled, would not exceed in numbers a single army corps.

I did not come here originally to answer to this toast of the judiciary, gentlemen, for it happens that you have the fourth of the stop-gaps of this afternoon. A different toast was assigned me in the order, but it has been changed, and therefore I am not going to pursue this subject of the judiciary, or to deliver you anything that will sound like a charge, for I think a judge's charge would drive a great many of you out of the hall, if it was not more lively than we feel it our duty to be on such occasions. I came in response not only to your kind and generous invitation, but to a special summons and request from your commanding officer. When I remembered that I had been the colonel of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment, when I remembered that on the bloody field of Antietam, where that regiment left, in killed and wounded, a full half of the men whom it had taken upon the field, your Commander carried the colors of the regiment, I felt that I must answer his call; I felt that I must come here and renew my allegiance to the banner which represents the sovereignty of our nation; the emblem of a sovereignty over domains wider and more fertile than those over which the eagles of the Roman Empire ever flew, of a union of States tried by the fires of civil commotion, yet kept only firmer together by the fervent heat through which it has passed, of a land in which there is neither master nor slave, neither superior nor inferior, before its just and equal laws; the flag unites beneath its folds in a single embrace all who love the Republic. Its honor is our honor, and if there should come a stain upon it, it would be one on each of us. It is the emblem to-day of peace at home, of safety and respect abroad. Dear to us when it waves in the gentle breezes of prosperity, it is dearer still when tossed by the stormy gales of trial and adversity.

I do not mean to recall to-day all the struggles through which we have passed and which are brought so freshly to my mind by the remembrance of the relation in which I have stood to your commanding officer. Those trials have passed. The rightful supremacy of the Union over every foot of its borders and over every man within it is fully restored. The great armies that sustained that cause are gone. No more will their bugles salute with their reveille the coming day. No more will the nightfall hear the rolling tattoo of their drums. Their cannon have thundered their last notes of defiance and victory. Yet I believe it will be remembered through all ages as an example to those who are to come after us, that in their day and generation and in their time and place they did for us deeds worthy of immortal honor.

I have come to-day before you, my friends, as I said a moment ago, not only in answer to your courteous invitation, but to the special request of your Commander. Bravely he has answered my call on many a hard and doubtful day; I felt that I could answer his when it entailed no duty save that of a pleasant occasion, a good dinner, and a kind reception. Gentlemen, I give: Prosperity to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and may it always have as good commanders as my old friend and comrade, Col. Henry E. Smith.

Fifth regular toast: —

Our Invited Guests. — Most heartily we welcome you to our anniversary; may pleasant memories of this day abide through the long and prosperous life we wish them all. [*Great applause, and response by the band.*]

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, we are fortunate, indeed, to have with us to-day a gentleman and a soldier to respond to this toast, and I take pleasure in presenting to you Capt. J. G. B. Adams, sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives.

CAPT. J. G. B. ADAMS.

Mr. Commander, — For four years I have represented the dignity of the Commonwealth at your annual banquet, little thinking that the time would ever come when I would have to work for my board. Like other men who have addressed you to-day, I am a substitute, and I remember that in war time the mission of the substitute was to do just as little as he could while he was in, and get out as soon as he could after he got into trouble. I don't propose to break the record.

I am to respond for the invited guests, — this noble body of men. They were the first to assemble at Faneuil Hall, and they occupy the best seats at the table, while the men who marched and paid the bills take what is left. Gentlemen, we are proud of your honorable corps, and we feel it an honor to be your invited guests on this occasion.

It was my pleasure to represent the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at the centennial celebration, April 30. President Harrison and myself occupied seats on the grand stand, and were waiting for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery to pass. Other troops were passing, but we paid little attention to them. Suddenly, sir, we heard a cry coming up the avenue. Louder and louder it grew. We listened, and above the strains of the bands we heard these mournful words, "How dry I am! How dry I am! Nobody knows how dry I am." Turning to me, the President said, "Jack, what's that?" I said, "Sir, it's the war cry of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and if you have not had a drink to-day I advise you to go and get one, for there will be a drought in New York in fifteen minutes after the Ancients disband." But he did not follow my suggestion, and we waited until after you passed. We saw you march grandly by. Not an eye was turned to the right or left, every man in the grand old corps feeling that he was responsible for the good marching of the organization that day, and the applause which greeted you on every side showed that the people appreciated the fine service that you rendered.

And why should not you be proud, gentlemen? On your roll are the names of the best blood in Massachusetts, and the feet that trod the streets of Boston to-day in your ranks trod every battle-field from Bull Run to Appomattox. Your invited guests are proud of your organization, and when you have done with marching here below, and lay aside your variegated uniforms and receive the robes of the righteous which are prepared for you, may you march the golden streets of the New Jerusalem just as proudly as you marched the streets of Boston to-day, and may we, the invited guests, be there to welcome you when you come.

ADJ. BRADLEY. — For the next regular toast the Commander has a letter from the Honourable Artillery Company of London, which he wishes to read to you.

THE COMMANDER. — It seems very fitting just at this time, as the toast to our invited guests has been responded to, that I read a letter to you dated, —

HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY ARMOURY HOUSE,
FINSBURY, E. C., LONDON, May 24, 1889.

DEAR COL. SMITH, — The visit of our delegation to your city last year is always uppermost in my mind, and the great kindness and hospitality we received from the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will ever be remembered by us all, and we hope, most sincerely, that the time is not far distant when we may have the happiness of meeting many of your company in this country.

The two hundred and fifty-first celebration of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company takes place on the 3d of June, and I am writing on behalf of my company to wish you a pleasant and enjoyable day, and every prosperity and happiness to the Ancients. Our 21 Club, established to commemorate your celebration day the first Monday in June, will meet on the 3d June, and we shall drink bumpers to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and shall send you a cable of congratulations.

I trust you have had a pleasant and profitable year's command, and that you are in good health. Kindly convey to the Ancients, at their gathering, the best wishes and kind regards to all from the twenty members of our delegation. With our salutations to you as the Commander,

I am, dear Col. Smith, yours very sincerely,

A. DURRANT,
Major H. A. C.

This letter was heartily applauded. The Commander continued: I hold in my hand a cablegram dated London, June 3, "Hearty congratulations and best wishes," from the Honourable Artillery Company, of London.

GEN. LEONARD. — Three cheers for the Honourable Artillery Company of London. May it ever exist, and as long as it exists may we ever be as united as we are at the present time. [*Cheers were heartily given.*]

ADJ. BRADLEY. — I have passed into my hand at this moment a communication from Major Durrant, which it seems to me is very opportune. It is to the leader of our band to-day, expressing to him the enthusiasm with which a piece, which he composed and dedicated to the Honourable Artillery Company, was received, when played by the Honourable Artillery Company's band in London. It is signed by Major Durrant. In response to it I will ask the band — as I know that they have it all by heart — to give us one measure of the piece, which is "Greeting March."

After the band had responded, Adj. Bradley continued:—

Gentlemen, the new telephone from here to England has just been completed. Now let us give to the Honourable Artillery Company of London a greeting that they shall hear. Three cheers for the Honourable Artillery Company of London. [*The cheers were given heartily.*]

And the Adjutant then announced, —
Sixth regular toast:—

Our Chaplain, — "A light to guide: a rod to check the erring and reprove."

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, our chaplain of to-day needs no introduction to you. You have already listened to him and been introduced. But I want to say right here how well I can testify to the applicability of the toast to our chaplain, for I have listened to his preaching for the last twelve years, and I know with how much earnestness, ardor, and zeal he enters into the work of guiding in the right, and checking the erring. I take pleasure, gentlemen, in asking to respond to this toast, our chaplain, the Rev. D. O. Mears, of Worcester.

REV. D. O. MEARS, D. D.

Mr. Commander, Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — A year ago the middle of this month I had just passed out of Northern Italy, passed through the western part of Germany, was in the city of Strasburg, where the German soldiers were doing their best to control the patriotism that lingered as a remnant of those captured Frenchmen, when there came to me by the papers the news of the election of my honored parishioner and my beloved friend, your friend but not your parishioner, Col. Smith. It was after passing through the streets that Napoleon the Third had trodden in that strategic city, visiting the forts behind which the soldiers of France had fought only to be routed, that I returned to the hotel, with the thought still on me, not so much of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I confess, as of my friend Col. Smith, that I sat down and penned to him, before I could pass out of that debatable territory between Germany and France, my congratulations on the honorable election of himself to preside over your deliberations and to command you for the year.

I have never, before to-day, been convinced of your modesty. With a great deal of pleasure I take the first half of this toast. Either your Adjutant supposed you needed reproof, or you yourselves were asking me to give such admonition; but there is no pleasure in giving reproof when people want it, and, accordingly, I shall have none to give. I suppose it may be that in your relative ignorance of me, some may have thought my sermon was liable to be too short. I notice in your records that in one, doubtless exceptional, year, the sermon was short. You must have expected that short sermon to have fixed the limits for mine, and not knowing what was to come, I dare say the Adjutant determined to piece it out by inquiring of me if I would kindly give a little reproof at the time of your annual banquet. But I have nothing to piece out on this occasion.

I have noticed in your records, for I have been looking over them in order to see what kind of men you are, that on a certain occasion there was an order given for the company to get a lunch before sermon time, so as not to leave the meeting-house. I confess that through the sermon I saw only one man go out, and judging by what I have seen recently, judging by your capacity which seems to be taxed to the extremity, I don't believe that you had a lunch before sermon time. At least, if I were convinced that such were the fact, instead of commending your modesty, I should speak with pity but not with sympathy.

Gentlemen, many a time in my twelve years' ministry in Worcester, being in Boston every week or two on Monday, I have come into this old hall, with its sanded floor, have taken my seat in the chair which is always placed in the centre, and after gazing upon this great historic painting for an inspiration, have gone back to my parish with a new light and a fuller heart. I can appreciate somewhat the feeling of the English captain, who, after passing over the hills and through the valleys, heard the sound of a cornet and halted his men, with the remark, "Stay, I must listen to the sound of the cornet, there is so much of God in it!" and so it seems to me that I have caught some of the sympathy and feeling, but not any of "the spirits" of this occasion. I came here with a sort of diffidence, because in looking over your old musty records I found that the clergy were formerly accustomed to attend, but that the expense of feeding them was so much, that modestly they withdrew and left it to the laity to carry out the programme of the occasion. But, of course obeying your Commander, who to-day is mine, as Judge Devens was once his, I have come here, and come here with gratitude. Judge Devens was wondering whether he

had better give a charge. Well, gentlemen, the reproof always follows the charge, and so I am here to give the reproof, but, as I say, I have no reproof to give. I did all this in connection with the services in the church, while watching anxiously for fear the second man would go out. As a matter of fact, too much lunch makes weariness. Oh, I don't say that there is any occasion for this suggestion, but I was thinking over this matter, because I understand you have been up since five o'clock. I was thinking of the different times now and formerly. I understand your Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which is a unit without a break, used to appoint an adjutant or some one who would courteously pass through the aisles of the church while the sermon was being delivered, and with a wand, made with a ball on one end and the tail of a fox at the other, would gently tap the heads of the men who were asleep, and brush the tail of the fox over the faces of the ladies who had forgotten to listen to the sermon. But, as a matter of fact, I did not catch the eye of a man asleep. I naturally should not, although I thought how hard a place it is for the clergyman in these days, compared with the time when Increase Mather and John Cotton were here, to deliver their sermons to men who needed them as much as you need them.

But to go back to the first part of the toast, "A light to guide," I am not a soldier. I have not tramped the streets since 1861, when a boy at Phillips Academy at Andover. I think, when I hear the rattle of the steel and iron in the streets outside this hall, every little while, that perhaps I could hear on my tympanum a little of the noise of battle. I have never been in the smoke of battle, but I can see through the smoke in this hall, and I guess I can stand there. You will pardon me, I am a stranger to you, but with Worcester at the right (Capt. Smith), and with Worcester before me (the Continentals), and with Judge Devens representing Worcester and the Commonwealth, I feel at home.

"A light to guide." I don't profess to be the light to guide, and yet, as a matter of history, I represent a profession that has no cause to blush in the presence of men who have stood on the battle-field; yes, who have fallen wounded and weak on the field from the bullets of the foe. Why, sir, in my childhood I have been out from our school-house in recess time, and sat upon the tombstone — which was very near a shady place — of old John Wise, the Rev. John Wise of Chebaco, Ipswich, now Essex. John Wise was the first man to be imprisoned for the principle that taxation without representation is tyranny. He was kept in jail for thirty days, and afterwards paid a fine that his parishioners had to make up to get their poor clergyman off. I remember what has been done by the members of the bar in this Commonwealth, and by statesmen. We need to remember that when the Constitution of this old Puritan Commonwealth was being prepared, there was one man, of all men in New England, who should give the basis of that Constitution, none other than the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, whose old church and writing had given the "body of liberties" not only, but the Constitution of Massachusetts and the United States. We recall still further, in the little hamlet of old Ipswich, it was none other than Rev. Manassah Cutler, the humble pastor, who was appointed by President Washington to be a judge on the bench, — an appointment which he declined. This same Manassah Cutler, the leading botanist of New England, a scholar as true as he was pious, was the man who saved the Western Reserve against slavery, himself riding out in a chaise from the old hamlet of Ipswich, away beyond the Hudson, claiming and gaining the Western Reserve that gave us a Giddings and a Garfield, that has always stood a power before and since the armies of the North decided that this Union should be free. There was a time in our national history, when Ephraim Whitman was beyond the Rocky Moun-

tains, when England, through Canada, was saying, "We must have the Pacific slope of the United States." It was when Tyler was President and Webster was Secretary of State, that the humble missionary heard the plan that was made, England proposing to give us the fisheries, but to hold the Pacific slope, and in dead of winter came on his tired pony through the snows of the Rocky Mountains, and through Missouri to Washington, where he laid the facts before Daniel Webster, Secretary of State. Mr. Webster said, "It is too late"; but this missionary said, "It can't be too late." Then the promise was given by President Tyler: "If you will take a colony of a thousand men across the Rocky Mountains, we will hold that coast and will not make the exchange of the coast for the fisheries." And so California and Oregon and Washington have been preserved to us with their mines of gold and silver, that made it possible when you were on the field of battle for this nation to hold its currency intact.

I will not take your time except to say [*cries of "Go ahead!" "Go on!"*] that we cannot forget a name following that of Ephraim Whitman. It was not a statesman, it was not a jurist, but it was none other than the man who shines in his first name and is crowned in the last, — Starr King, — who, when the critical time came concerning California, saved California to the North rather than to the South, and divided the line in the interests of freedom. Thanking you for your attention and for the honor you have conferred upon me, I will only say that while my toast is, "A light to guide," it is only to stand and hold up the candle that burns, the candle of men in the ministry, who have made New England somewhat what she is, men of whom Bancroft has said, "New England could no more do without her ministry than a smith could do without his fire."

I am reminded that when the roll call was sounded which gave your Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company a vacation of eight years, the first man to take a gun on the field of Concord was the Rev. Wm. Emerson [*cries of "Good enough!"*], and the first man almost to take his gun on the field of Concord was the Rev. Mr. Clarke. Standing and looking over the slain on that battle-field where his parishioners had proved the mightiness of their nature according to the mightiness of his preaching, that same clergyman, "a light to guide," did remark that from the 19th of April the world would own its new day.

Thanking you for the heartiness with which you have received "the reproofs" which I have tried to administer carefully, for the privilege of letting my little light shine to represent and reflect the light of older men, I bid you this afternoon, not a farewell. They say the clergy who have preached have an invitation again, not to preach but to eat, as much as to say that one man's wisdom can be concentrated at one time, and "we had better not open and give him [a chance again." Standing under the flag which owes its holiness and its wonders to the same spirit that throbs within the breast of those who were too young to go to the war and those who entered into it, we are one and inseparable in our love for our land and our kind.

COL. HENRY WALKER. — The first thought of the Ancients is duty, and in the midst of these festivities I wish to recall them to a duty and a pleasure. Over the wires the lightning has brought to us the congratulations of our mother company, a company which is a pride to itself and a pride to us because it shows that we have a worthy origin. I move that the Commander be requested to send a telegram to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, — the Honourable Artillery Company of London, — they are mixed in my mind, — thanking them for their congratulations and expressing the hope that the kindly feeling between the two organizations may live till time shall be no more. [*Cries of "Bravo!" and "Second the motion," and cheers. The motion was carried unanimously.*]

Seventh regular toast: —

The Army and Navy of the United States, — The active skirmish line of an invincible host.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, we have with us to-day a Boston boy, one who not only served in the Fiftieth Massachusetts Volunteers, in the War of the Rebellion, but who is to-day a captain in the Second United States Infantry. I take pleasure in presenting to you, to respond to this toast, Capt. James Miller.

CAPT. JAMES MILLER.

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen of the Honorable Artillery Company, — At the risk of monotony, I must be allowed to remark that I also am one of those who had a faint chance of escaping what to me is rather an ordeal, addressing so large an assembly. I was promised that, if anybody whose rank gave him the preference should be upon the field, I should be allowed to retire quietly. When in the church, I recognized the commander of the Division of the Atlantic, and I felt myself entirely safe, as I should in a good deal more dangerous place. But I found afterwards that he had declined to appear to respond to this toast. Notwithstanding that I was defrauded of my promised immunity, I congratulated myself upon having obtained a unique distinction, for I am the first body of troops before whom Major-Gen. O. O. Howard ever fell back without a desperate resistance.

Without egotism, I may claim that I have some title to the distinguished honor of addressing you upon this occasion. As your Commander has informed you, I am a Bostonian by birth. I have served in the ranks of that invincible army of the skirmish line, of which I am now a member. There is no portion of my past life — there would be no portion had it been far more honored and successful than it has been — upon which I look back with more satisfaction than the year in which I carried a musket in the ranks of the Fiftieth Massachusetts Volunteers. There are no mementos of those days which I cherish more fondly than the three commissions which I held in those same Massachusetts Volunteers, signed by the great war governor, John A. Andrew.

If I were disposed to make you an apologetic address, I might complain that your Adjutant, in the sentiment which he has proposed, has literally cut the ground from under my feet. In a manner no less happy than laconic, he has stated the province of the regular army in his toast to be, to act as a skirmish line for that invincible army, the volunteers of the United States, which must be the main reliance of the nation in any war. It has never been the policy of the United States to maintain a large standing army. Let us hope that it may never be, for with that policy once inaugurated there would occur a change in the institutions, in the customs, in the opportunities of the greatest nation of the world, which might very possibly take from it that proud precedence which it now enjoys.

I have also been called upon to respond on the part of the navy. I see no representative of that branch of the service here present. It may very well happen that the representatives of the navy will not be present where only talking is to be done, but the history of the past, the promise of the present and the future, assure me in saying, that where deeds and not words are expected, the navy of the United States will never be absent. Their reserve also, let us hope, will be put into as efficient shape as is the reserve of the army now. The mer-

cantile marine of the United States is the reserve of the navy, as are the volunteers of the army. Time was when the sails of the merchant marine of the United States whitened every sea; when if you saw a ship distinguished in everything that makes a ship desirable, it was a safe prophecy to make, "That ship is American." Those days unhappily are gone, but the Congress of our country has provided for an increase of the navy. Let us hope that it will continue its good work and provide for the restoration of that invincible army of the seas which was once so strong a reliance for the regular navy of the United States.

As I have said, the toast proposed indicates so briefly and yet so fully and truly the province of the army, that to enlarge upon it would simply be wasting your time. Circumstances connected with the service of the army of the United States have heretofore placed it in a position where it could not very well keep touch, as well as might have been desired, with the main body of that invincible army; but those circumstances are rapidly passing away, and it was perceived by those who have the direction of military affairs, that the true policy is to gather it in from the remote and scattered frontier posts, so that it can more fully maintain its touch with the volunteers. This policy was perceived to be the true one by none more fully than by that illustrious chief who, not long ago, we were called upon to mourn. That this policy will be continued by his successor we are warranted in thinking, and under those circumstances it will be at once the duty and the pleasure, I am sure, of every officer of the regular army to keep touch with the main body of the army and to help in bringing it up to the status which it should enjoy.

Thanking you again, gentlemen, for the honor you have done me and for the kindly sentiment for the army and navy evinced in your toast, I will take my seat.

THE COMMANDER. — For the information of Capt. Miller, I will say, that while we regret that there is no one here to respond for the navy, the chaplain has kindly solved the problem of their absence. He thinks it is because there is too little water. Gentlemen, we have with us to-day another guest to respond for the army of the United States. I take pleasure in introducing to you Major-Gen. O. O. Howard.

MAJOR-GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, — For a long time, being a Maine boy, I have heard that Boston was the hub of the universe, and to-day, as I came into your hall by invitation, a modest Boston gentleman whispered in my ear that Boston ought to be considered not simply the capital of Massachusetts, but the capital of New England. I have really enjoyed this occasion exceedingly. It has given me two hundred and fifty years of observation. At the first I looked about to see if I could find the organ, but when I listened to your band I saw that you needed no organ, unless it be the organ of the press. I have enjoyed the occasion in hearing these speeches. They have given me light. I have wondered, these years gone by, what was meant by the Ancient and Honorable Company of Artillery, and I have thought it was founded in some extraordinary aristocracy, anchored, as our friend said, back into the bowels of Old England; but I find to-day that it is founded upon the purest democracy. It came out from those musty records that the chaplain has told about. It seems that a man, even one who has stood in the fore-front of battle, like the man at the head of your affairs here, can only occupy that honorable place of captain for

one single year, and then he has to go back, as we all do in the Grand Army of the Republic, into the ranks; and this is as it should be, for it is the foundation of the purest and most nearly universal patriotism that every man — that every man, Mr. Chaplain, whether he be a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a shoemaker, or a tailor — should be a man with the heart of a soldier in his body. There is something so extraordinary about it. You march up to the church and hear a sermon, and you sing. As I came into the old church this morning, you were singing away all together, with all your hearts, "America." I thought I never had seen quite such a scene of devotion. Then I came up here, and I can say that I never have seen before such an exhibit of festivity. I have participated in both and enjoyed both, and I thank you for it.

Now, with reference to the army and the navy. You have heard it all from Capt. Miller. I am afraid that when you have a little skirmish line, you'll know how good that skirmish line was so often, boys, during the war. [*Cries of "True!" and great applause.*] If it had not been for the skirmish line to protect Gen. Devens and me, how should we be here to-day? You could let us hide behind the trees and the haystacks [*derisive cries of "Oh, yes!"*] and keep out of danger while you went forward to do battle for us. The skirmish line was important. Yes, if you take five thousand troops in Massachusetts and five thousand in each of the other almost forty States, you have very nearly two hundred thousand men. And if you had seen them, as our friend who was with us at the centennial saw them, marching up Broadway or down Fifth Avenue, you would understand something of the solidity, something of the promise of the future, something of the tread of men who are men, who were behind that peaceful skirmish line. If you could have seen the naval parade, you would have seen little steamers running here and there. They formed the skirmish line of the navy. And now the navy itself is the skirmish line of to-day. We keep it up to protect your fisheries, and send it to keep the Behring Sea. Yes, you must fill it up by your marine. I don't know what our statesmen are about. Put back our marine upon the ocean. [*Cries of "Good!" and great applause.*] Put the old flag everywhere, in every nook and corner of the known world. It represents liberty and union, now and forever. What Gen. Devens and myself covet more than anything else, before we die, is to see every man who has the form of a man, and is a citizen of the United States, protected in all his rights [*cries of "Good!" and applause*], in the North or in the South, in the East or in the West, in this country or in any other. That is what the skirmish line and the flag represent.

Keep up your old organization. Keep it up with all its aristocracy and all its democracy, and make it walk along as the emblem of liberty and union forever.

ADJ. BRADLEY. — Gentlemen, men that hide behind stumps and hay-stacks never lose their good right arms in battle. [*The remark called attention to Gen. Howard's empty sleeve, and was loudly applauded.*]

Eighth regular toast: —

Our Country's Banner, — Emblem of liberty, equal rights, and national unity.

"Flag of the free, heart's hope and home,
By angels' hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin's dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

[*Great applause, followed by a stirring response by the band.*]

THE COMMANDER. — We have with us to-day one who is not only a preacher of the gospel, a past chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, but also a soldier who has been to the front. I take pleasure in presenting to you to respond to this toast to "Our country's banner," the Rev. E. A. Horton.

REV. E. A. HORTON.

Mr. Commander and Fellow Battle-scarred Veterans. — If I had not known you of old, I should have surmised that most of you had been brought up on the bottle and had forgotten to drop the habit, and I fancy, if I may quote Scripture, — I never could quote it accurately, — that a great many of you see in a glass very darkly just about this time. Before I attack that flag I want to make this threshold comment. My brother upon my right (Rev. Dr. Mears) has referred to that man who walks forever luminous in the sky of our history, Starr King. He did save the Pacific slope, and I want to tell you of one terse sentence that he uttered to the Californians in the doubtful days. "I tell you," he said, "we of the clergy are ready to sell our pens for swords, and to take our sermons and make wadding paper of them." Now, my brother never wrote any poor sermons. I have written a great many, and I doubt not they would be of much better use as wadding paper than anything else. There would probably be a great deal more fire in them than they had before. [*Cries of "No!" laughter and applause.*]

That flag! I have knocked the hat of an Englishman off, because he would not take it off to that flag, but I have felt my eyes moisten on Germany's soil as I saw it swing from the consulate. That flag! Was it woven on the looms of a mill? Ah! no, my friends, it was woven in the looms of a fiery and dark past, out of old Greek and Roman tombs. The sighs, the prayers, the agonies of humanity, have helped to weave that flag, wherever humanity has tried to shed its fetters, wherever it has attacked tyranny and radical injustice, wherever it has surged and died in its agony and gone to a God of freedom that it might escape man's tyranny. All those mighty influences have woven that banner of the free. Those colors, ay, too familiar to you perhaps, strike me with their power. The red is typical of humanity's heart blood that has gone into it; the white is a sublimation of all the multifarious colors of life, expressed in their immortal hope; and the blue is typical of the canopy that is forever serene and uncrumbling above clouds and storms and historic vicissitudes.

I was told to cut it short. [*Cries of "Think you need it?" "Go on!" and great laughter.*] Good friends, be patient. I have the scissors and I'll do it, for I see the pointer, and I propose that not by me shall you be obstructed from your mission to the Common. But I am to respond, alas, in brief, to the glories of that flag. There are two things, dear friends, that I want wrapped about me when I die. Remember it, some good friend hearing me to-day. I want the robe that envelops me when I preach in the pulpit round me, and I want the flag of my country round me too. [*Cries of "Good!" and great applause.*] If I'm buried without those two emblems, I'll come back and haunt you all. I would rather go to my God with that flag as my testimony, than with anything else I know, and I am a minister! But I say it, although in impetuous tones, with the calm, judicial consent of my faculties, for what would it testify to my God? It would testify that I, perhaps, had given my humble life to the rearing of a Republic that sheltered the altar of Christianity, as well as the fireside, the mart, the legislature, and the judicial bench; for I tell you, and my brother knows it, that if the Republic

crumbles with its guardian influences, religion will find its sepulchre. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*]

So then let that flag stand forever. Let it wave in its noble folds forever over a country that more and more is determined, as Gen. Howard has said, to assert itself all round the globe. If it is Samoa, Samoa shall subside and succumb. If it is the mother country, we will show that the stripling of old has become the self-respecting, panoplied giant of the rights of man. I, too, cast eyes upon the navy. I want to see our flag go gayly floating into every port and harbor, and I want to see ships with such armaments that we can blow an enemy sky high. Let that flag stand for a country that is united from border to border, that has happy homes, school-houses, with cleansing and uplifting influences. Ah! flag of my heart, wave on over this country, and by the benediction of association, of inspiration, of guidance, lead this people into greater nobility, into undying loyalty, and into a citizenship that fights the battles and meets with victories, on the fields of peace and war.

Ninth regular toast: —

Our Past Commanders. —

We love them all, the living, here to-day,
And those passed on, whose spirits with us stay.

[*The usual response of applause and music followed the announcement of this toast.*]

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I take pleasure in presenting to you, to respond to this toast for our past commanders, one whom you have often listened to, but not too often. I present to you Past-Commander Major George S. Merrill.

MAJOR GEORGE S. MERRILL.

Mr. Commander and Fellow-Ancients. — I am indebted to you. During all the years that I have been a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I have longed for one opportunity to rise and address my fellow-Ancients, and I regret that upon this, the first time my voice has been heard in your midst [*cries of "Oh!"*], I am compelled to come to you with an apology. A few days ago I announced, indiscreetly, that I proposed visiting South Boston on Sunday afternoon, and the Adjutant of this command invited me to address a Sunday school, of which he is superintendent. I prepared, with great care, an address for that Sunday school. I went over; unfortunately I took with me three members of the Ancients. When we appeared at the church door, upon looking over the members that were with me, the superintendent decided that the speech should be postponed. So I have been compelled to spend the weary hours of the night in endeavoring to fit that Sunday-school speech to an afternoon dinner of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

You ask me to respond for the past commanders, that wreath of faded flowers, their beauty and their perfume gone forever, which you kindly permit to hang upon the walls of your hall. The past commanders are one half like Marden's famous political mule: they may have great pride of ancestry, but they have no possible hope of posterity. Each past commander, true, believes that his term was the one great year in the history of the Ancients; but, after all, the future of the past commanders is behind them. I know of nothing that so fittingly expresses their condition as the verses of one of America's greatest poets: —

Only a past commander,
 Only a faded flower,
 Only an old-time relic,
 Only a by-gone power.

Bring me back that springtime
 Of a June time long ago,
 The fairest, happiest summer
 That ever I will know.

Only a by-gone Cundy
 Stealing my wine away;
 Fox and Folsom, the sly rogues,
 Wink at the ladies, they say.

Only a Banks and a Lawrence,
 Only a Stevenson,
 All of us only chestnuts,
 All of our honors gone.

Only a Tommy Temple,
 Only a Whittemore,
 The story of the Washington trip
 Repeating o'er and o'er.

Only Stevens and Martin,
 They, and the other three, —
 Walker, Mack, and Wyman, —
 All in the soup with me.

Oh! bring us back that springtime
 Of a June time long ago,
 The only real chance for glory
 That we shall ever know.

But, my comrades, I confess the sentence a just one. When we recall the glories that cluster about the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company through two and a half centuries, it is sufficient for any man to have been permitted to serve as a private in the ranks, much less to have been made a commander of this olden corps. [*Cries of "Good!" and applause.*] Our fathers founded the school by the village green, and on the opposite corner the church, with its white spire pointing heavenward, and then, to protect these two bulwarks of American liberty, they founded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. But while the past commanders are but faded flowers, while we do not always agree with you, while very seldom we agree among ourselves, I believe that in the same number of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, cannot be found men who are more earnestly devoted to the interests of the company to-day, and to its future progress and prosperity. So in all the future of this olden corps, it may call at all times, for whatever service it wants to put upon them, upon the faded flowers, — the past commanders of the company.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing to you my gratitude, my thankfulness, for your kind attention to the speaking of our invited guests this afternoon. You will now form line, and we shall proceed to the further exercises of the afternoon.

THE ELECTION.

Marching was resumed at once. It was continued by the most direct route to the Common, where, in the presence of as large a crowd as usual, the election and commissioning of officers took place. Occupants of the central tent included Governor Ames, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Howard, Adj.-Gen. Dalton, and Cols. Newman, Hoar, and Wellington, of the governor's staff; Gen. N. P. Banks, Judge Stevens, Revs. E. A. Horton and D. O. Mears, Capt. Miller, U. S. A., Col. Chase, of Gen. Howard's staff, and many ladies. The governor, with his staff officers, had been taken under escort at the State House, and the usual salute to the Commander-in-Chief, fired by a platoon of Battery A, Light Artillery, under the command of Lieut. Fred. I. Clayton, greeted his appearance on the ground. Then the usual procedure was departed from, in one or two respects, owing to his Excellency's sickness. The troops were inspected by Adj.-Gen. Dalton, Cols. Newman, Hoar, and Wellington, and Capt. Miller, while Governor Ames remained seated in the tent, and marched by those officers with a soldierly appearance that excited the favorable comment of spectators. Then the drum-head election took place, with the following result: —

Captain. — Lieut. EDWARD E. ALLEN, of Watertown.

First Lieutenant — Sergt. GEORGE B. SPAULDING, of Brighton.

Second Lieutenant. — Sergt. EDWARD SULLIVAN, of Boston.

Adjutant. — Capt. FRANK W. DALLINGER, of Cambridge.

First Sergeant of Infantry. — Capt. EDWARD B. WADSWORTH, of Revere.

Second Sergeant of Infantry. — Major LAWRENCE N. DUCHESNEY, of Lawrence.

Third Sergeant of Infantry. — Lieut. FERDINAND M. TRIFET, of Boston.

Fourth Sergeant of Infantry. — HENRY M. MCDEWELL, of Winthrop.

Fifth Sergeant of Infantry. — Lieut. SULLIVAN B. NEWTON, of Boston.

Sixth Sergeant of Infantry. — Sergt. EMMONS R. ELLIS, of Cambridge.

First Sergeant of Artillery. — ROBERT S. GRAY, of Walpole.

Second Sergeant of Artillery. — WILLIAM A. RUSSELL, of Boston.

Third Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. ALBERT E. LOCKHART, of East Cambridge.

Fourth Sergeant of Artillery. — GEORGE S. CUSHING, of Boston.

Fifth Sergeant of Artillery. — Sergt. J. H. BAGULEY, of Dorchester.

Sixth Sergeant of Artillery. — DANIEL H. LANE, of Boston.

Treasurer and Paymaster. — Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, of Boston.

Clerk and Assistant Paymaster. — Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, of Boston.

Armorer and Quartermaster. — Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY, of Boston.

Adj. Bradley announced this result to Adj.-Gen. Dalton, who communicated it to the governor. The commissioning of the newly elected officers followed. Governor Ames had deputed his Adjutant-

General to inspect and review the troops, but, despite his sickness, he determined to commission the officers himself. The retiring and newly elected Commanders, Lieutenants, and Adjutants marched across the field and returned or received the insignia of their offices, while speeches, congratulatory in tone, were made by the governor, in officially tendering honors to the newly elected officers, or in acknowledging the retirement of those whose terms had just expired. Salutes by the battery accompanied these proceedings. The speeches follow:—

REMARKS OF COL. SMITH ON SURRENDERING HIS COMMISSION.

Your Excellency,—One year has elapsed since you placed in my hands these insignia of Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I have felt the responsibility that goes with them; and while I feel conscious that perhaps I have not been able to perform the duties with the lustre and brilliancy of many of my honored predecessors, yet I have tried to do my duty as a soldier, and I trust that no stain has come to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, or to these insignia of rank as their Commander. I shall return to the ranks, after my successor has been commissioned, with a determination to support him as a private soldier in the ranks of the company, as well as the command has supported me during my administration. I feel, sir, that I am better fitted for the duties of a private soldier in the ranks of the command, for having been a Commander. I now respectfully return to you these insignia of my office.

REPLY OF GOVERNOR AMES TO THE RETIRING COMMANDER.

Col. Commander,—I congratulate you that you have served this corps, of which we are all proud, during one of the most interesting years of its existence. You have done much to give direction to the successful course which its affairs have taken, and you have the honor which is the reward of duties well and ably performed. You may surrender your commission in accordance with custom, and resume your place in the ranks with the feeling that your comrades and all your fellow-citizens admire you as a Commander, and respect you as a man. I have no doubt that, whether in or out of commission, you will do all you can to maintain the public spirit of your company, and to increase the veneration which we all bestow upon it as our oldest military organization.

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR AMES TO THE NEWLY ELECTED COMMANDER.

Commander Allen,—You come to the command of this body at a time when there is no reason to suppose that it will be called upon for any special demonstration, yet you will find that you must do much if you are to maintain its reputation, and to rank with the eminent men who have preceded you in the place which you now assume. You have served your country in the War of the Rebellion; you have served the Commonwealth in its militia; you are a man of experience in the management of business affairs. Draw upon the knowledge which you have gained in these walks of life, rely upon your integrity and sense of justice, and you will make your term of office satisfactory to yourself and commended by all whom it will affect.

REPLY OF COMMANDER ALLEN.

Your Excellency,—I thank you for the very kind and complimentary words in which you have conferred upon me the insignia of the office to which my comrades have chosen me. I accept it with a deep feeling of responsibility. I am well aware that the Commander of the Ancients has to perform a great amount of important and hard work, but I will do my best, relying partly upon my intent, partly upon my past record, and partly upon the good fellowship and good wishes of the men whom I am to command.

ADDRESS OF FIRST LIEUT. McDONOUGH.

A year ago, when I received this emblem of office from your Excellency, I accepted the duty that I had to fill, but I now have the honor of turning it over to a successor, who was a private in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment, and did his duty nobly, and who, I know, will do his duty towards this company in the same way.

REPLY OF GOVERNOR AMES TO THE RETIRING FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Retiring First Lieut. McDonough,—During the year that has just passed you have given to this company the benefit of your experience in the service of your country in its days of trouble, and of the accurate business habits which you have acquired since your return to the peaceful pursuits of life. I am confident that you have won the approval of your fellows, and that they accord to you the praise due to service well and faithfully performed.

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR AMES TO THE NEWLY ELECTED FIRST LIEUTENANT.

First Lieut. Spaulding,—As the commander of any organized body of men must rely much upon the judgment, discretion, and efficiency of him who is next to him in rank, upon you will greatly depend the success or failure of this company's fortunes during the term of office to which you have been elected. You have been in circumstances as trying as any to which man can be subjected. Let your action be governed by that experience, and it will be all that can be desired.

REPLY OF FIRST LIEUT. SPAULDING.

Your Excellency,—I accept this commission and the insignia of office of First Lieutenant of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which you have been pleased, in behalf of this State, to confer upon me, and which this ancient organization has generously tendered, and I pledge you my earnest endeavors to so conduct the office that, at the expiration of my term, I shall meet your approval and also that of my comrades. I thank you for the very complimentary manner in which you have seen fit to allude to my past service.

ADDRESS OF SECOND LIEUT. MUNROE.

I have the honor to surrender to your Excellency the commission given to me one year ago. I have endeavored to carry into my duties the business principles suggested by you at that time, and I hope that my efforts have met with your approval.

RESPONSE OF GOVERNOR AMES TO THE RETIRING SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Retiring Second Lieut. Munroe,—Having had the benefit of your training as a business man, this company permits you to return to the ranks from

which it took you, that you might do for it more important work than that which you could otherwise do. You have been honored as only a few can be honored; you have made ample return for that honor.

GOVERNOR AMES TO THE NEWLY ELECTED SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Second Lieut. Sullivan, — In choosing you to office, your associates have given expression to the well-founded belief in the adaptability of our citizens for any place of duty. As a lawyer and a legislator, you are, essentially, a man of peace. As an officer of this command, you are not, necessarily, to draw the sword, save in formal courtesy; but I have no doubt you could use it effectively if there were need for such use. Use, rather, your advice as a counsellor than your weapon as a belligerent.

REPLY OF SECOND LIEUT. SULLIVAN.

Your Excellency, — I thank you for the kind words you have spoken to me to-day. It shall be my aim and object during the coming year to do all in my power for the advancement of the corps, and my duty as a citizen, as a legislator, and in whatever office I may hold.

ADDRESS OF ADJ. BRADLEY.

Your Excellency, — A year ago, on this historic field, you honored me with the commission of Adjutant of this ancient corps. During the year that has passed, whether in the drill hall or on the march, I have conscientiously tried to do my duty; and from the close relationship with and a personal knowledge of the soldierly qualities of my comrades, I can truly say that they ever stand ready to maintain the honor of the State. Into your hands I cheerfully surrender this emblem of my office, knowing that it will soon pass into the hands of a worthy successor.

REPLY OF GOVERNOR AMES TO THE RETIRING ADJUTANT.

Retiring Adj. Bradley, — Your duty has been that of seeing that the orders of your Commander were properly performed. Bringing to the execution of that duty your military training and your business knowledge, it has been your pleasure, and the command has had the great advantage of the services of an able and willing Adjutant. As you give up your office, take with you into the less responsible place which you resume the commendations that rightly belong and are cheerfully and heartily accorded to you.

GOVERNOR AMES TO THE NEWLY ELECTED ADJUTANT.

Adj. Dallinger, — Like him whom you succeed in office, you possess the qualities that go to make an able, successful, and popular Adjutant. Your military service has not been that of actual war, but it has been creditable to you and valuable to the State. Do your best in your office, as I am sure you will, and he who takes your commission a year hence, to bestow it upon another, will give you words of sincere and hearty approbation.

REPLY OF ADJ. DALLINGER.

Your Excellency, — I deeply appreciate the kind and generous words you have uttered in commissioning me as Adjutant of this ancient corps. It is peculiarly pleasant to receive this commission at the hands of the Commander-in-Chief

whom it has been my delight, privilege, and honor to serve for the past three years. I trust, sir, that my term of duty as Adjutant of this corps will be such that, at the end of the year, I shall receive the commendations, not only of the Commander-in-Chief, but also of my comrades in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

It had then begun to rain a little. Directly the last commission had been presented and the last speech had been made, the company marched across the parade ground and took its principal guests under escort. It marched by the straightest route to Faneuil Hall, leaving the guests at the State House on the way, and when once more in its armory prepared for dismissal for the day. Before ranks were broken, however, there was a little business to be done, and at the call of Commander Allen, Adj. Dallinger read the following order: —

ARMORY ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,
FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, June 3, 1889.

General Order No. 1. — The following named gentlemen are hereby appointed to the positions named; they will be respected and obeyed accordingly: —

Chief of Honorary Staff. — Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY.

Surgeon. — Lieut. JOHN SULLIVAN.

Assistant Surgeons. — Lieut. THOMAS RESTIEAUX and ARTHUR E. LEACH.

Commissary. — Sergt. CHARLES A. FAXON.

Sergeant Major — Lieut. EDWARD A. HUNNEMAN.

Commissary Sergeant. — Sergt. FREDRICK J. HUTCHINSON.

Quartermaster Sergeant. — Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK.

Hospital Steward. — Sergt. EMERY GROVER.

Right General Guide. — Capt. E. R. FROST.

Left General Guide. — Lieut. JACOB FOTTLER.

National Color Bearer. — Sergt. WILLIAM F. BACON.

State Color Bearer. — Sergt. HORATIO B. EMERSON.

Flankers to the Commander. — Capt. G. A. KEELER and Lieut. J. HENRY TAYLOR.

Band Guide. — Lieut. FRED. I. CLAYTON.

Markers. — Capt. JOSHUA M. CUSHING and Sergt. EDWIN WARNER.

By order of

CAPT. EDWARD E. ALLEN.

[Official.]

FRANK W. DALLINGER, *Adjutant*.

THE COMMANDER. — Gentlemen, I have no further duty for you to perform.

LIEUT. SPAULDING. — Before the company is dismissed, I move that a vote of thanks be passed for the very eloquent sermon that the chaplain delivered to-day, and that a copy of the sermon be requested for publication.

The motion unanimously prevailed, and Lieut. Spaulding continued:—

I further make a motion that the Old South Society be given a vote of thanks for the use of their church to-day.

Equally unanimous approval was given to this motion. Hearty cheers for the new Commander and just as hearty ones for the Past Commander, Col. Smith, followed, and then Lieut. and Clerk George H. Allen presented Commander Edward E. Allen with a handsome bouquet. He said:—

In behalf of one of the members of the company more bashful than myself, I have the pleasure of presenting to you, for Mrs. Allen, a very nice bouquet of flowers, which I hope you may appreciate as coming from one of the members who appreciates not only the gentleman who has been elected Commander, but also his wife. [*Applause, cheers, and cries of "Speech!"*]

COMMANDER ALLEN.—I confess I am taken entirely by surprise, and I don't doubt but the proper recipient of these flowers could make a more eloquent reply than I could for her. Anyhow, I wish you all knew her. In her name I thank very kindly the donor of this beautiful bouquet.

Then the command was dismissed, and the two hundred and fifty-second year of its existence was entered upon.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS
OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, PARADING MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1889, AS PREPARED BY THE ADJUTANT.

Capt. HENRY E. SMITH, *Commanding.*

Major JOHN McDONOUGH	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>
Lieut. CHARLES F. MUNROE	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>
Lieut. J. PAYSON BRADLEY	<i>Adjutant.</i>

STAFF.

Major GEORGE S. MERRILL, *Chief of Staff.*
Major A. E. McDONALD, *Surgeon.*
Dr. J. E. KINNEY, *Assistant Surgeon.*
Dr. ARTHUR E. LEACH, *Assistant Surgeon.*
Sergt. JOHN H. PEAK, *Commissary.*
Sergt. VINCENT LAFORME, *Paymaster.*
Lieut. GEORGE H. ALLEN, *Assistant Paymaster.*
Sergt. GEORGE P. MAY, *Quartermaster.*

HONORARY STAFF.

Past Commanders.

Capt. JAMES A. FOX.	Major GEORGE O. CARPENTER.
Col. EDWARD WYMAN.	Capt. A. A. FOLSOM.
Gen. AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN.	Capt. JOHN MACK.
Major CHARLES W. STEVENS.	Capt. AUGUSTUS WHITTEMORE.
Col. HENRY WALKER.	Capt. WILLIAM H. CUNDY.

Gen. H. E. Mitchell and Gen. Henry M. Sprague, of Maine; Lieut. Christopher Dickworth, of Providence; Capt. A. T. Peirce, of Manchester, N. H.; Capt. F. W. Childs, of Vermont; Capt. E. A. Wood, Capt. E. A. Harris, Capt. J. G. Jeffries, Capt. Charles E. Davis, and Lieut. George H. Harlow, of the Worcester Continentals; Major Hiram Kendall, Capt. H. B. Rose, Paymaster John C. Carter, Lieut. D. J. Sulbey, of Providence Light Infantry; Capt. D. F. Henderson, of the Roxbury Horse Guard; Col. Horace T. Rockwell and Col. Fred W. Wellington, of the Staff of His Excellency the Governor; Lieut. Jacob Fottler, Capt. George E. Hall, William A. Russell, and Sergt. Amasa Bailey, of the Committee of Arrangements.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergt. EDWARD SULLIVAN, *Sergeant Major.*
HARRY M. McDEWELL, *Right General Guide.*
H. C. WESTON, *Left General Guide.*
Sergt. HENRY F. WADE, *Marker.*
Sergt. EDWIN WARNER, *Marker.*

FLANKERS TO THE GOVERNOR.

Lieut. WILLIAM H. JONES. Lieut. WILLIAM PARKER JONES.

FLANKERS TO THE COMMANDER.

Capt. GEORGE A. KEELER. Lieut. J. HENRY TAYLOR.

DETAILED AT CHURCH AND COMMON.

Mr. JOSEPH L. WHITE, *in charge of Church Music.*

Lieut. JACOB SILLOWAY. Capt. GEORGE GOING.
 Lieut. D. FOSTER FARRAR. Lieut. EUGENE H. RICHARDS.
 Dr. EDWARD COGGINS. Lieut. JOHN C. DALTON.
 Sergt. DAVID F. HALL.

VETERAN COMPANY.

Brig.-Gen. SAMUEL H. LEONARD, *Sergeant.*

Lieut. D. L. Ware, *R. Guide.* Capt. A. N. Proctor, *L. Guide.*
 Major Lyman S. Hapgood. Capt. S. V. Stillings.
 Capt. E. T. Chapman. Capt. John Thomas.
 Capt. Dexter Pratt. Charles W. Ripley.
 Capt. Harvey B. Wilder. Lieut. Charles Jarvis.
 Lieut. Thomas Restieaux. Lieut. John Sullivan.
 Col. Harry H. Hale. Sergt. Aaron K. Loring.
 Fred H. Adams. Fred Revere.
 John E. Atkins. Capt. Joshua M. Cushing.

INFANTRY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

Capt. GEORGE E. LOVETT, *Sergeant.*

Sergt. George B. Spaulding, *R. Guide.* L. N. Duchesney, *L. Guide.*
 George J. Raymond. Fred. W. Goodwin.
 Boardman J. Parker. Elmar A. Messinger.
 William G. Shillaber. J. M. McIntosh.
 John M. Call. E. B. Blasland.
 E. A. Holton. C. C. Dunbar.
 William H. Marsh. G. F. Walker.

SECOND COMPANY.

Capt. GEORGE O. NOYES, *Sergeant.*

Capt. Warren S. Davis, *R. Guide.* Lieut. E. A. Hammond, *L. Guide.*
 Joseph B. Parsons. Henry N. Cass.
 F. S. Hesseltine. Joseph H. Brown.
 J. C. Crafts. Thomas H. Harding.
 J. O. Rickard. J. B. Smith.
 J. W. Pickering. E. L. Hull.
 George D. Russell. H. D. Andrews.
 H. W. Howe.

THIRD COMPANY.

Lieut. EDWARD E. WELLS, *Sergeant.*

Capt. E. R. Frost, *R. Guide.* Capt. John C. Potter, *L. Guide.*
 George W. Wilkinson. Henry H. Litchfield.
 Arthur Fuller. Charles C. Adams.
 William H. Ford. J. Fred Sampson.
 George L. Thompson. F. C. Thayer.
 Charles W. Knapp. W. L. Stedman.
 F. M. Trifet. George D. Armstrong.
 J. H. Newman. E. P. Cramm.

FOURTH COMPANY.

Capt. ALBERT E. PROCTOR, *Sergeant.*

William J. Smith, *R. Guide.* Capt. George T. Sears, *L. Guide.*
 M. B. Stebbins. H. J. Byrne.
 E. G. Foster. E. H. Grover.
 D. L. Jewell. William M. Maynard.
 A. J. Hathaway. William A. Hardy.
 Robert Burlen. J. O. Littlefield.
 C. H. Robinson. William M. Colby.
 George M. Potter.

FIFTH COMPANY.

EDGAR G. SCRIPTURE, *Sergeant.*

W. F. Hall, *R. Guide.* A. E. DeRosay, *L. Guide.*
 R. S. Byam. William G. Fish.
 William H. Mitchell. Isaac Riley.
 Henry A. Thorndike. Winthrop Messinger.
 Charles M. Raymond. William G. Whitney.
 Nathan B. Basch. John G. Stewart, Jr.
 William B. Hathaway. Henry A. Stevens.

SIXTH COMPANY.

Sergt. FRED J. HUTCHINSON, *Acting Sergeant.*

Fred McDonald, *R. Guide.* George Howard Jones, *L. Guide.*
 Lowell M. Maxham. Thomas J. Olys.
 James M. Raymond. George W. Spaulding.
 S. B. Dibble. Frank C. Richardson.
 E. W. Blackinton. E. H. Whitney.
 George F. Hall. E. W. Codman.
 Joseph W. Sawyer, Jr. David W. Lewis.
 Frank H. Mudge.

SEVENTH COMPANY.

Lieut. GEORGE H. PRIEST, *Acting Sergeant.*

F. W. Dallinger, *R. Guide.* J. A. Hunneman, *L. Guide.*
 George H. Philbrook. Frank Fuller.

S. H. Tarbell.	J. Henry Kelley.
Lyman Boynton.	A. F. Coake.
W. L. Willey.	Edward E. Allen.
W. F. Bacon, <i>Color Bearer.</i>	W. S. Sampson, <i>Color Bearer.</i>
F. F. Olney.	A. C. Betteley.
Clarence E. Hay.	J. H. Baguley.

ARTILLERY WING.

FIRST COMPANY.

EMERY GROVER, *Sergeant.*

Sergt. Fred Mills, <i>R. Guide.</i>	E. Frank Lewis, <i>L. Guide.</i>
C. H. Clark.	Albert Webster.
W. C. Babcock.	J. B. Hathaway.
William Tyner.	George A. Philbrook.
Henry Q. Stimpson.	Charles H. Dunham.
Abijah Thompson.	George Jaques.
John D. Dwyer.	Thomas Savage.

SECOND COMPANY.

OLIVER G. PEARSON, *Sergeant.*

Francis W. Flitner, <i>R. Guide.</i>	Joseph A. Plummer, <i>L. Guide.</i>
Charles M. Hinckley.	J. S. Cushing.
E. A. Boardman.	John Albree.
Edwin E. Snow.	John Galvin.
L. M. Dyer.	W. H. Emerson.
Robert S. Gray.	S. B. Clapp.
E. Judkins Hill.	W. A. Moody.

THIRD COMPANY.

CHARLES H. GLOVER, *Sergeant.*

George E. Hilton, <i>R. Guide.</i>	A. E. Lockhart, <i>L. Guide.</i>
C. H. Mitchell.	Moses J. Grodjinski.
Frank B. Riedell.	William Lewis.
Winslow B. Lucas.	Henry A. Marks.
Charles M. Pear.	Charles H. Sprague.
Thomas Emerson.	Caleb Chase.
Anthony Cunio.	Francis E. Merriman.

FOURTH COMPANY.

GEORGE W. MILLS, *Sergeant.*

D. H. Lane, <i>R. Guide.</i>	A. B. Babcock, <i>L. Guide.</i>
F. F. Favor.	Wm. T. Van Nostrand.
Charles Mann.	John D. Morton.
Wolf Jackson.	Alex Ceppi.
Horace Partridge.	Asahel Wheeler.
	Horace P. Williams.

NECROLOGY.

1888-1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

NAMES.	ADMITTED TO THE COMPANY.	DIED.
Col. Austin C. Wellington	Sept. 15, 1871	Sept. 12, 1888
Sergt. John Rindge.....	May 24, 1880	Sept. 1888
Col. Jarvis D. Braman.	May 17, 1869	Oct. 27, 1888
Sergt. Chas. A. B. Shepard.....	May 24, 1858	Jan. 25, 1889
Lieut. Joseph F. Paul.....	Nov. 28, 1860	Jan. 29, 1889
O. A. Taft, Jr.....	Sept. 28, 1877	Feb. 12, 1889

A Sermon

PREACHED AT THE NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH ON THE

251st ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY CO.,

JUNE 3, 1889.

BY

REV. D. O. MEARS,

OF WORCESTER, MASS.

SERMON.

THE MILITARY SPIRIT A TEST OF LOYALTY TO GOVERNMENT.

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. — Romans xiii. 1.

The statesmanship of the Apostle Paul was as pure as his religion; in truth, was the outcome of his faith. The "powers" to which he exhorted his readers to be subject were in the hands of a ruler whose highest distinction was his cruelty. The emperor was Nero. The governmental service partook of his spirit. Human life in such hands was counted as worthless as the dust. Citizenship meant but little. Rulers were disloyal to their subjects and treated them with shameful contempt.

The apostle-statesman reasoned that even Nero, because of his office, was a minister of God. In other words, he asserted the sacredness of government notwithstanding the faults of rulers. When the apostle penned his letter to the Romans, Nero was but twenty-two years of age, mature only in his vices. Only a few years later, this same apostle was the martyr under the command of the same Nero, to whom he had exhorted the disciples to give submission.

In brief, the teaching of Paul was based upon the importance of government. Even a government with Nero and his minions to administer it was better than none.

Government is superior to anarchy. A lawless king is safer than a lawless mob. There is no such tyranny as anarchy, in which every man's hand is against his neighbor. Even the wildest tribes of men recognize the same fact by the creation of some form of government. The necessity for government is thus instinctive. The variety of the form does not annul the fact.

All general government must be adapted to the people's condition. The republican form is suited for those only who are fitted for its underlying principles. The swing between an absolute

monarchy and a republic is largely in proportion to the intelligence of the people. The growth of power and knowledge among a people causes them to abandon an absolute for a limited monarchy. With a yet larger progress in intelligence, the limited monarchy is abandoned for that form of citizenship in which the whole power is in the people's own hands. The distinction between Britain and our nation is becoming less and less marked. In Britain, the king is the successor of the people, while with us the people are their own successors.

In proportion to the general ignorance of the people must monarchy be the form: either absolute or limited. Italy and Spain, for example, are, as yet, unfitted for a democratic form of government.

Where the few are intelligent, and the rest ignorant, the form of government becomes aristocratic; the few favored classes rule the ignorant. In reality, this was the condition of our Southern States, even though nominally republican. The late rebellion was the natural result of the clashing between an aristocracy *de facto* and democracy merely in name. It is only as the depraved classes of that section shall become elevated and intelligent that one of the greatest problems of this century shall be solved.

Democracy presupposes the general intelligence of the whole people. Just in proportion to the lack of intelligence in any section is the stability of the republic threatened. The American patriot looks with fear upon the immense immigration of those whose whole environment has been monarchical. The high-handed deeds of anarchists and socialists are demonstrations of what inferior foreign systems have produced; while, at the same time, they are warnings that the nation is imperilled so long as they shall not imbibe the principles of a liberty that is based upon law. The repetition of the statement is sufficient, that the republic can be safe only as the people in its broad domain are intelligent and in sympathy with its purposes. I am not to read wisdom to statesmen when saying that this is the strongest objection against the theory of annexation to our republic of certain parts of Canada and all of Mexico. The commercial reason is the strongest in its favor.

The law of history is that just in proportion to the growth of the people in whatever tends to develop their intelligence so do they move away from the lowest form of monarchy, the absolute,

to the form of self-government, the democratic. All Europe is our witness to this fact.

The corollary to this principle explains the right of revolution. Revolution does not destroy government; it effects only a change in the form that shall bring it into accord with the state of the people. Our fathers, in this free school of liberty, outgrew the domination of a monarchy that was stagnant. It was not a mere question of a tax on tea, but that broader rebuke to the assumptions of monarchy, "Taxation without representation," that was involved in their heroic action. They were changing the form of the government to suit their condition. Men are not made for government, but government for men.

In the line of thought already taken, we observe: I. The highest form of government is self-government. We need no demonstration of this fact in a republic like our own; but we too often forget what should always be remembered. Men not only capable of governing themselves, but doing it, are on a far higher plane than where men need to be governed. The republic is safe only as its people are self-governing, thus emphasizing the immortal words of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, that "The government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Now, recognizing the dependence of the republic upon the intelligence of the people, also the fact that the governing power is with them, it will be seen that any lack of popular intelligence is a greater menace to the republic than it would be to a monarchy, and that a denial of authority in law is a more serious act than where the few govern; since, in a democracy, the law-breakers are the law-makers. The responsibilities assumed by a republic are as much greater than those of other nations as the principle of self-rule is above all other forms.

Two essential foundations are beneath a pure democracy. To ignore or to weaken them is to loosen the foundations of the structure that would soon crumble. We refer to them very briefly:—

First, self-government recognizes the principles of justice in all affairs. This means right principles in the laws and right conduct in carrying out those principles. This means that our laws are based upon morals, as revealed in the wise experience of the nations or in the dictates of conscience. It is impossible to have

laws that are too good to be obeyed. Laws are to be written not as they will probably be obeyed, but as expressive of what conduct ought to be. The fundamental principles of the constitution of commonwealths can never be too moral.

Our fathers, in the formation of the Constitution, declared that the "preservation of civil government essentially depends upon piety, religion, and morality." They went still further to declare that these depend largely upon the public worship of God. There is a higher authority than man. The powers that be are ordained of God; and no government can safely leave him out of its thoughts. We are quoting no extremist, in the words of Franklin, during the memorable formation of our national constitution in 1787: "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?" There is no good government without justice; and no justice without God.

Secondly, self-government demands the intelligence of the people, who are themselves the governors of the republican commonwealth. The first free school upon which the sun ever shone was founded in the first real democracy upon which the light of heaven fell. We have already seen that democracy depends upon intelligence, and it is just as evident that there can be no intelligence without education. Our free schools are the cradle in which Liberty rocks and guards the republic. A republic, to remain free and strong, demands the intelligence of its constituency as the source of its own safety. It is not Harvard and her surrounding college jewels that give safety to the Commonwealth, but that system of universal education that leaves no mountain or valley exempt — a system blossoming into the glory of a Harvard and her worthy compeers, in order that learning may not be buried in the graves of the fathers.

We might possibly do without sectarian teachings, but we cannot live without religion; and the star of democracy will sink lower and lower if its intelligence shall slowly give place to ignorance. Democracy triumphs as the intelligence of the people deepens, and suffers when that intelligence fails. Patriotism has its roots in justice that finds its limits only in the heart of God and in the weakest of God's children, — a justice that is recognized in the common-sense and intelligence of a common citizenship.

From the discussion of democracy as self-government, we turn to another and important consideration involved in the occasion that has summoned us together. The governor of this old Puritan Commonwealth is at once the honored guest and the arbiter of this day's proceedings. His Excellency holds his place by the side of the captain of artillery. There is something more than poetry in the occasion; we therefore consider:—

Second, the military spirit in its relation to self-government. The reason for the military is not in its parade. The sword has its place in civic affairs. The battle-fields of history have been the thunderous clashings of ideas that at first somebody whispered. The lips of cannon have emphasized what human lips have spoken. The mighty army that tramped under the command of Gen. Grant was only John Brown's soul on the march. The statue of John Hampden holds the honored place in St. Stephen's Hall, in Britain's House of Parliament — Hampden, the central power in the fierce English revolution that shook the very throne. Art may be declared the expression of the highest sentiment of a people; but it is no less a critic than Ruskin who says: "There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle." The chiefest ornaments beneath the "gilded dome" on Beacon Hill are the riddled battle-flags. The charm of St. Paul's, in London, is not altogether in the marble crystallizing the thought of its great architect, Sir Christopher Wren; the charm is not in the fact that across its broad dome a whisper can be heard, undimmed by the tread of the multitudes on the marble floor so far beneath; the charm is not in the rendering of the antiphonal music, choir answering to choir; the great church is almost a national gallery, whose works of marble are largely of those made famous in the conflict of battle, on land and sea. Elaborate mosaics of dome and finest works of chancel and of nave are only the decorations of England's sepulchre for her greatest dead. It is in the silent crypt they laid to rest the renowned admiral, Lord Nelson, whose magnetic words still quicken the beatings of every British heart, — "England expects every man to do his duty." Close by the chamber sepulchre of Wellington is the hearse upon which was borne thither the body of the great duke, — a hearse cast from the captured guns of Waterloo. Multitudes who may have little thought of St. Paul tread the silent chamber of repose fitted for the Iron Duke.

The military spirit is based upon the principle of self-protection,

and is proportioned to the love for country. The decay of the military spirit is a token of national decay. The republic that is worth having is worth keeping. Self-protection is an inherent right. This spirit can exist independently of a standing army. To possess it is a virtue; while the object calling for its continuance may be deplored. Its presence is one of the strongest protections against the curse of war.

There is no thrift in war. True national greatness belongs to the times of peace. Taking both contending armies into the account, war is always the sign of disease. Over against the heroism of the northern hosts in our late rebellion is the certainty that the great disease, making the war a necessity, was slavery. The hoarse roar of cannon is proof positive that there is injustice somewhere.

But, aside from the general fact, war can be carried on only as it gathers into the ranks the young and the strong. The maimed and blind, and halt and feeble, must stay at home. The records of the slain after every battle are of those in the strength of life. The nation may produce an army of noble men to her honor, but the transfer of those men from a producing class to an army living upon what the rest of the nation shall produce for them is a hurt to the financial power of the nation as a whole. It was no mere flourish of rhetoric when, in 1845, our own Sumner startled the civilized world by his oration upon "The True Grandeur of Nations," claiming that the settlement of international difficulties ought to be made in some other way than by the slaughter of the best citizenship. Every war is a declaration that, as a whole, brute force holds the sway that reason should settle. A successful appeal to reason is always a grander act than an appeal to the sword. In the battles of the Revolution, where force was the only power to meet the unreasonableness of parliament swayed by a stubborn king, Washington was the first in the war; but the same great leader was the first in peace. The steady hand that took the rebel sword at Appomattox spoke philosophy after the surrender of rebellion, — "Let us have peace."

While it is probably true that, next to the New Testament, gun-powder has been the evangel of liberty in storming castles of selfish men, that but for such terrific power would be standing to-day, and yet it is also true that no nation is strong but in its kindness and justice. Peace is the chosen state of a prosperous

nation, while war may sometimes be a condition absolutely essential in securing peace and justice.

We have observed that a democracy is strong in proportion as two facts are wrought into its fibre: the sense of justice and the general intelligence. Let us apply to such a government, which we need not say is our own, the meaning of the military spirit.

First, the military spirit, like the foundation of democracy, is justice: the government cannot exist without justice; and the military spirit is the expression of that sentiment among the people. The owner of the house is not expected to surrender at the bidding of the night robber. Unrighteousness sometimes characterizes governments as it does men.

You recall at Thermopylæ that it was a little band of three hundred who were confronted by a host under Xerxes, whose arrows, sprung from myriads of bows, were sail in their flight to conceal the sun. On the morning of the famous day, Leonidas, at breakfast, reminded his Spartan three hundred that at noon they should dine in the land of shades. That little faithful company, resisting the furious onslaught, have never been put under the ban of history because of defending their rights. There has been woven into our national history the spirit of Samuel Adams at Lexington, who, even looking upon the slain, could say: "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" The spirit of justice rebelling against tyranny is better than life itself. It is better to die in defending the right than to live a slave to what is wrong.

Secondly, the military spirit must parallel the intelligence of the people. There is as much difference between the military systems of nations as there is difference in their governments. From the nature of the case, the people who think for themselves will do their own fighting. Other things being equal, a true republic will not allow a standing army. Just previous to the late rebellion, we had an army of 16,000 men; now the whole military force in the Army of the Republic numbers about 20,000. If between these two meagre forces we recall the hosts of yeoman who enlisted for the safety of the Republic, we may read the true character of democracy. The order of the militia belongs to a republic. The standing army means war as a profession; the militia means war only in an emergency for self-protection.

Royalty has its standing army, while democracy has its citizens ready to defend themselves and their state. By the laws of war,

each soldier will not know the line of the attack, but he does know for what he is fighting. The common intelligence grows a common patriotism. "An invincible infantry means democracy."

Hear the description of Carlyle in his reference to the armies of Europe. He saw men used only as things, when he spoke of them as "dressed in red"; and "shipped away,—say to the south,—and fed there till wanted." With a flash of rhetoric he continues his comment upon their deaths in battle: "Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest. They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How, then? Simpleton, their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make those blockheads shoot."

In 1880, there were, in France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy, 7,358,164 men on a war footing, to say nothing of the army of Great Britain, — and all in time of peace. What is the result? While the men were living upon the resources of their respective nations, consuming instead of producing, the fields were being tilled by the women at home. Deeper and deeper the nations are sinking into debt, until national bankruptcy seems pending over some, while England's debt is appalling. History could recall instances where, to quiet turbulence in the army, war has been declared from some pretext, in order to give these millions of idlers something to think about.

We need only repeat the thought of Ruskin, in "The Crown of Wild Olive," when he says: "To the governor who determines that war shall be, and to the youths who voluntarily adopt it as their profession, it has always been a grand pastime, and chiefly pursued because they had nothing else to do." The continued words of Mr. Ruskin to England are the basis upon which our fathers founded this Republic, viz., upon work as a motive against evil: "Occupy him early and wisely, in agriculture or business, in science or literature, and he will never think of war otherwise than as a calamity; but leave him idle, and the more brave and active and capable he is by nature the more he will thirst for some appointed field of action, and find in the passion and peril of battle the only satisfied fulfilment of his unoccupied being."

From considerations like these, in which the military spirit is seen to be the test of loyalty to the government of democracy, we

may hear the voice of History. The militia as a system belongs to the republic. Foremost among the Pilgrims on the "Mayflower" was Miles Standish, known as "the best linguist" and the best soldier. His diminutive stature has in no wise detracted from his assured fame as the defender of the little colony. His heroism ranks with the devotion of those other famous Pilgrims, Winslow and Brewster and Bradford, — worthy men among their peers.

It is a comment upon the Pilgrim military spirit that, previous to 1636, there were seven military companies for their defence. It is no slight reminiscence that the first drum-beat of your own company was heard upon the return of the patriots from the terrible Pequot war. It is in accord with the indomitable Pilgrim and Puritan spirit, that, in your two and a half centuries of history, both the services of the government and of religion should be called into requisition upon your election day. It is not to any discredit that during the war of Independence your gala days were passed by unnoticed, because your men were on the battle-fields, under the command of Washington. It was of the militia of New England that the commander-in-chief said: "When brought into action, they were the most persevering of any in all North America." The whole history of these citizen soldiers during the Revolution could have been summed up as was said of them by Gen. Stark after the defeat of Breymann under Burgoyne: "Had our people been Alexanders, or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better."

John Adams, in his works, refers to the fact that in the Revolutionary times the successes of the British were greater in the South, because there was no military worthy of mention in that section. The military spirit is not only the test of loyalty, but it is also a means of strength, giving proof to the declaration of that same calm statesman: "The meeting-house and school-house and training-field are the scenes where New England men were formed."

There is no flattery when we count it an honor to speak to those who are in an organization rightly named "the foundation of the militia of New England." Our national history has been marked out by the sword of steel and heralded by the roar of artillery. The great Apostle described the progress of the gospel by the symbolism of a soldier in his equipment. The armed forces of liberty are only what a free Bible made possible.

In the church of St. Thomas, in Strasburg, is the tomb of the renowned Marshal Saxe, defender of France. Wrought in purest marble is the figure of the great soldier represented as stepping into his grave. Close by that faltering form a lion is crouching in fear, representing Britain, that he conquered. An eagle with drooping wings represents Austria, that he put under his feet. The crouching bear is Holland, as when he left that proud nation humbled before his sword. Over against these symbols of power, a female figure represents France in sorrow. One hand of France is outstretched to keep him from dying, while the other would drive death back. Facing the great soldier and the nation that was trying to keep him from entering the grave, death stands by the open marble coffin, a skeleton of marble, hooded and robed, holding an hour-glass whose sands have run out. One foot of the great marshal is in the coffin, and the marble skeleton grins. At the foot of the grave Hercules bends in sorrow upon his staff, all hope gone.

In the revolutions of history, that crouching lion of marble ought to shake his marble mane, for Britain is no longer under the dominion of France. The eagle ought to open those wings of marble and fly, since Austria is no longer a province of the conqueror's land. The terrified bear is but a memento, since Holland is free. And even the proud city in which the famous church and monument are resting is itself wrested from France and held by Germany.

Our hero is Washington; his monument in the city bearing his name reaches nearer heaven than does even the granite shaft of Bunker Hill. But the land that owns him father has not lost an acre of its surface; it has stood the strain of a hundred years; while star after star has been added to its sky of blue; its salvation has rested in a people whose intelligence has been equalled by its loyalty in times of danger; a citizenship whose thrift has been tested by its ability to guard with the sword in one hand what the trowel has been gaining in the other. Our army of a million men has dropped out from view, but greater than an army with its threatening dangers is a mighty people with a patriotism deep as the last drop of heart's blood, that, if needed, will be shed to keep our land the home of liberty and the spectacle to the nations of a triumphing democracy.